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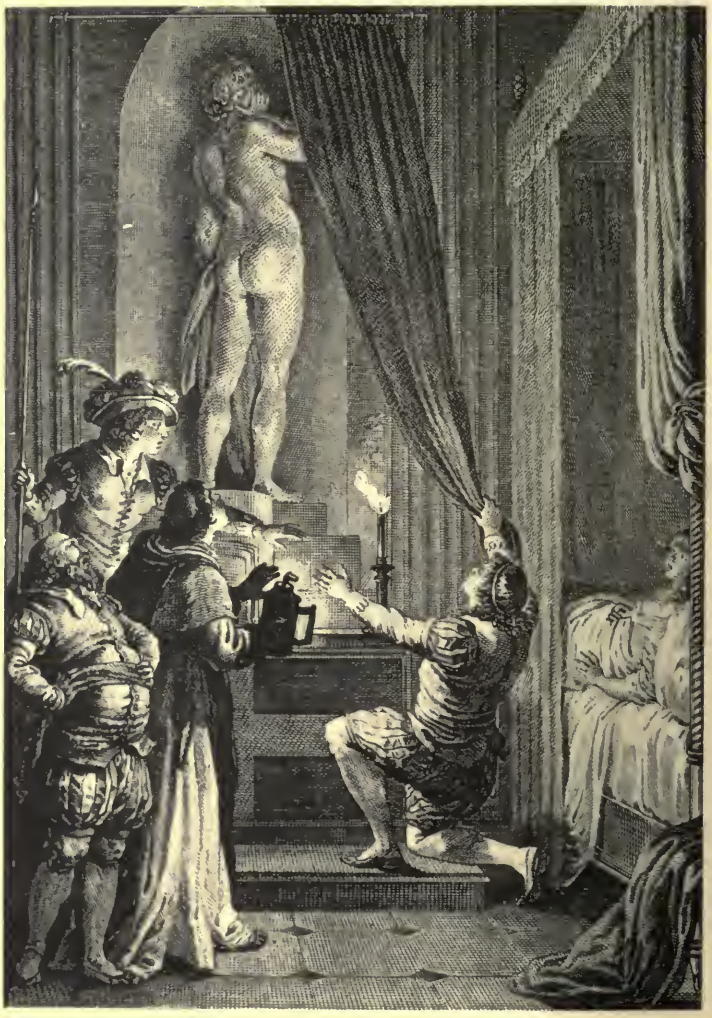
VICTOR HUGO.



THE WORKS OF

VOLTAIRE

A CONTEMPORARY VERSION

A CRITICAL AND BIOGRAPHY

BY

THE RT. HON. JOHN MORLEY

"HE OF THE SACRED SPOT BECAME POSSESSED IN FORM OF SAINT"

VOLUME XII

E. R. DUMONT

EDITION DE LA PACIFICATION

THE WORKS OF

VOLTAIRE

A CONTEMPORARY VERSION

With Notes by Tobias Smollett, Revised and Modernized
New Translations by William F. Fleming, and an
Introduction by Oliver H. G. Leigh

A CRITIQUE AND BIOGRAPHY
BY
THE RT. HON. JOHN MORLEY

FORTY-THREE VOLUMES

ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-EIGHT DESIGNS, COMPRISING REPRODUCTIONS
OF RARE OLD ENGRAVINGS, STEEL PLATES, PHOTOGRAVURES,
AND CURIOUS FAC-SIMILES

VOLUME XLI

E. R. DuMONT
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VOLTAIRE

THE MAID OF ORLEANS

[La Pucelle d'Orléans]

IN TWO VOLUMES

Vol. II

LIST OF PLATES

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PREFACE

OF

THE EDITORS OF KEHL,

TO

THE EDITION OF THE PUCELLE D'ORLÉANS,

OF

MONSIEUR DE VOLTAIRE.

THIS poem is one of the productions of Monsieur de Voltaire, which has at the same time excited the greatest degree of enthusiasm, and also given rise to the most virulent declamations on the part of its opponents. Upon the coronation of Monsieur de Voltaire at the French Theatre, the spectators who accompanied him in multitudes to his hotel, sent forth with an equal degree of enthusiasm, the following exclamations: "Long live the '*Henriade;*' long live '*Mahomet;*' long live '*La Pucelle.*'" We therefore conceive that it may not be deemed irrelevant to enter upon some historical details respecting this production.

"*La Pucelle*" was commenced about the year 1730,* and until the period when Monsieur de Vol-

* Voltaire was born at Paris in 1694, consequently he began the present poem when thirty-six years of age.

taire took up his residence in the environs of Geneva, was only known to the intimate friends of the author (who were in possession of manuscript copies of some of the cantos), and to those societies in which Thiriot was in the habit of reciting detached pieces. Towards the end of the year 1755, an edition appeared in print, which Monsieur de Voltaire immediately hastened to disavow, and he was in every respect authorized so to do; as this impression was not only produced from a manuscript purloined from the author or his friends, but contained a great number of verses which were not of his own production; and others he could not suffer to remain, because they bore an allusion to circumstances completely reversed.

This edition was attributed to La Beaumelle,* and the Capuchin Maubert, who had sought refuge in Holland, an enterprise which must have been very productive to those individuals in a pecuniary point of view, while it greatly exposed the reputation of Monsieur de Voltaire. These literary pirates, however, found —

Leur bien premièrement et puis le mal d'autrui.

A bookseller named Grasset even had the effrontery to propose to Monsieur de Voltaire that he should purchase one of the purloined copies of his own production, at the same time holding forth menaces respecting the danger to which he would

* See Note 19 to Canto VI., and Note 11 to Canto XVIII., Vol. 2.

subject himself in case of a refusal to become the possessor upon such terms, and it is singular that the celebrated anatomical poet Haller, a most zealous protestant, should have stood forth his patron against Monsieur de Voltaire.

It will be seen by the letter of our author, addressed to the French Academy, inserted in the first volume of the present translation, that the edition in question was published at Frankfort, although purporting to be from Louvaine, and a short time afterwards appeared two editions precisely the same, printed in Holland. The first editors, irritated at the disavowal of Monsieur de Voltaire, which appeared in the public papers, reprinted *"La Pucelle"* in 1756, to which they subjoined his renunciation, coupled with other satirical pieces, in order to turn him into ridicule; however, by thus openly avowing themselves, they in a great measure obliterated the injury which had been intended towards the author. In 1757 appeared a London edition of this poem, conformable with the foregoing and ornamented by engravings, executed after the wretched taste of the versification introduced by the editors. New impressions then rapidly succeeded each other, and *"La Pucelle"* was printed at Paris for the first time in 1759.

It was not until 1762 that Monsieur de Voltaire published an edition of his work differing most essentially from all those before enumerated, and which was reprinted in 1774 in quarto, with consid-

erable alterations and additions, after which latter impressions, still revised and corrected from various manuscripts, we now issue *"La Pucelle"* to the public.

It now becomes our task to defend *"La Pucelle"* against the attacks of those grave men who are even slower to pardon Monsieur de Voltaire for having laughed at the expense of Joan of Arc, than they are to reprobate Peter Cauchon,* bishop of Beauvais, for having been chiefly instrumental in causing her to be burned alive at the stake.

It appears to us that there are but two species of productions which can be prejudicial to public morals; first, those wherein it is endeavored to be proved that men may without scruple or shame commit crimes detrimental to morality, such as rape, adultery, and seduction, or similar disgusting actions, which, without coming under the denomination of crimes, dishonor those who commit them; and, secondly, productions that enter into the detail of refinements in debauchery and scenes that can only arise in the most libertinous imaginations. Works of this nature may certainly be pernicious,

* Peter Cauchon, bishop of Beauvais, devoted to the English party, proved one of the most implacable enemies of Joan of Arc, and officiated as principal judge upon that memorable trial. It was this ecclesiastic, together with the bishops of Constance and Lisieux, the chapter of Notre Dame, six licentiates in theology and eleven advocates of Rouen, who affixed their signatures to the infamous death warrant.

since it is to be feared that they may render young persons who peruse them with avidity insensible to virtuous gratifications, and that tender and refined passion which has its unpolluted source in nature. The *"Pucelle,"* therefore, does not deserve any of these reproaches; the highly wrought pictures of the passions of Agnes and Dorothy may amuse the imagination, but never can corrupt the heart, while the freer pleasantries scattered throughout the work are by no means apologetic of the scenes which they depict, nor a representation of such actions as may conduce to mislead the imagination.

The present poem ought to be regarded in the light of a work destined to inculcate lessons of wisdom and common sense, under the mask of folly and voluptuousness. The author may in some instances have wounded the taste, but has never injured the cause of morality. We do not pretend to offer this production as a catechism; it ranks under the same class with those epicurean songs, those ebullitions composed for the table, which celebrate a laxity of conduct, the gratifications of the voluptuary, and the delights of free society, animated by the gaiety of an entertainment. Have the authors of such compositions ever been arraigned for seeking to establish as an axiom the necessity of neglecting every duty; the passing life in the fond embraces of a female; or in sharing the refinements of the festive board? Most undoubtedly not. They only endeavor to inculcate that there is much more reason and hap-

piness derived in devoting existence to scenes of soft voluptuousness, than in being eternally occupied with the thoughts of cupidity, ambition, intrigue, and hypocrisy. This species of exaggeration, which has its source in enthusiasm, is essentially requisite to poetry. Will that epoch ever arrive when nothing shall be heard but the rigid language and severity of Reason? Why then should it not be permitted us to borrow other modes of expression, in order to address those who do not comprehend such a style of writing?

Besides this amalgam of devotion, libertinism, and warlike ferocity, depicted in *"La Pucelle,"* is the precise image of the manners of those times.

In our judgment, such is the light in which severe critics ought to regard the "Maid of Orleans," and we trust they will therefore prove less eager to raise the voice in its condemnation. In short, had this poem only been instrumental in preventing a single libertine from becoming superstitious and intolerant in his old age, it would have done more real good than all its railleries will ever produce of evil. When we behold, upon throwing an attentive glance at human nature, that the rights of man and the sacred duties of humanity are violated and attacked with impunity; that human wisdom is brutalized by error; that the rage of fanaticism, conquest, or plunder, secretly actuates so many potentates; that a thirst for ambition and avarice exerts its ravages with impunity in every direction;

while a preacher gravely thunders his anathemas against the error of voluptuousness; it would be just like a physician, when called upon to administer to a man attacked with the plague, who should very gravely begin by occupying himself with the cure of a corn.

Perhaps it may not here be unnecessary to examine why so much importance is attached to an austerity of morals. First, in a country where men are ferocious, and bad laws exist, the love or taste for pleasure produces great disorders, and it has uniformly been found a much easier task to compose fine declamatory harangues than to frame wholesome edicts; secondly, old men, in whom is naturally vested all authority, and who direct the opinions, require nothing better than to declaim against those faults which appertain to different stages of life; thirdly, a freedom of morals destroys the ascendancy of women by preventing them from extending it beyond the duration of their personal attractions; and fourthly, men in general are not assassins, robbers, nor calumniators. It is consequently very natural that priests should prove desirous of exaggerating the errors in morality: from this there are few men exempt; nay, the majority feel a pride in committing them, or at least wish it to be supposed that they are desirous so to do. In consequence, every man whose mind has imbibed scruples upon this subject becomes the slave of priestly power. Churchmen may leave the con-

sciences of the great in repose as to their crimes; and while inspiring them with remorse as to their pleasures, become their masters and govern them, thus converting a voluptuary into a determined and barbarous persecutor.

Such is the only means they possess of maintaining the predominance over women, who, for the most part have only to reproach themselves with crimes of this description. By such conduct they cannot fail to insure the power of governing with despotic sway those who have either feeble minds or ardent imaginations; and, above all, the aged, who, by way of expiating such past faults, which they are no longer able to commit, desire no better than to disinherit their survivors, in order to enrich the priesthood.

We must also observe, that these very faults are precisely the same for which we may become rigid in performing the most trivial of sacrifices. There is no virtue so easy to practise, or which we may pretend to possess, as chastity; nor is there one which is more compatible with the absence of all real virtue and the reunion of every vice; wherefore, the very moment it is agreed upon that a great importance shall be attached thereto, every scoundrel will be sure to obtain at little or no cost the esteem of the public.

PREFACE

OF

DON APULEIUS RISORIUS, THE BENEDICTINE.

LET us return thanks to that beneficent heart, to which we are at length indebted for a Maid. This heroic and moral poem was composed about the year 1730, as is well known to the learned, and appears obvious from several traits in the production. We are given to understand by a letter of 1740, printed in the small treatise of a great prince under the title of *"Le Philosophe sans Souci,"** that a German princess to whom the manuscript had been lent merely for perusal, was so much edified by the circumspection that reigns throughout a subject so difficult, that she passed a whole day and a night in causing it to be copied, and in transcribing, herself, all the most moral parts. It is this identical copy which has at length come to our hands. Detached pieces of the *"Pucelle"* have been frequently published, and the real amateurs of sterling literature have been much scandalized on beholding it so dreadfully disfigured. Some editors have given

* Alluding to a favorite palace called Sans Souci, built by the king of Prussia for the purpose of enjoying the society of our Voltaire, the Marquis d'Argens, Maupertuis, and other philosophical friends.

it in fifteen cantos, others in sixteen and eighteen, while it has even been extended to twenty-four, sometimes by dividing one canto into two, or in making good deficiencies, by the insertion of verses, which a drunken coachman quitting the public-house would have disavowed.

Wherefore, beholding Joan in all her purity, we are fearful of hazarding a bold judgment in giving the name of the author to whom this epic flight is attributed. It is sufficient that the reader may be able to elicit some instruction concerning the morality concealed under the allegories of the poem; of what avail is it to ascertain the author? There are many works which the wise and the learned peruse with delight, without knowing by whom they were written. Instance the *"Pervigilium Veneris,"* the satire under the name of *"Petronius,"* together with so many others. What gives us infinite consolation is, that there will be found in our *"Pucelle"* fewer passages of a bold or free nature, than are to be met with in all the great Italian writers who have adopted a similar style.

* * * * * * * * * *

Neither will there be found in " Joan of Arc " the same rash flights as are conspicuous in *"Ariosto;"* you will not there meet with a Saint John who is an inhabitant of the moon, and who is made to say —

Gli scrittori amo; e fo il debito mio
Che al vostro mondo, fue scrittore anchio;

E ben convenne al mio lodato Cristo
Rendermi guiderdon d'un si gran sorte, etc.

This is jocose, and Saint John takes a liberty which no Saint of *"La Pucelle"* would ever think of hazarding. It should appear that the Saviour was only indebted for his divinity to the first chapter of Saint John, and that he was flattered by the Evangelist; this discourse savors somewhat of Socinianism,* whereas our discreet author on the contrary takes very good care not to fall into a similar excess.

It is equally a source of great edification for us, that our modest poet has not imitated any of our ancient romances, of which the learned Huet, bishop of Avranches, and Abbé Lenglet, the compiler, have produced a history. Let any one satisfy himself with reading *"Lancelot du Lac,"*† selecting the chapter entitled: "How Lancelot slept with the Queen, and how Sir Lagant took her back again;" and then will appear the purity of our author, when compared with those of antiquity.

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* The Socinians were a sect so called from Selius Socinus, their author, who was afterwards promoted by Faustus Socinus at Sienna in 1555. He asserted that Christ was merely a man, having never had an existence before Mary. He denied the personality of the Holy Ghost, Original Sin, Grace, Predestination, the Sacraments and the immensity of God.

† One of the ancient romances, containing very *facetious matter,* which was translated into English, forming one of the earliest specimens of British typography.

The same is to be said of "The Marvelous History of Gargantua,"* dedicated to Cardinal Tournon. It is well known that the chapter of *Torche-culs* is one of the most modest contained in the whole work.

We do not here speak of the moderns; we shall only remark, that all the ancient tales imagined in Italy and rendered into verse by La Fontaine,† are

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* Francis Rabelais, the author of "*Pantagruel*," was the son of an apothecary at Chinon, in Touraine, and entered into the Order of Cordeliers, but on account of an intrigue was imprisoned in a monastery, from whence, having effected his escape, he obtained permission of Pope Clement the Seventh to quit his fraternity. He then studied medicine at Montpellier, became professor in 1531, and was appointed physician to Cardinal de Bellay, in whose suite he went to Rome, and upon his return to France was rewarded with an abbey and the benefice of Meudon. About this period he published his "*Pantagruel*," wherein figures the giant Gargantua, being a comic satire extremely licentious and obscene. Rabelais died in 1553 at the age of seventy. He was also the author of some medical works and numerous letters printed in five volumes.

† John de la Fontaine was born at Château Thierry in 1621. Having been first educated at Rheims, he afterwards received instruction under the fathers of the Oratory. He was a man of singular simplicity of manners, credulous, fearful, and absent-minded. For some time he resided with the Intendant Foucquet, from whom he received a pension, and was afterwards in the service of Princess Henrietta of England, after which he lived with Madame de la Sabliere, and died in 1695. La Fontaine's tales are very licentious, but his fables are placed in the hands of youth, being extremely natural, poetic and entertaining. He also wrote a romance called "*Les Amours de Psyche*," some comedies, letters, etc., which are printed in his "Miscellanies."

still less moral than our *"Pucelle."* Be this, however, as it may, we most sincerely wish all our grave critics the delicate sentiments of the lovely Monrose; to our prudes, if any such there be, the *naïveté* of Agnes and the tenderness of Dorothy; to our warriors, the arm of the robust Joan; to the Jesuits, a character similar to that of the good Confessor Bonifoux; and to all such as keep an open house, the attentions and *savoir faire* of Bonneau.

We moreover believe that this little book is an excellent specific against those humors which at the present time afflict several ladies and abbés; and if we should only have rendered such service to the public, we conceive that our time will not have been misspent.

HISTORICAL PROBLEM

RESPECTING

THE EXECUTION OF LA PUCELLE D'ORLÉANS.

As it is impossible that any man of common feeling, or who advocates the cause of justice and humanity, can recur to the untimely fate of Joan of Arc, as recorded in our Chronicles, without being impressed by horror and disgust; inspired by those sentiments which should lead every true patriot to endeavor to wipe off an indelible stain that is attached to the honor of his country, I have thought it but just to introduce the following statements, upon which the reader is left to draw his own conclusions.

In the year 1683 appeared in the French *Mercure Gallant* for the month of November, a letter addressed to Monsieur de Grammont, which created a considerable sensation; as the author therein asserted that Joan of Arc, better known under the title of *La Pucelle d'Orléans,* did not suffer death at the stake in the city of Rouen, upon the 30th of May, 1431, but that having escaped the power of the English, she was married in 1436 to a gentleman of Lorraine, by whom she had children; and in proof of this assertion he published the extract of

a manuscript, which Père Vignier of the Oratory discovered at Metz, during a journey he performed in Lorraine with Monsieur de Ricey, who repaired thither in the character of Intendant. This manuscript was subsequently printed under the title of "The Chronicles of Metz," composed by the Curate of Saint Thiebaut of the same city, coming down to the year 1445. Father Calmet had inserted it among the documents in his "History of Lorraine," and from thence it is extracted verbatim, taken from columns CXXI. and CXXII. of the second volume. (The French is omitted.)

[*English translation.*]

"In the year 1436, *Sire Phelepin Marcoulz,* was Prefect of Police of *Metz,* that same year on the 20th day of May arrived *Joan, the Pucelle of France* at *la Grange aux Hormes,* near *Saint Privey,* being led there to speak to some of the noblemen of *Metz,* where she assumed the name of *Claude,* and on the same day came her two brothers, one of whom, a *chevalier,* bore the name of *Messire Peter,* and the other, *Little John* the *Esquire,* who believed that she had been burned; but as soon as they saw her, *they recognized her, as she did them.* And upon Monday, the 21st of the said month, they conducted their sister to *Bacquillon,* where *Sir Nicholas Lowe, Knight,* presented her with a mule of the value of thirty francs, together with its housings, and the *Lord Aubert Boulay* gave her a cap, and *Sir Nich-*

olas Groignart a sword, and the said *Pucelle* went forth very dexterously upon the said beast, and communicated many things to the said *Sir Nicholas Lowe,* by which he knew that she had been in France, being further recognized from many other circumstances, to be *Joan the Maid of France,* who had led *King Charles* to be crowned at *Rheims,* and whom many had stated to have been burned at *Rouen* in *Normandy.* And upon her departure several persons of *Metz* repaired to see her at the said *Marieulle,* and presented her with many jewels, and ascertained that she was truly, *Joan the Maid of France:* and there was given her by *Geoffrey Dex*, a horse: *Item,* when she was at *Arelont,* she was always at the side of *Madame de Luxembourg,* and great ceremonials took place until the son of the *Count de Warnenbourg* accompanied her to *Coullougne*..... And upon her return to *Arelont,* the marriage was performed between *Sir Robert de Hermoises, Knight,* and *Joan la Pucelle;* after which this said *Sieur des Hermoises,* with his wife *La Pucelle* resided in *Metz,* in the house of *Sir Robert des Hermoises,* situated before *Saint Segoleine,* where they continued during their pleasure."

This recital is corroborated by the contract of marriage of Robert des Hermoises with La Pucelle, which Father Vignier declares to have seen among the title-deeds of the family of Des Hermoises, and also in a contract of sale, made by Robert des Hermoises, Lord of Trichiemont and Jeanne du Lis,

La Pucelle de France, wife of the aforesaid Trichiemont, of certain possessions which he had at Harancourt, which contract was dated the 7th of November, 1436. In short, these circumstances are further strengthened by the descendants of des Hermoises boasting themselves in a legitimate line from La Pucelle. Subsequent to this period, fresh proofs have been discovered, according to Monsieur Palluche,* in support of the opinion of Father Vignier; for, having had occasion to consult the ancient Registers of the Mansion House of Orleans, that gentleman fell by chance upon that of Jacques l'Argentier for the years 1435 and 1436, wherein he found under the article of the expenditure of the latter, as follows:

"To Renaud Brune, the twenty-fifth day of July; for giving drink to the messenger who brought letters from Jehanne La Pucelle, who was on his way to Guillaume Bellier; Bailly de Troyes:— *11f. 8d. par.*"

"To Jehan du Lils, brother of Jehanne La Pucelle, on Tuesday, the twenty-first day of August, 1436,† for a gift to him made, the sum of 12 liv.; forasmuch as the brother of the said Pucelle came into the Chamber of the said city, requiring of the Procurators that they would assist him with some

* Monsieur de Palluche was a member of the Literary Society of Orleans in 1740.

† Joan of Arc is stated to have perished the 30th of May, 1431.

money to return to his sister; stating that he came from the King, and that his Majesty had ordered that he should receive an hundred francs, and commanded that they should be counted, whereof nothing was done, and twenty only were given, of which he had expended twelve livres, wherefore only eight remained, which was no great things for him to return, considering that he was five days on horseback; and this was commanded in the chamber of the city by the procurators, from which he received *12 liv. pour ce 9 liv.: 12 S. par.*"

I pass over some articles respecting the manner in which Jean du Lis, brother of La Pucelle, was feasted in Orleans, that I may at once come to the point.

"At Cueur de Lils, the eighteenth day of October, 1436, for a journey which he performed to the said city, in his way to La Pucelle, who was then at Arelon, in the Duchy of Louxembourg, and for transporting letters of Jehanne La Pucelle, whereof he had been bearer, for the King at Loiches, where he was then resident, and which journey occupied him forty-one days for the same: — *6 liv.: par.*"

On continuing these researches, Monsieur de Palluche found in the account of Gilles Marchousne, for the years 1439 and 1440, and further some articles dated 28th, 29th, and 30th July, 1439, for wine and refreshments presented to *Dame Jehanne des Armoises,* and lastly:

"To *Jehanne Darmoises;* for a present given to

her the first day of August, 1439; after deliberation made by the council of the city, and for the services rendered by her to the said city during the siege, *two hundred and ten livres, par,* for this, *210 liv.: par.*"

Testimonies of such a decisive nature are certainly calculated to raise inward doubts as to the commonly received opinions of the death of La Pucelle in 1431. The account of the Curate of Saint Thiebaut, and the extracts from the archives of the Mansion House of Orleans, are demonstrative, since it appears from thence that La Pucelle, after having escaped from the English, it little matters how, visits Metz, where she was believed to have previously suffered at Rouen; she is there recognized by many persons deserving of credit, and in particular by her two brothers. Is it possible that the latter could have been deceived in respect to their own sister; they, who had served with her in France? John, the elder, two months after having found his sister, proceeds to Lorraine in order to find the king and confirm this discovery; he passes through Orleans on returning to his sister, who, three years afterwards repairs herself to that city, where she should certainly be well known, and continues a resident in the town for five or six days; she is there recognized and treated at the expense of the city, which, upon her departure, presents her with no inconsiderable sum; for at that period two hundred and ten francs were equivalent to one thousand seven hun-

dred livres at the present period. Can it be imagined that the inhabitants of Orleans were imposed upon, and that if this Jeanne des Hermoises was an impostor, she could have carried on such imposition? The farce must soon have been discovered, as we shall presently show.

We will, however, give an additional proof of the opinion entertained at Orleans, that the Pucelle was still in existence. In this same account of Gilles Marchousne, already quoted, is found this regular charge, two months anterior to the arrival of Jeanne des Hermoises: "Nine pounds of wax to make four tapers, and one flambeau for the obsequies of the defunct Jehanne La Pucelle in the church of Saint Sanxom, of Orleans, upon the eve of the fête Dieu, 1439." Whereas no similar charge is to be found in the expenses for 1440, nor during that year is any mention made of commemorating any such anniversary.

We may still support the opinion of Father Vignier, by a further example. Charles, Duke of Orleans, in 1443, presented *L'Isle-aux Baufs* near Orleans to Peter du Lis, brother of *La Pucelle,* stating in such deed of gift, that: "*Whereas the supplication of the said Messire Pierre, purporting that in order to acquit himself of his Loyalty to the King, our said Lord and the Duke of Orleans, he quitted his country to join their service, in company with his sister Jehanne La Pucelle, with whom and ever since her absence even to the present moment, he has*

exposed his body and all he possesses in the said service."

What means the term, "ever since her absence," but that *La Pucelle* had only been absent and not *dead;* a circumstance which Peter du Lis, her brother, would not have failed to express in his petition, had such been the fact, for the purpose of exciting more interest in the mind of the Prince. The pain of death, and in particular such torments as are commonly believed to have attended the exit of *La Pucelle* are much more touching than a simple flight or absence.

Lastly, it is necessary to remind the reader that immediately after the 30th of May, 1431, a report was prevalent that *La Pucelle* was not dead, and that the English had substituted in her place an unfortunate wretch whose crimes merited that death which they were desirous it should be believed the *Pucelle* had experienced; nay, even some went so far as to state she never fell into the power of her enemies.

Let us now proceed to proofs.

In the Chronicle of Lorraine, among the documents printed by Father Calmet, column ix, and which does not come down later than 1544, when speaking of the siege of Compeigne, he states: "That the Pucelle was there lost, and that no one knew what became of her. Many said that she had been taken by the English, and was carried to Rouen, where she was burned; others affirmed that none of

the army had caused her death, because she attributed all the honor of her feats of arms to them."

The Chronicle of Metz is more decisive.— Column *c. c.*: "The Pucelle was taken by the English and the Burgundians, who were enemies to the gentille fleur de Lys., after which she was sent to the City of Rouen in Normandy, and there was she on a scaffold burned in a fire, as it was said, but the contrary of which is since proved." And lastly, in the journal of a Citizen of Paris, in the reign of Charles the Seventh, to the year 1449, printed in the history of Charles the Sixth, from the edition of the Louvre, it is stated, "That after the execution of La Pucelle many persons who had been deceived by her firmly thought that on account of her sanctity she had escaped the fire, and that another had suffered in her place, they believing that it was herself."

It even appears that from the time of the imprisonment of *La Pucelle,* reports were already afloat which led to the belief that the period would arrive when her execution would not be credited; since an ocular witness deposed in the course of the process respecting her justification in 1455, that when the execution took place at Rouen, "The English being doubtful lest reports should be disseminated in regard to the Pucelle's not being dead, or that some other had been burned in her stead, caused the fire and wood to be withdrawn from behind the body after her death, in order that it might be ascertained

she was dead." See MS. in the Chapter House of Orleans.

This latter statement, which appears at the first glance to favor an idea that the *Pucelle* was actually burned, will upon examination be found susceptible of a conclusion diametrically opposite. Is a person recently suffocated by a great fire, which has consumed all the habiliments, easily recognized? And the precaution adopted by the English to place upon the head of the sufferer whom they led to the stake an elevated mitre, by which she was disguised, and to cause to be carried before her a picture representing everything against her that was infamous (*Recherches de Pasquier,* page 164), were not these, I say, so many methods resorted to, in order that the attention of the spectators might be diverted; of whom, a few excepted, some had never seen her, and others had merely caught a glance of her person as she passed? Nothing more was required to lead into error, and make them believe that which it was absolutely wished they should accredit.

Some objections may here be raised: First, that supposing *La Pucelle* had escaped the cruelty of the English, it is impossible that some mention of the fact should not have been made during the process of her justification, particularly after the examination of no less than one hundred and twelve witnesses. It is easy to reply with Father Vignier, who raised the same objection, that the commission

of those whom Pope Calixtus the Third delegated to inquire into this affair in 1455, was not to demonstrate that *La Pucelle* had escaped from death at Rouen; but to inquire whether they had been justified in condemning her as a heretic, a relapse, an apostate, and an idolatress; and although it appears more than probable they were aware she had not been burned, such a fact was unconnected with their commission, and they consequently did not trouble themselves upon that head.

The second objection relates to this statement, that about the same period when *La Pucelle* presented herself in Lorraine and at Orleans, two other females were received by the people as *La Pucelle,* whose impositions were afterwards discovered; from whence it might be inferred that *Jeanne des Hermoises* was a similar adventuress, even supposing her not to have been one of those in question.

Let us examine the proofs.

On perusing the journal for the life of Charles the Seventh, already quoted, we find that "In the year 1440 the Parliament and the University caused a woman to be brought to Paris, following the men in arms, believed by many to be Jehanne La Pucelle, and who on that account had been very honorably received at Orleans, which woman was publicly shown at the palace on the marble stone in the great court, and being there examined as to her life and her estate was recognized as not being *La Pucelle,* and as having been married." The other impostor

is mentioned in a manuscript at the royal library, written at the period of Charles the Seventh, entitled, *"Examples des Hardiesses de plusieurs Rois et Empereurs;"* where it appears, according to Père Labbe, 180: "Among others I was told by the said Lord (M. de Boissy), that ten years after the sentence at Rouen in 1441, was brought to the King another supposed Pucelle, who much resembled the first and who was desirous that he should believe from reports spread that it was the former one resuscitated. The King, upon hearing this, ordered that she should be conducted to his presence. But that his Majesty said to her, 'Pucelle, my friend, you are right welcome, in the name of God, who knows the secret which is between you and me.'— When most miraculously, after hearing only these words, this false Pucelle threw herself on her knees before the King, entreating mercy, and forthwith confessed all her treasons, none of which, however, were judged too rigorously."

We will now proceed to examine these facts. In the first recital there are traits which bear no analogy whatsoever to *Jeanne des Hermoises;* for the woman there spoken of was a follower of soldiers, calling herself a maid; which had no reference whatsoever to Jeanne des Hermoises, who avowed herself a married woman, by assuming the appellation of her husband; who repaired to Orleans with her domestics only; since in all the registers of Marchousne, not a syllable is said of her being in com-

pany with men at arms, captains, or officers, and much less with soldiers, like the female mentioned in the journal; a circumstance claiming particular notice, as such conduct would have been disgusting in a maid who had espoused a gentleman and a chevalier of lineage who had uniformly ranked as one of the most honorable in Lorraine. Secondly, if they were able at Paris, and at the Court, to distinguish one of these warriors from the real *Pucelle,* it was much easier to have made that discovery at Metz and Arelont, as being so much nearer to the country of *La Pucelle,* as well as at Orleans, which had been the first and great theatre of her noble exploits; while the testimony of Peter and John du Lys in favor of Jehanne des Hermoises, whom they recognized for their sister, proves an argument, in opposition to which it is very difficult to offer any reply.

A third objection may be started; that if *La Pucelle* escaped from the English, would she not have fled to the court, or to the army; and would not the King have rewarded the services which she had rendered him? Yet nothing appears strange in all this; for, by the manner in which *Jean du Lys,* her brother, was received at Loches in 1436, according to his own recital in a passage before quoted, it appears manifest that little faith was then attached to his statement.

But to reply more fully, let it be remembered what jealousy had been excited against the *Pucelle* by

those who were nearest the King's person, and above all in George de la Trimouille, his favorite, who, to use the words of the Chronicle of Metz, "was little loyal to the said King, his Lord, harboring great envy of the feats she, *La Pucelle,* performed, and was the cause of her being taken." The credit of this nobleman was so powerful as to prevent the monarch from recognizing *La Pucelle,* who was supposed to have suffered; and in regard to the gratitude of Charles the Seventh, where shall we trace upon his receiving news of the execution of *La Pucelle,* that he ever had recourse to the *lex talionis* in regard to the English and Burgundians of rank who fell into his hands? Can it be proved that he avenged a death which dishonored him? It must be allowed that the conduct of this prince was the same under both circumstances, and that the reasons by which he was governed had their origin in the jealousy of his courtiers.

It is useless here to speak of a girl whom the young Count de Virnenbourg pretended about the year 1473, to be the *Pucelle* of Orleans, whom God had resuscitated in order to establish in the Episcopal see of *Treves Uldaric de Mandencheit* and whose imposition was discovered by the Inquisitor of Cologne, who caused her arrest and would have tried her, had not the Count found means to effect her escape and thus by flight rescued her from that death, which a life marked by infamy had merited. The period when this third impostor flourished is too

far removed to have any reference to those of whom we have spoken, much less to *Jeanne,* the wife of *Jean des Hermoises,* whose disorderly course of life it is first requisite to substantiate ere she can be confounded with the person in question; this assuredly cannot be done, and what we have advanced respecting the other two may with much more reason be applied to this third mentioned adventuress.

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CANTO XI.

ARGUMENT.

CONVENT SACKED BY THE ENGLISH.—BATTLE BETWEEN ST. GEORGE OF ENGLAND, AND DENIS, PATRON SAINT OF FRANCE.

Now, free from useless preface I shall tell,
How the two lovers in their cloistered cell,
With joys forbidden, both alike oppressed,
Extended near each other, sunk to rest;
Enjoying that sweet sleep the weary own,
When Morpheus on their lids erects his throne.

Sudden a dreadful din drives sleep afar,
On all sides gleams the horrid torch of war;
Death, ghastly death, then blazes to their view,
As streams of blood the convent's site bedew;
This troop marauding of Britannia's soil,
Gaul's ranks had beaten in a recent broil;
The conquered, sword in hand, scoured o'er the plain,
By victors followed, who pursued amain;

Striking and crying, almost out of breath —
"Agnes restore, or instant meet your death."
But naught knew any creature of the fair,
Till hoary Colin, who of flocks had care,
Bespoke them thus: " Sirs, yesterday my sight
Was struck with paragon of beauty bright,
Who, toward the dusk, passed yonder convent gate."
"Anon!" the English cried, with souls elate,
" 'Tis Agnes there's no doubt. By Heavens! 'tis she;
Let's on." The cruel cohort instantly,
Gained of the convent wall the holy steep;
Thus raging wolves rush 'midst a flock of sheep.

Of dormitory, they each cell inspect;
The chapel, caves, no corner they neglect —
These enemies of such as laud Heaven's name,
View all, devoid of scruple or of shame;
Ah, sisters, Anna, Ursula, Marton,
Why raise your eyes — where would ye fly anon?
Poor moaning doves, why seek the holy place,
Trembling, confounded, ye the shrine embrace;
That holy altar feared, and found to be
The sacred safeguard of your chastity;
Amidst this direful peril, what are vows?
Ye supplicate in vain your Heavenly spouse.
Before his shrine, nay, even in his view,
Poor flocks your cruel ravishers pursue,
To profanate that faith so pure and blessed,
Which your sweet lips with innocence professed.

Some readers, of earth's worldly race the sons,
Immodest souls, the enemies of nuns;
Sarcastic jokers, dare with playful wit,
Poor violated dames, with tauntings hit;
Let them say on.—Alas! my sisters dear,
How dreadful 'tis, such tender hearts to jeer;
For timid, harmless beauties, framed like ye,
To strive from homicidal arms to flee;
Disgusting kisses on your lips to feel,
From felons reeking with gore's smoking seal.
Who by an act ferocious and abhorred —
The eyes on fire, lips that blaspheme the Lord,
Mingling the outrage with voluptuous glow,
Thus seek with brutal love your overthrow;
Whose poisonous breath infects the zephyrs bland:
The bristly beard — the hard infuriate hand,
The hideous form — arms black, with gore
impressed,
Appear to strike with death where they caressed;
In fine, they seemed to these strange frenzies given,
Fiends; violating Angels, blessed of Heaven!

Crime had already to their shameless view,
Tinged fronts of each chaste fair with crimson hue;
Sister Ribondi, so devout and sage,[1]
Was doomed to meet fierce Shipunk's carnal rage.
Wharton, vile infidel — bold Barclay, too,
Poor sister Amidon, alike pursue.
They weep, they pray, and swear; press, push and
run;

When in the tumult's seen Besogne the nun,
With Bard and Parson fighting, who employ,
All means to put in force their lustful joy,
Both ignorant that Besogne is — a boy.
Nor was't thou, Agnes, 'midst this sorrowing band,
To be neglected by despoiler's hand;
Tender, enchanting object, 'twas thy lot
Always to sin, whether thou wouldst or not;
The murderous chief of this obdurate crew,
Courageous victor, he sped after you;
While troops obedient, in their passions still,
Resigned this honor to his potent will.

Yet Fate though harsh, will sometimes deign befriend,
And of our woes at length proclaim the end;
For as these gentlemen of Britain's Isle,
With foul pollution thus had dared defile,
Of the Saint Sion, this most sacred place,
From Heaven's high vault Gaul's patron full of grace,
Good Denis, to bright virtue always kind,
Found means to 'scape from thence and leave behind
Fierce, turbulent St. George, of France the foe;
From Paradise he bent his course below.
But, in descending to our earthly sphere,
No more on sunbeam did our sage appear,
Since too apparent then his course had been,
He went the god of mystery to win;
Sire, sage, and cunning, foe of noise and light,

Who flies on every side, and goes by night,
He favors (and 'tis pity) rogues that steal;
But leads the man impressed by wisdom's seal.
To church and court he hies; at all times there,
While anciently of love he had the care.
He first enveloped in a cloud obscure,
Good Denis; and forthwith commenced his tour,
By secret path, which no one yet had gone,
Whispering quite low, and sideway moving on.

The faithful guardian of Gaul's goodly set,
Not far from Blois, the maid of Orleans met;
Who of gross muleteer the back bestrode,
Advancing gently by a secret road;
Offering up prayers that some adventure kind,
Might lead her in the end her arms to find;
When Denis from afar beheld the maid,
With tone benign the gentle patron said:
" Welcome my virgin! welcome Joan, who brings
Succor alike to maidens and to kings,
Come lend thine aid to chastity at bay,
And curb anon of furious lust the sway;
Come! that thine arm avenging lily's flower,
May save my tender flock in this dread hour;
Yon convent view — they violate — time flies,
Come then, my maid."— He spoke and Joan straight hies,
While Gaul's dear patron, as her squire in rear,
With lusty stripes, whips on the muleteer.

Here then thou art my Joan, 'midst this foul crew,
Who with the nuns their recreant acts pursue.
Joan was *en cuerpo,* when a Briton's eyes,
With look unblushing, greet the wished for prize;
He covets her, and thinks some maiden gay
Has sought the sisters to enjoy the fray;
Then flies the fair to meet, and forthwith seeks
To taint her modesty with loathsome freaks;
When straight the scimitar's keen blow replies,
Smack on his nose, and low the monster lies,
Swearing that oath by Frenchmen all revered,
Expressive word — to pleasure's feats endeared;
Word by profane and vulgar tongues revealed,
With scorn pronounced, when they to passion yield.

Trampling his corpse, with crimson current dyed,
Joan to this wicked people forthwith cried:
" Cease, cruel troop, leave innocence alone,
Base violators; fear just Heaven — fear Joan."
Each miscreant bent on sin and void of shame,
Heard nought, attentive only to his dame;
Thus asses will 'mid flowers their course pursue,
Spite of the cries of man and master too.
Joan, who their deeds audacious thus descries,
Transported feels a saintly horror rise;
Invoking Heaven, and backed by Denis' power,
With glave in hand, of blows she deals a shower,[2]
From nape to nape, and thence from spine to spine,
Cutting and slashing with her blade divine:
Transpiercing, for intended crime the one,

"CEASE, CRUEL TROOP, LEAVE INNOCENCE ALONE"

Another striking for offences done;
Miscreants bedewing with a sanguine flow,
Each for profaning gentle nun — laid low,
Whose soul thus speeding by foul transport fed,
Dying in sinful joy, to Satan sped.

Unblushing Wharton, whose illicit fire
Had to its acme spurred his soul's desire;
Obdurate Wharton proved the only knight,
Who now from shackles free, stood bold, upright;
Then seized his arms and with undaunted look,
Awaiting Joan, a different posture took.

O thou great saint, the state's protecting shield,
Denis, who saw this well contested field,
Deign to my faithful muse those feats indite,
Which Joan enacted to thy reverend sight;
Joan trembled first and cast a wondering stare:
" My saint, dear Denis, what do I see there?
My breastplate, all those arms which destiny
Ordained as presents thou should'st give to me,
On that Hell-hardened back now strike my view,
He wears my helm and under vestments too."
Joan reasoned justly, she had truth to quote;
For when sweet Agnes swapped her petticoat,
And in these arms was *cap-a-pie* equipped,
Whereof by rude John Chandos she was stripped;
Sir Isaac Wharton, Chandos' knight, anon,
Seizing this coat of mail, had put it on.

O Joan of Arc, of heroines the flower,
For arms divine you fought with matchless power;
For thy great monarch Charles so long abused,
A hundred Benedictine nuns misused;
For Denis, charged their chastity to shield,
Denis, who saw her dauntless dare the field
With broadsword striking hard her own breast-
plate,
And shaded by its plume, the helm on pate.
In Ætna's gulfs which fire and forge contain,
Of sooty Vulcan and his one-eyed train:
On sparkling anvil sounding constant knell,
More quick or heavier, hammers never fell;
When for dread thunder's lord the forges glow,
Prepared his cannons — too much braved below.

In iron clad — our Briton full of pride,
Falls back — his soul with wonder stupefied,
To find himself attacked with giant rage,
By brunette buxom and so young of age;
To view her naked filled him with remorse,
To wound that body robbed his arm of force,
He but defends himself and backward moves,
Admiring of his foe the charms he loves;
Those treasures which impel his heart to scorn
The martial virtues which her soul adorn.

St. George enthroned in Paradise so fair,
No longer seeing Brother Denis there,

Began to doubt that Gallia's saint was flown
To succor those to whom his heart was prone;
Through all the expanse of the azure plain,
He bent his scrutinizing glance in vain;
Nor wavered long, but called his gallant steed,
That horse whereof in legend much we read.[3]

The palfrey came — George mounted, 'gins to ride,
With spear in rest, the broadsword at his side;
He goes and gallops o'er that endless space
Which daring mortals vainly seek to trace,
Those heavenly realms — spheres that with light abound,
Which visionary Reni makes turn round;[4]
'Mid endless chaos of a dust refined,
Whirlwinds most subtle rolling in the wind,
The which e'en Newton to strange dreams inclined,
Will have it turn, of compass reft and guide,
Around mere nothing, through the vacuum wide.

St. George inflamed, his rage then boiling high,
Traversed this void in twinkling of an eye,
The soil by Loire's stream watered straight to gain,
Where Denis thought to chant the victor's strain;
'Tis thus we sometimes view at dead of night
A comet in its vast career of light;
Sparkling emit a most horrific blaze,
Its tail appears and men feel dire amaze;
The Pope is awed, and the world, struck with fear,
Firmly believes the wines will fail that year.

As in the distance valiant George descries
Mister St. Denis, he feels choler rise;
And brandishing aloft his lance awhile,
Pronounced these words in Homer's choicest style:
"O! Denis, weak and peevish foe,
Timid support of feeble race below;
'Tis thus you visit earth with secret guile,
To cut my heroes' throats of Albion's Isle;
Dost think Fate's destinies thou canst control
With jackass, feeble arm and woman's soul?
Of my dread vengeance art thou not afraid,
Which soon shall punish France, thyself and maid?
Thy sad sconce shaking on thy twisted neck,
Hath once before thy carcase ceased to deck;
I wish to crop, e'en in thy church's face,
Thy bald pate set but badly in its place,
And send thee packing to thy Paris' walls,
Fit patron of thy tender cockney Gauls;
In thine own suburbs where thy mass is said,[5]
There rest and let them once more kiss thy head."

The goodly Denis raising clasped hands high,
With noble pious tone made this reply:
"O Great St. George! O Brother, famed of mine,
Wilt thou to fury's voice for aye incline?
Since first we both to Heaven received the call,
Thine heart devout, hath always nurtured gall;
Is it then fit, thrice happy as we are,
Two saints enchased, lauded by men afar;
We, who to others should examples set,

Must we by quarrels thus ourselves forget?
Wilt thou a cruel war now seek to wage,
In realms where peace should all thy thoughts
engage?
How long then of thy soil will saintly band,
In Paradise the flag of strife expand?
O Britons! nation fierce; too bold by far,
Just Heaven in turn will wage the wrathful war;
And of your mode of acting weary grown,
Will to your jealous cares no more be prone,
For devotees from you are never known;
Ah! wretched saint, though pious, choleric,
Damned patron of a race of blood ne'er sick;
Be tractable, and in Heaven's name leave me
To save my king and rule Gaul's destiny."

At this harangue, George bursting with fell rage,
On visage pictured fury's crimson page;
And bending on the Paris saint his eyes,
He felt his strength and courage doubly rise,—
Denis, he judged the sovereign of poltroons,
On whom he pounced — thus falcon darts eftsoons
And seizes tender pigeons for its prey,—
Denis falls back and prudent utters bray.
Thus summoning his faithful ass outright,
The donkey winged, his succor and delight.
"Come," he exclaimed, "come and my life
defend"—
Denis forgot thus speaking to his friend,
That never saint of life can see an end.

From Italy our dappled of gray hue,
Just then arrived — and I narrator true,
Why he returned already have displayed.
To saint his back he bent, with saddle 'rayed;
When patron firmly on his Neddy placed,
By kindling valor, felt his heart enchased!
With subtle malice he from earth had ta'en,
A sword so lately grasped by Briton slain;
Then brandishing the fatal glave to sight,
St. George he pushes, presses, grapples tight.
Great Albion's chief by indignation led,
Aims three dread blows at his devoted head;
The whole are parried, Denis guards his sconce,
Directing in return his blows at once
Upon the horse, and eke his cavalier,
From steel electric vivid sparks appear;
Now as the weapons cross, they cut and thrust,
Each moment either seems of warrior first;
Seeking to strike helm, gorget, glory bright,
And spot so delicate with laces dight;
Where, 'neath the cuirass, *braguette* greets the sight.

These vain attempts made both more ardent far;
Oft 'twixt them balanced was the fate of war;
When lo! the ass's tones discordant sound
As grating octaves harshly bray around,—
Heaven trembles; echo from the wood's recess,
The din repeats, while shuddering with distress,
St. George turned pale; good Denis keen I trow,
Made feint, and with celestial back-hand blow,

Of Albion's chief did the proboscis clip,
And on his saddle bow rolled bleeding tip.

George without nose, but not of courage void,
Revenges honor of his face annoyed,
Profaning Heaven with English d——n subjoined,
One blow of scimitar forthwith purloined
From Denis that, which on a Thursday morn,
Of old from Malchus, was by Peter shorn.

At this rare sight and voice deserving praise
Of the saint ass — at sound of dreadful brays,
All trembled in the Heavenly concave high;
The beamy portal of the starry sky
Burst ope, and from the vaults where seraphs dwell,
Issued at length the archangel Gabriel,
Who graceful poised upon his pinions bright,
Sailed gently through the realms of endless light;
That rod supporting, which in days of yore,
Towards the Nile the prophet Moses bore,
When the Red Sea submissive stopped its waves,
And kings and people thus found watery graves.

"What is't I see?" the angel wrathful cried,
"Two patron saints, offsprings to Heaven allied:
Eternal spirits of the power of peace,
Fighting like mortals; ye bid concord cease:
Let woman's stupid race to blows aspire,
To man leave baleful passions, flame, and fire;
Abandon straight to Sin's profane control,

Of this vile crew each gross and wicked soul,
In vice created, and to death consigned;
But ye immortal sons of Heaven refined,
Nourished forever with ambrosia pure,
Would ye such blissful scenes no more endure?
Are ye stark mad? — Good Heaven! an ear, a nose;
Ye who on mercy and sweet grace repose,
The precepts of pure concord to instil,
Can ye, for things like these pursue the will
Of foolish passions and their cause embrace?
Either renounce the bright empyreal space,
Or instant yield submissive to my laws;
Let charity within plead her own cause;
Thou, insolent St. George, pick up that ear,
And you, good Mister Denis, also hear,
That nose resume, and with your fingers blessed,
In its own place let each thing henceforth rest."

Denis, with hand submissive, forthwith goes
To join the tip on mutilated nose,
And George devout, the ear to Denis takes,
By him cut off, each sign of cross then makes,
An *oremus* to Gabriel muttering sweet:
Forthwith of flesh the cartilages meet;
In fine, both miens assume their wonted grace,
Blood, fibres, skin, each hardens in its place,
Leaving no vestige in this saintly pair,
Of shivered nose, and sconce of ear quite bare:
'Tis thus with saintly flesh, fat, firm, and fair.

Then Gabriel said, with presidential voice,
" 'Tis well, embrace;" there was in faith no choice;
So Denis void of hate or passion's glow,
With honest heart, anon, embraced his foe;
But George as kissing, cherished vengeful fit,
And swore that Denis should not thus be quit.
The great archangel, this embracing o'er,
Received my two saints gracious as before,
With one on either side empyreum sought,
Where nectarine bumpers to each saint were
brought.

Few readers will believe this combat brave;
But near those walls Scamander's waters lave,[6]
Of old was chronicled a deed of fame,
When gods Olympian armed for battle came,
Alike by England's Milton are enrolled,
Of angels winged, a legion manifold;
Reddening celestial plains with sanguine tide,
Mountains by hundreds scattered far and wide,
And what's still worse from cannon-firing ball;[7]
Wherefore, if Michael ere the Devil's fall,
With Satan fought, each to support his cause,
Sure Messieurs George and Denis by such laws
Were right in bidding hostile banners float,
And striving each to cut the other's throat.

But if in Heaven sweet peace was thus restored,
Alas! on earth such proved not yet the word;
Fell scene accursed of discord and of blows;

Good Charles went everywhere, nor knew repose,
Sighed Agnes' name, and sought, and wept her fate;
And yet the thundering Joan forever great,
With bloody sword that owned no victor's will,
Prepared to give fierce Wharton straight his fill;
She struck; — the blow upon the spot just placed,
Whereby the convent had been late debased.
Wharton reeled backwards, and his trenchant steel
Fled from his grasp impressed with mortal seal;
He fell, denying all the saints in death.
The tribe of ancient nuns, anon, takes breath,
And at the feet of Amazon august,
Viewing the Cavalier consigned to dust,
Cried, saying, "*Aves* — Ah! how just the case,
That punishment should strike the sinning place."

Sister Ribondi, who in vestry room,
Had bowed obedient to the victor's doom;
While weeping still for the departed, sighed,
And offering thanks, as she the sinner eyed,
Exclaimed in charitable tones: "Than he,
Alas! alas! none could more guilty be! !"

END OF CANTO XI.

NOTES TO CANTO XI.

[1] Ribondi is a term in familiar conversation, signifying roundness, plumpness, *embonpoint,* and alludes to particularly fleshy parts of the human body.

[2] Whether Joan ever wielded her sword upon male personages on such an occasion as this portrayed by the poet we cannot take upon ourselves to determine. The following very curious extract will, however, afford sufficient proof of the rooted animosity entertained by the Maid of Arc towards females who pursued a vicious course of life, and, as the annotator has never before found this incident quoted, which is handed down by a contemporary writer, it may not prove uninteresting to the lover of historical facts.

"And as there were in the company several women of loose morals who prevented the men at arms from advancing, the said maiden Joan, in an elevated voice, commanded them to begone. After this exclamation every one prepared to march forward, and as Joan, who was on horseback, met two or three of these females on the road, she drew her sword to strike them, and beat one with the flat side of her weapon with such lusty strokes that she broke her said sword, which caused the king great displeasure when he heard it, who said to her that she ought to have taken a stick to beat them, and not the sword which had been revealed to her by God."—*"Annales de France," par Maistre Nicole Gille Contrôleur du Trésor de Louis XI.*

[3] It is a fact not to be disputed, that St. George is always portrayed as riding upon a gallant palfrey, from whence is derived the French proverb, when speaking of a cavalier who is well mounted, *"Monté comme un St. George."*

[4] René Descartes, a famous French philosopher, was born of a noble family at La Haye, in Touraine, in 1596, and received his education at the Jesuits' College at La Flèche, on leaving which seminary he removed to Paris. After having served under the Prince of Orange and the Duke of Bavaria he quitted the military career and travelled into Italy, where he became acquainted with the famous Galileo at Florence. In 1629 he settled at Amsterdam, where he applied assiduously to the mathematical sciences, particularly dioptrics, in which branch he made very important discoveries. About this period he visited England, and died at Stockholm, whither he had been invited by Christina, queen of Sweden, having had a pension and an estate granted him in 1666. His remains were conveyed to Paris and interred with great pomp in the church of Saint Genevieve.

[5] There was formerly in the Faubourg St. Denis at Paris a very ancient edifice, on the site of which still exists a more modern structure, called *la Chapelle de St. Denis,* built, according to the traditionary legend, upon one of the spots where rested our Saint in his headless progress. It appears probable that in this chapel was formerly displayed as a relic the head of the saint, which, on the day of his annual festival, was publicly shown in a sumptuous case with a small crystal glass on the cover through which the devotee might peep at the pericranium within, and which was reverently kissed by the besotted observers, who, for such permission, dropped a coin in the silver platter of the officiating priest.

[6] Scamander or Scamandros, a celebrated river of Troas rising at the east of mount Ida and falling into the sea below Sigæum. According to Homer, this river was called Xanthus by the gods and Scamander by men.

[7] This sarcasm is levelled against that part of the fifth book of Milton's "Paradise Lost," wherein he states that some of the heavenly host made powder and cannon and with the same hurled legions of angels from the celestial

plains to our terrestrial sphere, while the latter heaped upon their backs and thus transported up to heaven hundreds of mountains with the forests that clothed them, as well as the rivers that flowed therefrom, and that they precipitated mountains, forests and streams upon the artillery of the enemy. This, says the French annotator, is one of the parts of Milton's production which bears upon the face of it the most striking proofs of probability.

CANTO XII.

ARGUMENT.

MONROSE KILLS THE ALMONER.— CHARLES DISCOVERS AGNES, WHO CONSOLED HERSELF WITH MONROSE IN THE CASTLE OF CUTENDRE.

I SWORE to bid the moral theme good night,
Brief to narrate, nor long harangues indite.
What is there love's young god cannot subdue?
A babbler he, my pen unequal, too,
With slender point still scribbles on amain
Those fantasies that strike my feverish brain.
Young beauties, maidens, widows, wives enrolled
Upon his charming banner's ample fold;
Ye who alike his flames receive or darts,
Now tell me, when two glowing youthful hearts,
Equal in talents, merit and in grace,
When both would court you to the fond embrace,
Pressing alike and fanning rapture's fire,
Awakening in the breast each keen desire,
You then a strange embarrassment must own.
To ye was e'er that trifling tale made known,
Of certain ass — such as our schools display;[1]
Near which some person in the stable lay;
Two equal measures, eyes of beast to strike,

In form the same and distant both alike,[2]
The jackass tempted thus on either side,
Pricks up his ears amid the distance wide,
Just in the centre of these loads of hay,
The laws of equilibrium to obey,
And dies of hunger, fearful to make choice:
Of such philosophy ne'er heed the voice,
Deign rather at the self-same time employ
The sexes twain and let them bask in joy,
But take good heed, let nought your life destroy.

Not far removed from this monastic pile,
Polluted, sad, and stained with bloodshed vile,
Where nuns a score that morn from sorrow's spell,
By Amazon had been avenged too well,
Close to the Loire was seen a castle's height,
With drawbridge, loop-holes, watch-towers, fair to sight;
A current level with its margin flowed,
Meandering round this turreted abode,
Encircling, too, four hundred bow shots wide,
The park's defence — its walls in ponderous pride:
A veteran chief, by name, Cutendre known,
As baron claimed this edifice his own;
Each stranger there became a welcome guest.
The ancient lord, whose heart was of the best,
Had made his fort asylum of the land;
All were his friends, or French or English band;
Strangers in coach, in boots, in gaiters 'rayed,
Prince, nun, or monk, or Turk, or priest by trade,

Were welcomed there with amity most true;
But those that came must enter two and two;
For every lord his fantasy will feed,
And this same baron firmly had decreed
That in his castle he would feast each pair,
But never one — such proved his whimsy rare.
When two and two assailed his mansion's gate,
All then went right, but woe betide the fate
Of him, who single sounded at his port;
He badly supped, was fickle fortune's sport;
Till some companion should console his view,
Making that number just — when two make two.

The martial Joan who had reta'en her arms,
Which loudly rattled o'er her robust charms,
Led on toward night, as freshly breathed the air,
(Planning the while) sweet Agnes, tender, fair.
The chaplain, who her steps still close pursued,
Vile Almoner with lustful wish endued,
Gained charitable walls of this retreat.
So when of greedy wolf the grinders meet,
Of bleating lamb the tender velvet skin,
With ardor fraught his banquet to begin,
To escalade the fold he straight aspires:
Thus glowed libidinous the foul desires,
In chaplain ravisher; with eyes in flame,
Pursuing still the remnant of his game,
Torn from possession while he grasped the prey.
He rings, he cries — the mandate they obey;
But seeing only one, the levers straight,

Whose moving powers, as harsh on high they grate,
Force the huge trembling beams to raise amain
Of drawbridge; while so moving winds the chain,
And thus in air the upraised bridge soon stands,
Worked by the veteran baron's own commands.
This sight made priest profane the blessed on high,
As following rising beams with angry eye;
With hands upreared, he strives in vain to speak.
Thus oft a cat from gutter's height will sneak,
To cage descending with intention dire,
Thrusting its eager outstretched paws through wire
Which shields the harmless warbler from its will,
On feathered form it gazes hungry still,
While songster on a perch plumes downy breast.
Our priest with more confusion felt oppressed,
As 'neath some tufted elms his eye descried
A lovely youth with tresses flowing wide,
Brows of dark hue, and upright, open mien,
Bright eyes, soft chin, where yet no beard was seen,
With rosy hue and clad with grace sublime,
Beaming the heavenly tints of blissful prime.
'Twas either love himself, or else my page —
Ah! 'twas Monrose. The day had seemed an age,
Which in research for this new love was spent;
Received in convent, whither first he went;
To those sage nuns his presence there appeared
Charming as angel Gabriel's form revered,
From Heaven descending to deal blessings round.
Viewing Monrose the tender sisters found
Deep vermil tinge their cheeks of rosy dye;

In whispers breathing: " Heavenly Father, why,
When we were ravished, was this youth not by?"
Forming a ring, their tongues incessant go,
They press upon him and no sooner know
That this sweet page in search of Agnes hied,
When straight was given a courser and a guide;
In order that no ill might him befall,
In journeying to Cutendre's castle wall.

Arrived, he sees upon his route appear
The brutal chaplain, standing drawbridge near,
When feeling joy and rage his bosom swell:
"Ah! then 'tis you," he cried, " vile priest of hell!
By Chandos and my soul's salvation now,
And more, by her I swear who has my vow,
That thou shalt expiate thy damning deeds."
The chaplain's wrath his power of speech impedes,
He grasps, all trembling from excess of ire,
Pistol — whose trigger straight he draws to fire;
From flint and steel sparks kindled — bullet hies,
At random whistling as through air it flies,
Pursuing track by hasty aim designed,
Which from its goal unsteady hand inclined.
The page presents — more surely flies the lead,
It strikes the skull — hard and terrific head,
That front whereon the soul's foul sins were read.

Our chaplain fell, the page by conquest blest,
Forthwith experienced in his virtuous breast,

A thrill of soft compassion for his foe.
"Alas!" he cried, "from hence as Christian go;
Te deum say, a dog's own life you've passed,[3]
Of Heaven claim pardon for your sins at last,
Pronounce amen, and for your soul seek grace."
"No," cried our villain of the tonsured race;[4]
"I'm damned, and to the devil I go — good night."
Speaking he died and his perfidious sprite,
To swell the infernal cohort flew outright.

While thus impenitent, this monster hied,
On brimstone flames of Satan to be fried,
The monarch Charles, with sorrow-teeming mind,
Sought everywhere, his mistress lost to find;
He strolled near Loire his mental woes to calm,
Soothed by his confessor's sermonic balm:
'Tis fitting now I give description clear,
That brief a doctor's attributes ye hear,
Who, a young monarch, slave of love's pure creed,
Chose for director of each word and deed.

'Tis one, who to indulgence sets no line,
Who in his hand knows gently to incline,
Of good and eke of ill the scale ne'er even,
Conducting you by pleasing paths to Heaven;
And makes his master, too, in conscience sin,
Alike his tone, his look and gestures win;
Observing all, and soothing each disaster,
The favorite, the mistress, and the master,
Always prepared to spread the soothing plaster.[5]

The confessor of Gallia's gracious sire,
Son of Saint Dominic possessed his fire,
By name good Bonifoux, whose worth I'll sing,
To everybody he was everything.
His lord he thus bespoke, devout of heart:
" How much I pity in you earth's gross part,
Which mastery holds, for fatal is the affair;
Agnes to love, is sinful I declare,
But 'tis a vice to be forgiven with ease,
In ancient times they practised sins like these;
With Jews, who felt for decalogue inflamed,
Old Abraham, sire of faithful people named,
With Agar chose a father's state to share,
His handmaid's eyes were bright, the damsel fair,
Which drew upon her Sara's jealous ire.
With sisters, Jacob tasted Hymen's fire;
The patriarchs all have felt the heavenly glow,
Which from the change of love's warm transports
flow.
Boaz, the veteran, after harvest led
The young and lovely Ruth to his old bed;
And, without counting Bathsheba the belle [6]
Who filled good David's heart with amorous spell,
Amidst the joys of his seraglio fair,
His valiant son, renowned for braids of hair,
One lovely morning by a chance most strange,
With all the flock, enjoyed voluptuous range.
Of Solomon the judgment sage you've heard,
Like oracle, men listened to his word,
Wisest of monarchs, tutored in all things,

He was alike the most gallant of kings.
If you the track of these dear sins pursue,
If love must all your youthful years subdue,
Console yourself — wisdom in turn will reign,
We sin in youth, when old, we grace obtain."

"Ah!" Charley cried, "this lecture's good to con,
But I lag far behind great Solomon;
His joys augment, of pangs my bosom's store,
Three hundred concubines he could adore,
I have but one. Alas! she's mine no more."

Those teardrops which the monarch's eye be-
gemmed,
His plaintive tongue to silence straight condemned,
When turning toward the river's banks his eyes,
On palfrey mounted, trotting hard, he spies
A scarlet cloak, an ample paunch and round;
The judge's band: good Bonneau thus was found.
Now each must own, that after her adored,
Nought to the lover can such bliss afford,
As once more his true confidant to greet;
The breathless monarch 'gan his name repeat;
Crying, "What demon brings thee here, Bonneau?
Where is my love? — Whence cam'st thou? — Let
me know
What spot she graces? — Where her bright eyes
reign?
How shall I find her?—Tell me quick!—Explain!"

To all these questions prompt by Charles proposed,
Anon good Bonneau in their turns disclosed;
How doublet he had been reduced to wear;
How kitchen service eke had been his care;
How he by fraud clandestine, luckily sped,
And as by miracle from Chandos fled,
When all were occupied to join the fight;
How each was in pursuit of Agnes bright;
Omitting nought, he thus the tale went through,
Recounting all; whereas he nothing knew.
He could not fatal history impart,
Of lustful English priest with brutal heart;
The love respectful of young page adored
And convent's sackage by lascivious horde.
Having thus mutual fears explained full well,
And o'er and o'er proceeded griefs to tell,
Cursed England's race and destiny so bad,
They both became than ever still more sad.

'Twas night, and Ursa Major's car on high,
Towards the nadir had his course gone by,
The Jacobin our pensive prince addressed:
"Darkness is near, let memory warm your breast,
That every mortal, prince or monk, thus late,
Should seek some roof where he in happy state
May sup and pass the hours of night away."

Our tristful king, the monk 'gan straight obey
Without reply — and dwelling on his pain,
With head reclined he galloped o'er the plain;

When soon good Charles, the priest, and Bonneau too,
All three made halt with castle's moat in view.

The youthful page who near the drawbridge stood,
Straight having plunged amid the limpid flood,
His foe's dire carcase doomed to realms of night;
Of her for whom he journeyed ne'er lost sight.
He fed in secret on his mental care,
Viewing the bridge that barred him from his fair;
But when by pallid moonbeams he surveyed
The Gallic trio, soon his heart was swayed
By hope's bright impulse, which illumed his mind,
With grace expert and of no common kind,
His name concealing, and his flame still more,
Scarce was he seen — scarce had he breathed his lore,
Ere he inspired a tenderness divine,
He pleased the prince, he pleased the monk benign;
Who with his wheedling cant caressed him bland,
With air devout, while squeezing palm of hand.

The number equal, four thus being made,
Two levers moving to the view displayed;
The bridge descending, while each palfrey's bound,
From massive planks sent forth discordant sound;
Fat Bonneau puffing, out of breath proceeds
Straight toward the kitchen, for he always heeds
The supper hour; while to the self-same place,
The monk advanced, devoutly offering grace.

Charles with the name of simple squire arrayed
Cutendre sought, ere Somnus he obeyed.
The worthy baron, courtesy expressed,
And to his chamber led the royal guest.
Charles now required the balm of solitude,
To feed those pains wherewith he felt imbued;
Agnes he wept; but shedding thus the tear,
He little dreamed her charms reposed so near.

Than him, Monrose the secret better knew,
With art, in converse soon a page he drew,
From whom he learned where Agnes was reposing,
Remembering all, as if with senses dosing.
Just as the wary cat with eager gaze,
Watching the mouse-hole whence the reptile strays,
Softly advancing, earth ne'er feels the beat,
Or owns impression of its velvet feet;
No sooner seen, upon the prey it springs:
Monrose alike, impelled by love's own wings,
With arms extended, onward cautious feels,
Planting the toes, and raising high the heels;
Oh! Agnes, Agnes, he thy chamber gains:
'Fore breeze the straw less swiftly flies o'er plains,
Or sympathetic iron owns attraction,
When by the ruling loadstone put in action,
Than lovely Monrose, on arriving fell
On bended knees beside the couch of *Belle,*
Within whose sheets she had her charms impressed,
To seek the renovating balm of rest;
Neither to utter word had force or time,

The fire electric blazing at the prime.
In an eye's twinkling, one warm amorous kiss,
Their half-closed mouths united straight in bliss;
Their dying eyes the tender fires disclose,
Each soul then floating on the bud of rose;
Their lips while kissing closer contact seek,
And eloquently thus their passions speak;
Mute intercourse, the language of desire,
Enchanting prelude, organ of love's fire;
Which, for a moment to suspend was meet,
Ending this twofold concert: *duo* sweet.

Agnes, impatient, lent her Monrose aid,
Promptly to cast aside day's masquerade.
His cumberous trappings only formed to hide
Of nature's paragon the darling pride,
Which never shocked in golden age man's eyes,
And naked Cupid never would disguise.

Ye gods, what bliss! Is't Flora that discloses
Her love to Zephyr on a bed of roses?[7]
Is't Psyche with embracings Cupid blessing?
Is't Venus, son of Cinyras caressing,
Who clasps him in embrace, from daybeams far,
While madly jealous, sighs the God of War?

Our Gallia's Mars, King Charles, in castle's wall,
With Bonneau sighs, and lets the teardrop fall;
Regretting eats and drinks with sadness 'rayed:
An ancient valet of loquacious trade,

To render gay his highness taciturn,
Informed the king, who nothing sought to learn,
That two bright beauties, one robust and bold,
With raven locks, and mien that Mars foretold;
The other gentle, blue-eyed health disclosing,
Within the castle then were both reposing.
Astonished Charles, suspecting from this strain,
Bade him repeat it o'er and o'er again;
What were the eyes, the mouth, and what the hair,
The converse tender, and the modest air,
Of that loved object which his heart adored:
'Tis her at length — his all in life's restored!
Of this assured, he quits the meal anon,
" Bonneau adieu, for her I must be gone."
He spake, he flew — reckless of noise was he,
Kings have a licence, spurning mystery.

Replete with joy, aloud he cons the word,
Agnes still naming, till the sound she heard;
The amorous pair turned cold on couch of bliss.
The scene was trying, how escape from this?
When lo! the youthful page his card thus played,
Beside the canopy; a niche displayed
The private oratory — pocket altar,
'Fore which the soul that had become defaulter
Might claim for five-pence, monk and crucifix:
Behind this altar, fashioned for such tricks,
Awaiting for its saint, a space was seen,
An alcove covered with a curtain green.
What did Monrose? with happy thoughts impressed,

He, of the sacred spot became possessed;
In form of saint, he took his stand expert
Bereft of mantle, short clothes, and of shirt.
Charles flew, no barrier could his impulse check;
Entering he clasped his loved one round the neck,
And weeping, craved anon those sinful things,
Which charm all lovers, and especially kings.
At such a sight, our curtained saint was shocked,
He made a noise, and straight the altar rocked,—
The prince approaching, then his hand applied;
He felt a body, and retiring cried:
"Love and Saint Francis, Satan lord of night!"
Half overcome by jealousy and fright,
The arras drawing on the altar rich,
With a loud crash the curtain fell 'neath which
That lovely figure had remained concealed,
Which nature in her sportive mood revealed.
His back from modest motives was surveyed,
Which Cæsar without decency displayed
To Nicomedes, when in youthful prime:
That which the Grecian hero in old time,
So much in his Hephestion admired;
That wherewith Adrian himself was fired,
Gracing pantheon, with this nether cheek:
Oh Heaven, great heroes, why were ye so weak?

If the kind reader has not lost the thread
Of my narration, he must bear in head,
That when in camp, my all redoubted Joan,
Traced on the summit of posterior's bone,

With hand conducted by St. Denis keen,
Three lilies, as expert as ere were seen.
This shield—three fleur du luces, rump displaying—
Moved royal Charles, who forthwith fell to praying;
He thought great Beelzebub had played a trick,
Struck with repentance, and with sadness sick.
Sweet Agnes fainted, by her fears enthralled,
When lo! the prince with thought on thought appalled,
Her hand straight seized, exclaiming: "Fly with speed,
Fly, save my belle from fiend, in this sad need."
His monarch's cries — the ghostly monk deplored,
Who with regret, abandoned ample board.
Friend Bonneau breathless gained the chamber too;
Joan wide awakened brandished to the view
That sword o'er which bright victory appeared,
Searching the spot from whence the sound she heard.
Spite of all this Cutendre's baron lay,
Unconscious snoring night's dull round away.

END OF CANTO XII.

NOTES TO CANTO XII.

[1] The scholastic ass thus alluded to by Voltaire was, no doubt, formed in the mould of Butler's erudite hero, of whom we are told that

> "He was in logic a great critic,
> Profoundly skilled in analytic;
> He could distinguish and divide
> A hair 'twixt south and southwest side;
> On either which he would dispute,
> Confute, change hands, and still confute;
> He'd undertake to prove by force
> Of argument, a man's no horse;
> He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
> And that a lord may be an owl;
> A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
> And rooks committeemen and trustees."

[2] The ass quoted by Buridan is the supposition of a philosopher, who states that if a donkey were placed between two bundles of hay perfectly equal in size and deposited at the same distance from him on either side, he would die with hunger; our sage maintaining that the animal would not know of which to make a choice. This proverb is applied to persons of undetermined and irresolute minds.

[3] What may have been the *Te Deum* recommended by Monrose to the Almoner, as his passport to eternity, I will not undertake to define, but the *Te Deum* usually offered up is the chant which Christian princes cause to be sung whensoever they have obtained an advantage over their enemies by causing thousands of their Christian brethren to be slaughtered; being a thanksgiving to the Most High for having accorded them this especial grace, at the same time that they have caused the throats to be cut of an equal number of their own subjects.

[4] Tonsure is an ecclesiastical term, indicatory of the first ceremony requisite in the ordination of a Catholic priest. It is esteemed a sacred operation, and consists in shaving away a portion of the hair on the crown of the head, in form of a circle, which operation initiates a laic into the mystery of vegetating at the expense of the labors of others.

[5] Our poet's description of a kingly Catholic confessor, which we may naturally suppose to be correct, proves that all such characters are endowed with very pliant consciences, and that they possess a salve for every sore; indeed, were it not for this and the implicit confidence placed by crowned heads in such ghostly advisers it would be difficult to imagine from the conduct of monarchs in general that they were gifted with any consciences at all. The Dominican monk who poisoned the Emperor Charles the Sixth with a consecrated wafer had absolved his victim at the confessional on the preceding evening, knowing that he was to receive communion the ensuing day. Be it remembered that the Sforzas and the Medicis had prepared themselves for the commission of their bloody act while at confession. That Louis the Eleventh, the Nero of France, whensoever he committed a crime asked pardon (weeping bitterly) of the small leaden image of the Virgin which he always wore stuck in his bonnet, after which he went to confess and then enjoyed a sound repose; while lastly, we are informed by Strada that the murderer of William the First, Prince of Orange, did not dare undertake the commission of his sanguinary deed until he had first purged his soul at the confessional and partaken of the holy wafer.

[6] In reference to David's lusting after Bathsheba, the wife of Uriah, whom he espied in a bath, and whose husband he caused to be slaughtered, in order to possess her person.

[7] Zephyrus, son of Astreus and Aurora, married a nymph called Chloris or Flora. Zephyr was supposed to produce

flowers and fruits by the sweetness of his breath. Psyche, a lovely nymph, was espoused by Cupid, who conveyed her to a place of ecstatic bliss, where he long enjoyed her society. Cinyras, a name given by the ancients to Adonis, who was the son of Myrrha, daughter of Cinyras, king of Cyprus, by whom she produced Adonis, having become enamored of her father.

CANTO XIII.

ARGUMENT.

DEPARTURE FROM THE CASTLE OF CUTENDRE.— COMBAT BETWEEN JOAN AND JOHN CHANDOS.— SINGULAR LAW OF ARMS, WHERETO THE MAID IS OBLIGED TO SUBMIT.— VISION OF FATHER BONIFOUX, AND THE MIRACLE WHICH SAVES JOAN'S PUDICITY.

'Twas just that brilliant season of the year,
When Sol, to ope anew his bright career
Curtails the night, to lengthen out the day;
Delighted, as he slow expands the ray,
To view the happy climate of our land;
"Till gained the tropic, lo! he takes his stand.
O great St. John, thy festive morn now smiled,
First of all Johns, who preached in desert wild,
Those who of old, with lungs stentorian cried,
Mark ye, salvation's path is open wide,
Precursor bright, thou art my love, my pride.
Another John, of fate had better boon,
Who journeyed to the regions of the moon
With valiant Astolphe; where it was decreed,
(If we a most veracious scribe may heed)
That he the errant wits should set aright,
Of bright Angelica's love-ridden knight.
Restore me mine, John, second of that name,

Thou patron erst of that sweet child of fame;
Who pleased Ferrara's peers with blithesome tales,
Where poignant wit through every page prevails.
Thou who forgavest the sallies terse which he,
In comic couplets, dared address to thee;
Extend thy fostering succor to my song,
I need such aid; for thou well know'st the throng
More stupid is and less indulgent far
Than when bright genius beamed Italia's star
And Ariosto drove the poet's car.[1]
Protect my verse against that rigid train
That hurls its bolts to mar my playful strain;
If sometimes harmless badinage I court,
Come smiling, make my playful theme thy sport;
Too serious am I, when the strains require,
But I would fain my song should never tire.
Direct my pen — and deign before all other,
Give best respects to Denis, his sworn brother.

As onward fiery Joan with ardor hied,
She through a lattice in the park, espied
Twice fifty palfreys, a right glittering troop
Of knights behind, each bearing dame on croup,
And 'squires who wielded in the doughty hand,
The equipage of wars, destructive band;
An hundred bucklers, whence reflecting stream,
Of night's chaste harbinger, the gentle beam;
An hundred golden helms which plumage shade,
And lances tipped with sharp and pointed blade;
And riband knots befringed with gold I ween,

That pendant hung from weapon's point so keen:
Beholding these, Joan firmly judged of course,
Cutendre's towers surprised by British force;
But Joan in this egregiously thought wrong —
To err is easy, amidst war's rude throng;
Our maiden ofttimes saw, and judged amiss,
Yet Denis ne'er corrected her in this.

'Twas not of Albion's sons an hardy band,
Which thus surprised Cutendre's smiling land,
But Dunois, who from Milan safe had flown;
The great Dunois, to Joan of Arc well known;
'Twas la Trimouille, with Dorothy his belle,
So fastly bound in love's and pleasure's spell,
For reasons which she doubtless knew full well.
The fair thus journeyed with her cherished knight,
Trimouille, the tender lover sworn outright,
Who proved to calls of constancy ne'er brittle,
Marshaled by honor, who felt love's darts tittle,
She followed him, nor deigned from truth to stir,
Fearing no more the grand Inquisitor.
Of numbers equal, lo! this glittering train,
To pass the night, entered the walls amain,
Joan thither flew — the King who saw her go,
Conceived she sallied on to brave the foe,
And led by error mocking valor's rage,
Thus left once more his Agnes with the page.

Oh! happy page — and happier ten times o'er,
The King august, full fraught with Christian lore,

Who fervently to Heaven had breathed a prayer,
Whilst thou didst occupy the altar there!
'Twas fitting thou shouldst prompt assume thy clothes,
Thy breeches diapered with *fleur de rose;*
Agnes with timorous hand affording aid,
Which from the toil direct full often strayed.

From ruby mouth how many sighs were sipped
By Monrose, as she thus his form equipped;
While her bright eyes beholding him in dress,
Seemed still desirous of voluptuousness.
Monrose in silence for the park then hied,
As saintly confessor, in secret sighed;
Viewing so sweet a youth in tip-toe action,
Infused a *je ne sais quoi* — a strange distraction.

The tender Agnes then composed her mien,
In eyes, air, port, and speech a change was seen.
To join his monarch Bonifoux was led,
Encouraging, consoling, thus he said:
"Within the niche an envoy from on high,
Came to announce from the supremest sky,
That Albion's baleful power anon will bend,
And Gallia's sufferings straight shall have an end,
That soon must victory the king relieve."
Charles credence yielded, he would fain believe,
The martial Joan supported this address:
"From Heaven," said she, "receive the kind express;

AGNES AND THE PAGE MONROSE

Come, let us, mighty prince, rejoin the camp,
Where your long absence has infused a damp."

Dunois, Trimouille, ne'er discussed the advice,
Each seconding the motion in a trice,
And by these heroes Dorothy outright
Was ushered duteous to the royal sight;
The kiss received, and straight the noble party
Quitted Cutendre's castle, hale and hearty.

How oft does austere Heaven feel merriment glow,
Viewing the passions of us folks below!
To gaze celestial, lo! the plain discovers
This phalanx gay of heroes and of lovers;
The Gallic monarch trotted by his belle,
Who still essayed the tale of faith to tell;
And thus on palfrey's back with motion bland,
Expressed her tenderness by squeezing hand;
And yet, true love's heart-weakness so entrances!
From time to time, on page she cast side glances.
The confessor then followed singing psalms,
To chase from travellers all dire alarms,
Yet paused, beholding such attractions nigh,
Gazing alike with a distracted eye,
On monarch, Agnes, page, his book of prayer
With gold illumined; and on love's choice care,
Trimouille, most brilliant ornament at court,
Ambling by Dorothy in amorous sport;
Whose soul subdued by joy's ecstatic flow,
Confessed the transports of Cytherean glow,

Named him deliverer of her heart oppressed,
The cherished lover, idol of her breast;
Whereto he answered: "When the wars shall cease,
On my estates we'll spend our days in peace;
Oh! object cherished, I'm a fool for you,
When shall we both inhabit dear Poitou?"

Beside them trotted the belligerent Joan,
Great Gaul's support, the stay-laced Amazon;
Whose front was decked with velvet bonnet green,
Enriched with gold, o'er which a plume was seen.
Her strapping charms the donkey fierce bestrode,
Cantering and chatting as with Charles she rode;
The neck oft bridling, as soft sighs within
For Dunois escaped, her helpmate in war's din:
For ever did a thrill her heart subdue,
Remembering he'd stark naked met her view.

Bonneau with patriarchal beard arrayed,
Perspiring, blowing, closed the cavalcade;
Oh! precious servant of so good a king,
His care was such, he thought of everything:
Two mules, of old wine each had store on back,
Fat dainty sausages, long puddings black,
Patties delicious, hams for *gourmands* fitting,
Fowls roasted, or trussed ready for the spitting.

Advancing thus full fraught with love and rage,
John Chandos sought his Agnes and his page;
Who stationed near a wood with sword in hand,

Pounced unexpected on our Gallic band.
John Chandos' troop was martial to behold,
Of Britons fierce and equal numbers told
With train that followed the love-smitten King,
Tho' in the mass it proved a different thing.
No bosoms white were there — eyes kindling fire,
"Oh! oh!" quoth he, in tones of passion dire;
"My gallant Gauls, just objects of my hate,
Three dames you needs must have decreed by fate;
While I, John Chandos, cannot boast e'en one,
Come—we'll to blows, here fortune's wheel shall run,
Deciding which of us in war's fell thunder,
At will shall make his enemies knock under;
Raise battle axe, and place in rest the lance,
Let the most valiant of our troop advance,
And enter lists: so he that conquers seizes,
One of the three, to do just what he pleases."

This offer cynical brave Charles stung keen,
He'd punish, and to advance with spear was seen,
When Dunois thus addressed: "The honor, sire,
Of 'venging you and dames, let me acquire."
He spake, he flew; Trimouille his course impedes,
Each has just claim to share in martial deeds;
Bonneau, who ne'er another's will denied,
Proposed that drawing lots should straight decide.[2]
Thus ancient warriors did, when in its prime
True chivalry proclaimed the heroic time;
E'en nowadays, in some republics still,
Men are decreed the highest posts to fill

From cast of dice — such matters ne'er go ill.
Did I e'en dare, in these my flights so high,
Quote some whom mortal man would ne'er belie,
I'd state that such was Saint Mathias' case,[3]
Who by this means of Judas gained the place.
Fat Bonneau held the box, emitting sighs,
For Charles he feared, he quaked, he cast the dies.

Denis from heavenly rampart, azure space,
Beheld all passing with paternal grace;
On maid and donkey bent his wistful glance,
'Twas he directed what we construe chance,[4]
And proved propitious — Joan obtained the lot;
Joan, it was thine to make that cast forgot,
Hell's game infernal, which the monk erst played,
When raffling for thy charms, celestial maid.

Joan to the monarch sped, to arms then flew,
And modestly behind a hedge withdrew,
To untie petticoats and stays unlace,
That she on limbs her polished arms might brace.
Prepared already by attendant squire,
Her ass then vaulted fraught with glowing fire;
The lance she brandished with a martial ease,
And donkey's sides tight pressed with nervous knees;
Then loud invoked those martyred thousands fair,
Who made the virgin gem so much their care;[5]
But Chandos, worthless Christian, feared no thrall,
Wherefore in fight, he ne'er invoked at all.

John to encounter Joan with fury drove,
Equal the valor was of each that strove;
In iron cased, and barbed the ass and steed,
Goaded by spur, eclipsed the lightning's speed;
'Gainst either hardened head, how dire the stroke,
Front against front, piecemeal the armor broke;
Fire flashed, the coursers' blood with crimson seal,
Dyed flying remnants of the battered steel;
From this fell shock did echo wide resound,
And of the coursers eight hoofs spring from ground,
While either warrior from the saddle bounded,
Pitched on the rump astonished and confounded.
Thus when two cords of equal length made tight,
Attach two balls suspended to the sight,
And in a curve at the same instant darting,
Their speed increasing from the point of starting;
They clash, they flatten at the dreadful knock,
When each remounts urged by impellant shock;
Their weight augmented in a like degree
As each redoubles in velocity.
The gazers judged each courser dead outright,
And either party trembled for its knight;
But Gaul's august protectress, own we must,
Had not the flesh so firm, nor so robust,
Bones knit so fast, muscles or limbs so tight,
As fierce John Chandos, Albion's choicest knight;
Compelled in dread encounter to resign
The equilibrium, central point and line,
Her quadruped, those parts to heaven displayed,
Which Joan unveiled upon the verdant glade;

Her well-turned back, plump limbs, in one word all,
She fell, in short, as maidens ought to fall.

Chandos conceiving that to this dread plight,
He had reduced the King or Dunois' knight;
To view the vanquished on a sudden led,
Withdrew the helm, when he beheld a head,
Where languishing two large black eyes were placed.
Quickly the thongs of breastplate he unlaced:
Oh Heaven! Oh wonder! lo! his optics strike
Two swelling breasts in contour both alike;
Half-globes, soft polished, where two central studs
Arising, vied in glow with coral buds,
Which in its birth the fragrant tree discloses,
That ope's to blushing spring its vermil roses.
'Tis said that then, his voice he deigned to raise,
And for the first time, breathed to Heaven his praise.
" She's mine," he cried, " the boasted maid of Gaul,
Revenge is satisfied, I've doomed her fall;
Grace be to Heaven, I've doubly earned the blow,
Which prostrate lays this haughty beauty low;
Let Denis Saint look down and loud accuse 'em,
My rights are Mars and Love — so thus I use 'em."

His squire exclaimed, " Forward, my lord, proceed,
Establish Britain's throne by this one deed.
In vain would Father Lourdis strike with fear,
Vowing the virgin gem beyond compeer
The grand Paladium; of old Troy the boast,
That sacred shield and guard of Latium's host;

Of victory 'tis the pledge he dares insure,
That oriflamme your prowess must secure." [6]
" Yes," answered Chandos, "and I have in view,
The best of gifts — glory and pleasure too."

Enhorrored, fainting, Joan heard what was said,
While from her lips the invocation fled
To saintly Denis — could she better do?
Dunois, who kept heroic deeds in view,
Would in its course this triumph vile arrest,
Yet how proceed? In every state the test,
Was to submit to combat's stern behest; [7]
Each lance erect and all regards bent low,
With ear abased and wounded with the blow;
The ass celestial languishingly raised
His eye, and all confused on Chandos gazed:
Long had his bosom been love's hidden seat,
He nourished for the maid a flame discreet;
A chastely noble sentimental glow,
But little known to asses here below.

The confessor of Charles trembled with fear,
Listening the speech of Albion's graceless peer;
But for his penitent he dreaded most,
Who for the glory of the Gallic host,
Which had been impudently slurred with shame,
Might wish with Agnes to perform the same;
And that Trimouille at Dorothea's touch,
Would also imitate, and do as much.

At an oak's base he 'gan his saint oration,
And breathed internally his meditation,
On nature, cause, effect of that which we
Deem gentle sin, but ne'er term lechery.
While thinking deep, our Benedictine monk
A dream beheld as in a trance he sunk,
Resembling much that visionary view,
Of Jacob blessed for having spoke untrue;
Whom gain and envy once induced to sin,
Vending like Jew his buck with hairy skin.[8]

Old Jacob famed! O mystery sublime!
Euphrates near, one night upon a time,
Thou sawest a thousand rams for rutting stray,
With ewes prepared their pleasure to obey.
The monk beheld by far more pleasing sights,
He saw to act the self-same feats in flights,
Rush on of future times a host of knights;
The several bright attractions o'er he scanned,
Of those rare beauties who in warfare bland
Enlinked the masters of the earth debased,
Each at her hero's side in order placed,
With Paphian bonds their willing slaves they bound;
As when with Flora, Zephyr breathes around,
And vernal months their genial empire hold;
When feathered choirs of varied tints and gold
With tender courtings wave the leafy spray,
The butterflies embrace on flowerets gay,
And lions seek the deep umbrageous green
To join their mates, no longer savage seen.

'Twas then he saw First Francis truly royal,[9]
A monarch ever brave and knight most loyal,
Who haply felt in chains of Anne relieved,[10]
From other chains on Pavia's plains received.[11]
Fifth Charles with laurel there, and myrtle view,[12]
Serving the Flemish fair and Moorish too.
Good Heaven, what kings! One this fond game would nurse,
So got the gout; the other gained what's worse.
Near charming Dian, play the smiles and graces[13]
To love's soft movements, as in fond embraces
She rocks her Second Henry into rest,
Who sinks, o'ercome, strained closely to her breast.
Heir fickle of Ninth Charles next mounts the stage,
Who laughing leaves his Chloris for a page,[14]
Heedless of warfare which Parisians wage.[15]
But ah! what feats our friar's vision told,
When Borgia's amorous pastimes stood enrolled;
Countless, Sixth Alexander, were thy fights,[16]
As void of triple crown love led thy flights
Thus with Vanoza passing hours serene;
Then mark again his holiness was seen,
For offspring breathing lover's tender thrall.
O thou Tenth Leo, — and sublime Third Paul,[17]
All monarchs ye surpassed at this dear game,
All save great Henry — greater still in fame,[18]
That valiant conqueror of the rebel league,[19]
Hero far better known by fond intrigue,
By pleasures tasted with fair Gabrielle's charms,[20]
Than twenty years of great exploits in arms.

Anon, the choicest sight of all appears,
Age of rare miracles — bright hundred years;
Great Louis and his sumptuous court now move,[21]
Where all the arts were taught by blooming love.
Love reared the structure of Versailles renowned;
By love the dazzled multitude was crowned,
From flowery couch, he formed great Louis' throne,
Spite of the yells of Mars and battle's groan;
Love, to the chief and sun, of all his court,
Led the most charming rivals to resort,
All were impatient, all on fire were seen,—
Thy niece, with eyes celestial, Mazarine;
The generous Vallière, and the tender too;[22]
La Montespan more ardent, proud, than you,[23]
One yielding to ecstatic rapture's power,
The other waiting pleasure's promised hour.

Now mark the Regency; licentious time,
Auspicious era — lust was then in prime,[24]
As folly tinkling loud her bells in hand,
With lightsome step, tripped over Gallia's land,
Where to devotion not a soul was prone,
And every act save penitence was known.
The Regent from his Palais Royal's Hall,
Gives signal of voluptuousness to all;
This charming bidding, you responsive greet,
Young Daphne — you that rule the courtier's suite,
From 'midst the Luxembourg responses send,
You whom the god of feast and Bacchus tend
To couch of bliss, love serving you as page.

Here let me pause; for of this latter age,
I dare not point in verse the semblance true,
These flattering charms too potent ills pursue.
Time present as the Lord's own ark we see,
Who dares invade it with a touch too free,
By vengeful wrath divine is punished soon,
Condemned to suffer the lethargic swoon.
I will be mute — yet reader, might I dare
Of belles that live, I'd trace the fairest fair
Of tender creatures — noble, touching, — you
More generous are, than Agnes — and more true;
Before your round, plump knees, Ah! might I dare,
That incense breathe, which Venus well might share,
If I love's weapons in due order laid,
If I the soft, the tender link displayed;
If I exclaimed — peace, I'll say nothing — no,
All praise of mine would rate your charms too low.

At length the monk entranced of sable hue,
Beheld at pleasure what I dare not view,
Though ever modest with an eager eye,
The heavenly spectacle his orbs descry;
Those noble lovers, and those beauties hidden,
Pleasures at once delightful and forbidden.
"Alas!" said he, "if guided by one star,
The mundane great in pairs pursue this war,
If all that's earthly yields to those decrees,
Ought I to moan if Chandos on his knees
Before the brunette seeks love's course to run?
Of Heaven above, the saintly will be done."

Fainting with bliss, "Amen," the monk then said,
Hoping to taste the joys of vision fled.

But distant was it from St. Denis' thought,
That he should see performed what Chandos sought;
That Joan and France should hear destruction's word.
Friend reader, thou hast doubtless sometimes heard,
That short-clothes anciently by tags were braced,[25]
A dreadful custom this, and much misplaced,
Which never saint should use, unless indeed,
No other means were present in their stead.
To ice the wretched lover's fire is turned,
His powers by impotence become inurned,
Surprised with efforts to find vigor sink,
Consuming thus, at pleasure's very brink:
So with the flower that scorching rays hath spent,
Its head reclining, and its stalk low bent;
That seeks in vain moist vapors to inhale,
And waft its fragrance to the passing gale;—
Such was the method Denis took to blight
The valiant Briton in his conquest's right.

Joan thus escaped, to her conqueror's sore cost;
Regained those senses, which himself had lost;
Then cried with terrible imposing tone:
"Invincible thou art not — straightway own,
Thou seest that here, 'mid war's most noble glow,
Thy saint hath left thee, and thy steed laid low,
On other ground I'll vengeance take for Gaul,

Saint Denis wills, and I'll requite this thrall;
Lo! here I challenge thee and Albion's powers,
To combat in the face of Orleans' towers."
Whereto bold Chandos said: "My fair, I wot,
Thou'lt find me there, whether a maid or not;
Vigorous St. George shall aid my gallant throng,
And there I promise to requite my wrong."

END OF CANTO XIII.

NOTES TO CANTO XIII.

[1] Ludovico Ariosto, the renowned Italian poet, was born at the Castle of Reggio in Lombardy in 1474. He was patronized by the Cardinal d'Este, through whose interest he obtained several employments. He afterwards entered into the service of Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara, by whom he was appointed Governor of Grassingnana. The most famous poem of Ariosto is entitled *"Orlando Furioso."* Some comedies of Ariosto were performed in the hall of Ferrara before the duke and his court. In 1533 he was honored with the laurel crown by the Emperor Charles V., and died the same year. Angelica is the name of the mistress of Orlando.

[2] Examples of drawing lots are very frequently found in Homer, and among the Hebrews they also divined in the same manner, since we are told that the place of Judas was decided by drawing lots, and in Venice, Genoa and other states many elevated dignities and employments used to be distributed by having recourse to the same expedient.

[3] After Judas had betrayed his Master it was necessary that a disciple should be elected to fill his place, whereupon two personages were put in nomination: Joseph, called Barsabas, surnamed the Just, and Matthias; upon which they all went to prayer, saying: "Lord, thou who readest the hearts of men, make known unto us which of these two thou hast chosen to become thine apostle, from which honor Judas by his crime is fallen, in order that he might go to his own place;" after which they gave forth their lots, when the lot fell upon Matthias, who became in consequence numbered with the eleven apostles.

[4] Chance, hazard, or fate, were species of divinations commonly decided among the ancients by means of dice

whereon were graven some characters or words, the explanation of which were found on tablets written for that purpose by the priests who presided over the oracles of their divinities, which were so arranged as to deceive the credulous multitude. In some temples these dice were thrown by the individuals themselves, while in others they were drawn from an urn; from whence is derived that mode of expression so common among the Greeks, "the chance is fallen."

[5] Alluding to the festival celebrated by the Catholics in honor of St. Ursula and her companions, reputed to have been of the number of the eleven thousand virgins massacred by the Huns at the city of Cologne. We are led to surmise that there exists a trifling mistake in the acceptation of the reading in the ancient ritual, where we find it thus recorded, "XI. M. V.," which was simply intended to express "eleven martyred virgins." Father Sirmond conjectured that among these sufferers were found Saints Ursula and Undecimilla, V. M.; therefore, instead of the last-mentioned virgin's name, they rendered it undecim millia, meaning "eleven thousand." At all events it was enough to lose eleven gems of such extreme rarity even at that remote period.

[6] This oriflamme, so much vaunted by Lourdis, and before mentioned in canto the second, was originally the banner of the monks of St. Denis, being a species of pointed flag of red taffeta without embroidery or ornament, severed at the end in two places, thus forming three tails, being edged round with green silk and affixed to the point of a gilded lance; from whence, according to Ducange, it derived the name of *oriflame;* that is to say *or* (gold) from the color of the lance, and *flame* from the fiery dye of the taffeta. The oriflamme was carried by the fraternity of St. Denis in their processions, and in the partial wars which they had to sustain against those who sought to infringe upon the rights of their church. The Counts of Vexin, who were chosen for their champions, received this banner at the altar of the holy martyrs whenever

they sallied forth upon one of these military expeditions, and brought it back with great pomp when the campaign was terminated. Philip the First having united the estates of the Counts of Vexin to the crown, the French monarchs from this union contracted the same engagements towards the Abbey of St. Denis, and the custom was to receive this holy standard from the hands of the abbot, kneeling, uncovered, after having offered devotions to Our Lady of Paris in the Church of the Gallic Apostle. It was sometimes carried by the kings, wound around their bodies without being unfurled to public view. Louis the Fat was the first monarch who went to take the oriflamme in grand ceremony at the altar of St. Denis. His successors insensibly accustomed themselves to use it, and thus by degrees it became the principal standard of the kingdom.

[7] The first mention made of a duel in history is at the period of the second Punic war, when two Spanish princes desired the permission of Scipio that they might determine their respective right of succession to the dominion of their ancestors by single combat. It was anciently believed that heaven only granted victory to such as had the best right, and such duels were equally practised in civil as in criminal cases. A very curious account of the forms resorted to upon these occasions is to be found in the ancient *"Coutumier de Normandie."* The accuser swore to the truth of his accusation, to which the party accused gave the lie, whereupon both cast their pledges of defiance, being a glove, a gauntlet or a cap, from which moment both the champions were held as prisoners until the day of combat. These duels were interdicted by Philip the Bel in 1303, notwithstanding which the Parliament of Paris decreed a similar combat between two noblemen in 1386, and in 1547 Henry the Second permitted the combat in his presence between Jarnac and Chataigneraye. The defendant had the choice of arms and if he was not vanquished before sunset he was absolved and regarded as the victor. This abuse was so much tolerated in ancient times that even bishops and ecclesiastical judges ordered the duel in doubtful and intricate cases.

[8] Our author here alludes to the artifice which Jacob practised when, assisted by his mother, Rebecca, he personated his brother Esau by placing on the back of his hands and the smooth part of his neck the skins of the kids of the goats, by which means Isaac, being blind and conceiving him to be his first-born from the touch, accorded him his blessing, and with it the birthright of his elder brother, Esau.

[9] Francis the First, so famous for having been the patron of men of letters, ascended the throne of France in 1515, at the age of twenty-one, and died in 1547. By the above line Voltaire alludes to the fate of this monarch, who is supposed to have fallen a sacrifice to the jealousy of the husband of one of his mistresses. He was a hatter by trade, who got himself purposely impregnated with a certain disease, which was communicated by his wife to Francis, who, as well as his mistress, not being aware of the nature of the malady which preyed upon them, became both the sacrifices. In the gallery of the Louvre is an original portrait of this famous lady from the pencil of the justly celebrated *Leonardo da Vinci*, universally known by the appellation of *La Belle Ferronière*.

[10] Anne de Pisseleu, Duchess of Estampes, and wife of the Duke of Estampes, was one of the mistresses of Francis the First, who carried on a secret correspondence with the Emperor Charles the Fifth, making him acquainted with the state of the French armies as well as the kingdom, by which means the latter gained the greatest advantages and nearly accomplished the ruin of France. Upon the death of the king this intriguing woman retired to her country seat, where she ended her days in 1576.

[11] Alluding to the famous battle of Pavia, gained by the Emperor Charles the Fifth over the French forces, in which conflict Francis was made prisoner.

[12] Charles the Fifth, emperor of Germany and king of Spain, was born at Ghent in 1500, and succeeded his

grandfather Ferdinand in the kingdom of Spain in 1516, and to the empire on the demise of Maximilian in 1519. For the latter title Francis the First contested, which was the origin of a violent war in 1521. Charles entered into a league with Henry the Eighth of England and after several important battles Francis was taken prisoner, and a peace was concluded in 1529, when Charles, directing his forces against Africa, took Goletta, vanquished Barbarossa, and entering Tunis re-established Muly Hassan upon the throne. After directing his armies anew against France, from whence he was obliged to retire and ratify a peace in 1538, and attempting the conquest of Algiers, where his fleet was dispersed in a hurricane, the emperor returned in disgrace. Charles then leagued once more with England against France, but fortune proving no longer favorable he entered into a treaty in 1545, when the protestant princes of Germany, confederating against him, obtained liberty of conscience for those of that religion, and in 1556 he resigned his crown to his son Philip, retired to a monastery in Estremadura, where he employed the residue of his days in religious exercises, mechanical pursuits and gardening, and terminated his extraordinary career in 1558.

[13] Diana of Poitiers, Duchess of Valentinois, was born in 1500, for whom the attachment of Henry the Second commenced while he was yet dauphin, notwithstanding she had been the mistress of his father, Francis the First, and had attained a certain age when Henry became captivated by her charms. The extraordinary beauty of this lady, the excellence of her wit, and the profoundness of her judgment had already rendered her celebrated, and on becoming the monarch's favorite, who adored her to distraction, she filled the post of his private adviser, so that in a very short space of time the change in public affairs became such as to afford incontestible proof of the extent of her mental powers. The reign of Henry the Second was that of Diana of Poitiers, and from this epoch all regards were directed towards this princess; those who resided at court, on account of her grace and beauty,

but still more from the agreeable turn of her wit, seemed envious of their monarch's happy destiny. Everyone attracted towards her by manners, at the same time noble and decorous, disputed the enviable honor of serving her as squire. The palaces, the mansions of individuals, the armor worn by knights, the articles of household furniture, the utensils used for domestic purposes, and even the churches, were decorated with amorous cyphers showing those sentiments which were entertained by the king towards a woman who was well deserving of his whole affection. On the demise of Henry the Duchess of Valentinois immediately retired to her mansion, called d'Anet, where she died on the 26th of April, 1566.

[14] Henry the Third had many youthful favorites who were denominated his *mignons,* but whether they acted in the same capacity as Hephestion did to Alexander, which seems to be implied by the poet, does not become us to inquire.

[15] The historic fact adverted to by Voltaire was the triumphal entry of the Duke of Guise into Paris in 1587, where he was received with rejoicings equal to those lavished upon the monarch himself, which excited the jealousy of the king, who, in order to restrain the ambition of the duke, invested the chief avenues of the city, upon which the populace, instead of being appeased, took the alarm and immediately barricades were raised in all the streets, so that in order to insure his personal safety Henry retired, leaving the Duke of Guise absolute master of the seditious populace, the Bastille and all the great outlets of the city.

[16] Pope Alexander the Sixth was born at Valencia in Spain in 1431. His original name was Roderic Borgia, and his mother was sister of Calixtus the Third, by whom he was elevated to the dignity of a cardinal in 1455. On the death of Innocent the Eighth his intrigues procured his election by the Conclave, though he had then four sons and a daughter by a Roman lady named Vanoza, while Lucrecia, his child, passed for being his own mistress, as well as

the concubine of his brother. His son, Cæsar Borgia, was a monster of wickedness and equally depraved with himself, as there is scarcely a detestable crime of which these profligate wretches have not been accused. Providence at length interposed and punished them by the same means they had prepared to effect the ruin of another. In 1503 the Pope and his son attempted to poison a wealthy cardinal in order to possess themselves of his riches, when, by a mistake of the butler, they drank the wine intended for their victim, from the effects of which Alexander expired almost immediately, but Borgia slowly recovered, only to die by the hand of an assassin some time afterwards.

[17] John de Medicis, afterwards Pope Leo the Tenth, was born at Florence in 1475, and when only eleven years of age was installed an archbishop by Louis the Eleventh of France, and at fourteen Julius the Second invested him with the dignity of legate, in which capacity he served in the army which was defeated by the French near Ravenna in 1512, upon which occasion he was taken prisoner, but the soldiers showed the most superstitious veneration for his person as the representative of the Pope. In 1513 Leo was raised to the papal chair, when his coronation was celebrated with unusual pomp. He was extremely fond of magnificence, had a taste for literature, and was a liberal patron of men of learning and genius, particularly poets; and, if the unbiassed biographers of his life may be credited, there is little doubt but he indulged in those pleasures which were interdicted by his function as head of the Catholic Church, and to which Voltaire refers in the above line. Leo formed two great projects. One was to effect a general association of the Christian powers against the Turks, and the other the completion of Saint Peter's Church at Rome. To effect these points he issued plenary indulgences, which, being carried into Germany, occasioned the secession from the Romish Church commenced by Luther, whom the Pope anathematized. In 1520 a war also broke out between the Emperor Charles the Fifth and Francis the First of France, who both courted the

alliance of the Pope, and were both deceived by the Italian *finesse* of his Holiness, who amused either monarch with promises never intended to be ratified. Leo the Tenth died of a fever in 1521, and, notwithstanding his faults, was possessed of those eminent qualifications which justly entitle him to the character of a great man. Alexander Farnese was elected to the papal chair in 1534, under the name of Paul the Third, previous to which elevation he had a daughter who was united to Bosio Sforce, and a son named Peter Lewis Farnese, whom he created Duke of Parma and Placentia by retrenching those cities from Saint Peter's patrimony. Under this pontificate the Council of Trent was called, the Inquisition was established, the society of the Jesuits was confirmed, the interim of Charles the Fifth was condemned, and Henry the Eighth of England was most rigorously treated. Paul died in 1539, aged eighty-two.

[18] Henry the Fourth, surnamed the Great, was born at Pau, the capital of Bearn, in 1553. His father was Anthony of Bourbon, King of Navarre, and his mother Joan d'Albert. He was descended from Louis the Ninth of France, and thereby became heir to that kingdom, but being educated in the Protestant persuasion his claim was resisted. Henry early distinguished himself for feats of arms, and after the peace of Saint Germain in 1570 was taken to the French court, and two years afterwards married Margaret, sister of Charles the Ninth, at the rejoicings upon which occasion was perpetrated the infamous massacre of Saint Bartholomew. In 1576 he quitted Paris and put himself at the head of the Huguenots. He succeeded to the throne of Navarre in 1572, and to that of France in 1589; but, his religion proving an obstacle against his coronation, he consented to abjure it in 1593. Henry issued the famous edict of Nantes, granting toleration to the Protestants, in 1595, and the same year entered into a war with Spain, which lasted until 1598, when France enjoyed an uninterrupted peace until his death. His abjuration was very obnoxious to the Protestants, and by no means satisfactory

to the opposite party, who were doubtful of his sincerity. His greatest enemies were the Jesuits, one of whose pupils wounded him in the mouth when attempting his life, which was ultimately sacrificed by Ravillac on the 14th of May, 1610. Henry certainly merited the name of Great, for his constant study was the prosperity and happiness of his people, and he would have been faultless had his heart proved as callous to the attacks of love as it was insensible to the impulse of vengeance. But the predominant passion of this prince was his devotion to numerous mistresses, which greatly obscured by this bad example the brilliancy of his acknowledged virtues.

[19] The famous League was projected by the Cardinal of Lorraine while his nephew, Henry of Lorraine, the adored of the people, was commander-in-chief of the rebel forces; the plea of the Leaguers being to defend the Catholic faith against the Protestant party. The association having its origin in Paris, where they caused to be spread among the most zealous inhabitants the project of *A Union for the defence of Religion, the King, and the safety of the State,* by which was intended no less than the oppression of the monarch and his government by the arms of fanaticism. Henry the Third, wearied with the insolence of the chiefs of this cabal, caused the Duke of Guise, the cardinal, and Louis his brother to be assassinated; but these acts, far from putting a stop to the excesses of the Leaguers, rather tended to increase the sanguinary struggle which for so long a period spread fire, sword and devastation throughout the kingdom.

[20] Among the numerous mistresses who enslaved the versatile heart of Henry the Fourth none ever possessed so great a hold as the lovely Gabrielle d'Estrées, sister of Francis Hannibal d'Estrées. It was in 1591 that he for the first time beheld her at the Castle of Cœuvres, where she resided with her father, at which interview he was so touched with her figure and the sprightliness of her wit that he resolved she should thenceforth rank as his favorite mistress. He once assumed the disguise of a

peasant and passed the guards of his enemies in order to procure an interview, though at the imminent hazard of his liberty and life, and in order to see her more freely he caused her to espouse Nicholas d'Amerval, Lord of Liancourt, with whom she did not cohabit; and to such a degree did he adore her that, although married, he resolved to make her his at the altar. It was under this idea that Gabrielle engaged her lover to embrace Catholicism in order that he might obtain the Pope's bull which should annul his marriage with Margaret of Valois. To effect this she made every effort, in conjunction with the king, to do away with the obstacles that impeded their union, but the unfortunate death of Gabrielle in 1599 severed the difficulty. It is supposed that she was poisoned by Zamet, the wealthy financier. One thing, however, is certain: that she expired in the most horrible convulsions, so that the countenance of this female, one of the most lovely of her age, was so completely changed the day after her demise as to be no longer recognizable. Henry created Gabrielle Duchess of Beaufort, and had three children by her.

[21] Louis the Grand Monarch, who appears to have been gratified by subduing all obstacles that were raised to oppose his career, found the spot whereon this celebrated palace stands admirably calculated to forward his views. He converted the village of Versailles into a city and reared the magnificent edifice which unites the finest productions of taste and art with a degree of splendor unexampled in modern times, the whole having been accomplished in the short space of seven years, during the period of a war which might have been thought sufficiently ruinous in itself to have exhausted the resources of the most flourishing nation in the universe.

[22] Louisa Frances de la Baume le Blanc, Duchess of Vallière, was educated to be maid of honor to Henrietta Maria, Queen of England, first wife of Philip, Duke of Orleans. She was distinguished in early life for her great knowledge and a manner of conducting herself very opposite

to that pursued by young ladies of her age; yet, notwithstanding the virtuous turn of her mind, her heart was particularly tender and sensitive, and it was that sensibility which betrayed her; for on first beholding Louis the Fourteenth she became desperately in love with him. The monarch, being made acquainted with her sentiments, returned her affections, and during two years she was the hidden object of all the gallant amusements and *fêtes* given by the king, at which period he created her Duchess of Vallière. The influence, however, which she possessed, did not lead her to interfere with the cabals of the court or state affairs, confining herself to acts of charity and private pursuits that conferred honor upon her intellect. Prior to the year 1669 the duchess became aware that Madame de Montespan had acquired an ascendancy over the king's affections — a conviction which she supported with admirable tranquillity till 1675, at which period she entered the Carmelite Sisterhood at Paris, performing the most painful austerities with a devotion almost unparalleled, and in 1710 she died, under the name of Sister Louisa of Mercy. She had a son, created Duke de Vermandois, and a daughter, named de Blois, who was married to the Prince de Conti.

[23] Madame de Montespan was wife of the marquis of that name, and one of the celebrated mistresses of Louis the Fourteenth, over whom she acquired a complete ascendancy, which she maintained until that monarch became attached to the famous Madame de Maintenon. The Marchioness de Montespan had children by the king, one of whom became Duke of Maine. She died in 1717.

[24] Philip, Duke of Orleans, was Regent of France during the minority of Louis the Fifteenth, at which period the licentiousness and debauchery of the court were so flagitious that, were it not for numerous historians of that time whose veracity may be depended upon, the disgusting scenes hourly enacted would rather be considered as the ebullitions of romance than the unvarnished delineations of facts as they really occurred.

[25] It was anciently the custom to wear short clothes attached with tagged points, wherefore it was said of a man who had not been able to perform his duty, that "his tag was knotted." It has been allowed from all antiquity that sorcerers possess the power of preventing the consummation of the marriage rites, which was called knotting the tag. The fashion of tagged points was exploded in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, at which period buttons first came into vogue.

CANTO XIV.

ARGUMENT.

AFFRONT OFFERED BY JOHN CHANDOS TO THE DEVOUT DOROTHY. —COMBAT BETWEEN TRIMOUILLE AND CHANDOS.— THE VALIANT CHANDOS DIES BY THE HAND OF DUNOIS.

O! THOU voluptuousness, in whom we see
Nature's true source — Venus' bright deity,
By Epicurus erst in grace revered,
'Fore whom, through chaos, darkness disappeared,
Giving fecundity and life's warm glow,
Felicity and sentiment, nay all below
By multitudes possessed — life's flowing tide,
At thy command new born, revivified:
Thou, painted as disarming in thine arms
Great Jove and Mars, the god of dire alarms;
Thou, whose sweet smile can lull the thunder's dint,
Becalm the air, and 'neath whose foot's light print,
Soft pleasures spring that all the earth control —
Goddess descend; of blissful days the soul;
Come in thy car, surrounded by the loves,
While, with their downy wings, thy constant doves
Awake the zephyrs that afford thee shade,
As billing through the floods of air they wade:
Come, heat the world with thy pacific toils,
Come, let thy voice dispel all doubts and broils,

Dreadful *ennui,* than those more noxious ill,
Perverse and squint-eyed Envy — blacker still;
Be plunged eternally in hell's domain,
Forever bound in adamantine chain.
Be all on fire; uniting at thy call,
Let universal love control us all,
To flames our code and flimsy laws consign,
We only follow one; and that is thine.

In safety, tender Venus, onward lead
The monarch ready for his France to bleed;
Conduct remote from perils at his side
Agnes, in whom his bosom's throbs confide,
In earnest, for those lovers I entreat:
For Joan of Arc, no invocation's meet,
She's not yet subject to thy charming sway,
St. Denis guides the tenor of her way,
A maiden she, the saint her patron friend;
To thy dear favors, let me recommend
Trimouille the courtly, and his Dorothy,
Let peace reward their sensibility;
May she no pangs of separation bear,
But always own her true knight's fostering care,
Nor ever feel dire persecution's fate,
To foes consigned, who vowed eternal hate.

And be thou, Comus, Bonneau's due reward;[1]
To him *Bon Touranceau* thy gifts accord,
He, who pacific truce knew how to end,
'Twixt cynic Chandos, and King Charles his friend;

He planned most dexterously each force should bide
On either margin of the current's tide,
That no reproach or quarrel should ensue,
To right or left, Loire's stream between the two.
He to the British force his cares made known,
Rendering their manners, tastes, and wants his own;
In gravy swimming, was the huge sirloin,
Plum puddings moistened with the Garonne's wine;
All these were tendered, and more dainty meats,
Ragouts and piquant sauces; gourmands' treats;
And red-legged partridges the table's blisses,
For sovereign Charles and fair ones, dainty dishes.
The fierce John Chandos having quaffed his drink,
Proceeded onward by the Loire's clear brink,
Swearing the first time he could Joan attain,
He'd use the rights of such as victory gain;
Attending which, with him his page he led.
Joan now returned with courage newly fed,
Incontinent her station took with pride,
Placed at the gallant Dunois' martial side.

The Gallic king with guard in bright blue gear,
Agnes in front, the Confessor in rear;
Had now a league proceeded on their way,
O'er verdant meads, bedecked with flowrets gay;
By limpid Loire, its banks extending wide,
Tranquil in current, changeful in its tide.

On boats appeared, supporting half-worn planks,
A bridge, that served to join the river's banks,

In front a chapel on the margin stood;
'Twas Sabbath-day! — In sandal, hermit's hood,
A form appeared — chanting like priest amain
The mass — a child replying to the strain.
The matin service Charles and his escort
Had heard, before they left Cutendre's fort;
But Dorothy must now hear two at least,[2]
Her faith in Heaven's behest so much increased,
Since righteous fate of innocence the shield,
Had chosen bastard Dunois for the field;
Protector of that truth which love delights,
She soon dismounting, set her coats to rights,
With holy water from three fountains signs
Her front; and most submissive knee reclines;
Hands then she joins, and bending neck towards ground,
The holy hermit as he turned around,
Dazzled, and master of himself no more,
Instead of singing out the missal's lore,
Fratres oremus — awed by beauty's spell;
Naught could he chant, save: — *Fratres, qu'elle est belle.*

Chandos the chapel entered, much more fraught
With love of pastime, than a zealous thought;
His front erect, the head he slightly bent
To Trimouille's beauty, on the lord intent,
Still whistled, passing and again repassed;
Behind the belle he knelt him down at last,
Ne'er uttering word of *ave,* or of *pater,*

As heart that owned Redeemer and Creator.
With air enchanting, and with look benign,
Knelt Dorothy, impelled by grace divine,
Her front to earth, her bottom reared full high,
Short coats were raised from inadvertency,
Offering to Chandos' sight, who gazed intent,
Two legs uncovered, whereto love had lent
Form, contour, and in short the whole design,
The ivory's lustre — Dian, such were thine,
Which erst Acteon famous hunter viewed.
Chandos whose mind no orison imbued,
Felt in his heart a most profane desire,
Without respect for sacred spot or choir,
He dared his hand most insolently glide
'Neath coats that veiled the satin's lily pride.
I cannot with a cynic's pencil draw,
To strike the sage and modest sight with awe
Of every reader; nor to mind retail,
Of daring Chandos, the audacious tale;
But Trimouille, having seen his fair retire,
Dear object mastered by love's potent fire,
Forth to the chapel straight his steps inclined —
Ah! whither will not love conduct the mind?
Trimouille arrived, just as the priest turned round,
And Chandos insolent, his rude hand found,
Near the most perfect of all backs below,
As fainting Dorothy, with terror's glow,
Emitted piercing screams; loud, echoing wide.
Fain would I have some modern painter guide
His pencil to portray this touching scene,

And trace of objects four, on every mien,
The fell astonishment that mantled there —
With cries the knight of Poitou rent the air:
"What durst thou, most discourteous chief?"
quoth he.
"Unbridled Briton, can thine imfamy
These holy walls with profanation blast?"
With bantering air, as haughty look he cast
Adjusting dress — when near the door he drew,
Fierce Chandos said: "What is it, sir, to you?
Of this same church are you the sexton, pray?"
"I'm more, a Frenchman, and my faith obey,
I rank the well-beloved of this bright fair,
And deal forth vengeance on those heads that dare
Her fame attack." "To malice some are prone,
Well might you at this juncture risk your own,"
The Briton cried; "of us, each one can see
The full extent of his capacity;
And therefore, when John Chandos wills, he may
Ogle a back, but ne'er his own display."

For jeering Briton, and the handsome Gaul,
Were steeds caparisoned for combat's thrall;
From Squires, both ready for the hostile field,
Receive the spiral lance and orbed shield;
In saddle vaulting and in rapid course,
Pass and repass in tiltings' furious force,
Nor tears, nor sighs of Dorothy can charm,
Or check the blow of either's direful arm.
Her tender lover cried: "My charmer true,

I combat to avenge, or die for you."
Too wrong he judged — his valor and his lance
Glittered in vain for tender love and France.

Twice having pierced John Chandos' battered mail,
And well assured that victory would not fail;
His palfrey stumbled, rolling o'er his corse,
And plunging, struck his casque with dreadful force;
Inflicting on his front an ample wound,
A crimson tide bedewed the verdant ground.
The hermit running, sought in death to bless,
In Manus cried and wooed him to confess;
Oh! Dorothy; Oh! most unheard-of grief,
Beside him robbed of motion, life, relief,
Thou gavest thy soul to dire despair's sad bent;
But ah! what said'st thou, when thy tongue found vent?
" 'Tis I have killed thee then! — sweet love, 'tis I,
The faithful partner of thy destiny,
Who never should thy side revered have left,
For quitting thee, of comfort I'm bereft;
This sainted chapel must my misery prove,
At once a traitor to Trimouille and love,
Seeking to hear two masses in one day;"
And as she spoke, melted in tears away.

Chandos at his success, gave vent to jeers,
" My pink of Frenchmen, flower of cavaliers,
And also you, devoutest Dorothy,

Adoring couple, shall my prisoners be,
Of knightly combats, 'tis the law's decree.
Some fleeting moments Agnes was my prey,
And 'neath me conquered, Joan, the maiden lay.
I must avow that ill I did my duty,
I' faith I've blushed, but now with you, my beauty,
What's lost I will retake, as here I live,
And he Trimouille shall his opinion give."

The hermit, knight, and Dorothy with fear,
Tremble all three such horrid threats to hear:
So to a cavern's depth when dreads oppress,
By fear confounded flies the shepherdess;
Her flock in trembling owns the rueful cause,
The poor dog struggling in the wolf's fell jaws.

But Heaven's all just, though in its vengeance slow;
Such insolence could not unpunished go;
Redoubled sins of Chandos ne'er abated,
So many blushing maidens violated,
Blasphemy, impiousness, repentance scoffed;
These crimes in Heaven's dread scale heaped oft and oft,
Were by the angel weighed of death supreme.
The great Dunois from t'other side the stream,
Witnessed the combat and the overthrow
Of La Trimouille, a female bending low,
Who fainting, clasped him in her fond embrace;
The hermit hard by muttering prayers of grace,

And Chandos cantering near his lovely prize;
Beholding this, he spurs — he gallops — flies!

'Twas Albion's custom then, that foul or fair,
All objects should their appellations bear;
Having the bridge's barrier now passed through,
Straight to the conqueror our Dunois flew;
" Son of a w——," neatly pronounced and clear,[3]
Struck straight the tympanum of either ear:—
" Yes," he exclaimed with pride, " that name is mine.
Such bore Alcides; Bacchus the divine;
Perseus the happy, Romulus the grand,
Who purged the earth of rapine's baleful band;
'Tis in their names thus much I mean to act,
Of Norman bastard well thou know'st the fact,[4]
Whose conquering arms thy race in panic drove.
Oh bastards ye, the sons of thundering Jove,
Direct my lance — each nervous blow decree;
Honor commands, avenge yourselves and me."
This prayer perhaps, you'll think was not well timed,
But Dunois deep with fabled theme was primed,
For him the Bible lore less charms possessed;[5]
He spake, he flew, the gilded rowel pressed,
Whose piercing teeth perform propellant deed,
The flanks keen goading of his noble steed.
The first blow of his barbed lance amain,
John Chandos struck, and burst the links in twain;
Severed scales diapered of armor bright,[6]
And steel that corslet linked to helmet tight.

A blow tremendous dealt our Briton brave,
The which impenetrable shields concave
Receiving, glanced the impending stroke aside.
Encountering now as onward swift they glide,
Strength but augmented by fell fury's glow,
Each desperate seizes his athletic foe.
Their coursers, thus escaped the brilliant weight
Which they had borne upon their backs so late,
Peaceful went straying o'er the champaign wide:
Thus when we see, hurled from the mountain's side,
Two rocks detached, by fell convulsions riven,
With frightful din one o'er the other driven;
So dire these combatants with clangor ringing,
Striking the earth and to each other clinging;
From horrid shock, the echoes wide rebound,
The breeze retires — nymphs shed the sigh profound:
Or, as by terror followed, Mars we view,
Reddened with gore, and armed by Furies too,
From heavenly plain descending prompt to save
Those tribes existing near Scamander's wave,
And when the lance against him Pallas reared,
In his support a hundred kings appeared,
The fixed earth to its centre trembling stood,
Troubled was Acheron's infernal flood,
And turning pale, upon its margin dread,
E'en Pluto shook for empire of the dead.

Our knights arising stamped by valor's seal,
With eyes inflamed, scanned o'er from head to heel

Their forms respective, then unsheathed their brands,
Dealing a hundred blows from doughty hands,
Battering the steel their bodies casing o'er.
From wounds already blood began to pour,
Their arms be-dyeing with a blackish red;
Now rushing thither, the spectators led
The furious combatants in ring around,
Necks stretched, eyes fixed, nor breathing forth a sound;
Courage augments, when crowds are standing by,
For glory's keenest spur's the public eye;
The champions only had the prelude shown,
Of conflict that on record stands alone.
Achilles, Hector — gods in fierce array,
The grenadiers more terrible than they;[7]
And lions still more formidable far,
Are less implacable, less fierce in war;
Less given to blood. The bastard ever great,
Conjoining force with art, and blessed by fate,
Seized on the Briton's arm, who struck awry,
And with a back blow smote his glave on high,
Then with a leg advanced his point to gain,
Chandos o'erthrew upon the gory plain;
Who falling dragged alike his foe to ground;
Struggling, the clouds of dust their forms confound;
So in the sand for masterdom they move,
The Briton under, and the Gaul above.
The noble victor's heart which mercies guide,
When smiling fate grants conquest on his side,

His adversary pressing with one knee,
Exclaimed: "O yield, yield! Briton unto me;"
Whereto John Chandos cried, "An instant wait,
Hold! — it is thus, Dunois, I yield to fate!"

As last resource of his infuriate mind,
Short dagger drawing, he throws out behind
His nervous arm; which then toward neck he bends,
And strikes his victor, offering to be friends;
The mail unbattered there, and firm of joint,
Repelling, blunts the dagger's murderous point,
Straight Dunois cried: "Thy death thou wilt pursue,
Then perish, dog!"— and without more ado
Raised high the weapon o'er his struggling foe,
And drove through clavicles the deadly blow.
Expiring Chandos struggling still in death,
Uttered, "base bastard" with his faltering breath;
His fierce, inhuman, sanguinary heart,
E'en to the last performed its wanton part;
His eyes, his front, infused dark horror's thrill,
Each trait seemed menacing the victor still;
His impious soul, relentless, fraught with evil,
Sped to infernal realms, to brave the devil;
Thus ended as he lived, in death's dire thrall,
This hardy Briton vanquished by a Gaul.

Dunois disdained to bear away the spoils,
Despising customs due to victor's toils,
Too well established with the famous Greeks:

To proffer friendly aid, Trimouille he seeks,
He calls to earthly bourne the fleeting breath,
And rescues twice, sweet Dorothy from death,
His form supporting as they slowly move,
Her pressure on his frame imprints soft love;
Anew he breathes and feels a wound no more,
Save from those eye-beams he must still adore;
He ogles then, confessing strength new born;
His loving fair one by sharp anguish torn,
Feels equally the tender transport rise,
The smile enchanting, mantling in her eyes,
Athwart a veil of tears now glistening bright:
So we behold through filmy vapors light
Of clouds all fleecy — tempered radiance stream,
Caught from the god of day's effulgent beam.

The Gallic King, his Agnes fraught with grace;
And Joan the illustrious, all by turns embrace
The happy Dunois, whose triumphant hand,
Had love avenged, and his dear native land;
But most the diffidence was formed to please,
Of his demeanor and his repartees.
'Tis easy; yet those show an envied state,
Who act with modesty, however great.

Some jealous germs Joan stifled in her breast,
Her heart upbraiding destiny's behest;
She felt aggrieved, her maiden hand in strife
Had not deprived the miscreant of his life;

Bearing forever twofold wrongs in head,
Which near Cutendre dyed her cheeks with red,
When braved by Chandos, to the combat's list,
She was at once thrown on her back — and missed.

END OF CANTO XIV.

NOTES TO CANTO XIV.

[1] Comus was the deity supposed to preside over nocturnal joys, festivities and bacchanalian orgies. He was also said to preside at women's toilettes, as well as those of young persons fond of dress and finery. Comus is represented as a young man with a countenance flushed and heated, his head reclined, and with a drowsy air negligently holding a flambeau in his right hand reversed, and supporting himself with the left on a stake. A wreath of roses adorns his head, from whence the ancients derived the custom of wearing a coronet of the same flowers at all great banquets.

[2] The charming Dorothy was of opinion that she could never have too much of a good thing, and when the beautiful ceremonial of the mass is taken into consideration, its fine Latin prayers, which one in the hundred may, perhaps, comprehend, with the accompanying chant, it would be strange indeed had not a sensitive, love-ridden soul like that of our *belle* been a second time subdued by such a scene within some twelve hours.

[3] John Chandos was wholly unacquainted with the modern vocabulary of *haut ton*, therefore, instead of saying son of a lady of intrigue, which would raise no blush on the feminine cheek, though signifying precisely the same thing, our hero was satisfied with delivering his mind in plain, blunt English. However, the bar of bastardy has not always been deemed an impediment to inheritance, since it was uniformly the contrary in Spain, and King Henri de Trastamare was not regarded as an illegitimate sovereign, although a natural child, which race of bastards established in the house of Austria continued to reign in Spain until the period of Philip the Fifth, and, as a further proof that bastardy was not regarded as an opprobrium,

letters were long preserved of William, Duke of Normandy, King of England, bearing the signature of *Guillaume le Batard,* while documents are in existence to prove that our gallant Count Dunois subscribed himself *le Batard d'Orleans.*

[4] William the First of England, commonly called the Conqueror, was the illegitimate son of Robert the First, Duke of Normandy, and of Arlotte, the daughter of a furrier at Falaise, a city of lower Normandy, where he was born in 1024, the circumstance being thus related in history: "It chanced that his father, riding through Falaise, saw certain young persons dancing near the way, and as he staid awhile to behold their pastime he particularly fixed his eyes upon a young damsel named Arlotte, who was but of mean birth, being a skinner's daughter, she dancing there among the rest. The duke was so taken with her person and dancing that the same night he caused her to be secretly brought to his bed, of whom he then begot William; and so lascivious was this Arlotte reported to be in her behavior when the duke approached to embrace her that the English afterwards (adding an aspiration to her name), from her called every unchaste woman a harlot."

[5] It is somewhat astonishing that our poet should have made the great Dunois more enamored of pagan flights than the immaculate record of the Jews, a thrice saintly book abounding with the inspirations of the Most High and containing every thing requisite for a Christian to know and to practice. It was, however, formerly deemed requisite that laics should never praise this work, since the word of God, they were told, would not fail to be prejudicial to them, wherefore it was much better that the priests should read it in their stead, for since they alone possessed stomachs sufficiently strong to swallow it, the common herds were to content themselves with the produce of their sacerdotal digestion.

[6] Diapered means decorated or ornamented. From the remotest period of antiquity no soldier was permitted to

embellish his shield with any engraving until his performance of some gallant action empowered him so to do.

[7] In the above line Voltaire eulogizes that corps of the French army which owed its institution to Louis the Fourteenth, and was so called from each soldier having a certain number of hand grenades, which he threw among the enemy in time of action.

CANTO XV.

ARGUMENT.

SPLENDID FEAST AT THE MANSION HOUSE OF ORLEANS, FOLLOWED BY A GENERAL ASSAULT.— CHARLES ATTACKS THE ENGLISH.— TOGETHER WITH WHAT HAPPENS TO THE LOVELY AGNES AND THE COMPANIONS OF HER JOURNEY.

MALIGNANT censors, you're despised by me,
Mine own defects I better know than ye,
Through this choice tale on memory's page enrolled.
Graven in ore, my wish was to unfold
Naught but the brilliant flights of high renown;
On Charles's head, of Orleans place the crown,
By Joan, by love, and glory, power sublime;
'Tis shameful thus to have misused my time,
Singing of Sir Cutendre and a page,
Of Grisbourbon the slave of lustful rage,
The mule's dull driver and mishaps a train,
That harm the thread of my poetic vein.

But all these narratives that greet your eyes,
Were the effusions of Tritemus wise;[1]
I simply copy, nor one trait invent,
On facts, let reader cast a look intent,
If sometimes it occurs his stern decree,
Judges my sage with keen severity;

If at some traits your brow to scowl inclines,
The knife and pounce-box may efface my lines
Through half this charming work, but let him view
With some respect at least, the moiety true.

O! sacred truth, thou virgin ever pure,
When wilt thou rightful reverence ensure?
Divinity who mak'st us wise, why dwell
In palace placed at bottom of a well?
Ah! when wilt thou from out those depths appear,
When will our learned men their voices rear,
From gall exempt, and from all flattery free,
Detailing lives with pure fidelity,
And grand exploits of our fine errant knights.
Prudent was Ariosto in his flights,[2]
Archbishop Turpin for his purpose citing,
Which made his book divine, still more inviting
A testimony stamping to the view
Of readers all; each feat detailed as true.
Feeling alarms at the impending ill,
Charles on the route to Orleans journeyed still,
By courtier troop environed, glittering bright,
Their robes and arms all costly to the sight;
And Dunois, asking counsel that might strike him,
As are accustomed, always princes like him
When rendered tractable by adverse fate,
But blessed by fortune, wayward, obstinate.
Charles thought his Agnes trotted in the rear
With Bonifoux, well pleased with thought so dear,
His glance full oft the royal lover turned,

He stopped to see if Agnes was discerned;
And when Dunois preparing Charles for fame,
Of Orleans spoke, he sighed out Agnes' name.

The bastard fortunate, whose prudent care,
Labored that France felicity might share,
A fort beheld athwart the glimmering eve,
Which Bedford's Duke had long thought fit to leave;
This structure near the invested city lay:
By Dunois ta'en, Charles there resolved to stay —
When fortified anon, the fort was seen,
Made by besieging host their magazine.
The god who victory yields 'mid crimson tides,
And he who bloated at the feast presides,
To stock this fort, for fame alike incline,
The one with cannon, t'other with choice wine:
Of war's combustion, every apparatus,
And all the groaning table spreads to sate us,
This little fort was able to bestow
What choice success, for Dunois and Bonneau.

Orleans enchanted at these tidings rare,
To Heaven's high King, preferred a solemn prayer;
Te Deum sung by Drone from Serpent Bass,
Before the noble chieftains of the place;
Next was the dinner served for judge and mayor,
The bishops, prebends, warriors, all were there:
From sparkling goblets, every guest quaffed round,
Till senseless each lay stretched upon the ground;

Fireworks on stream, whose brilliant gleams of
light,
Flashing full wide, illum'd the realms of night;
The people's cries, reports of cannons loud,
With din confused announced to all the crowd,
That Charles restored — by fate no longer crossed,
Repaired to find what had so long been lost.

These shouts of glory and each blissful strain,
Were followed by the lengthened yells of pain,
As Bedford's name was heard from every breath;
Fly to the walls! defend the breach! or death!
The Britons taking 'vantage of this chance,
When citizens engaged with wine and dance,
Extolled their prince, by songs and couplets graced,
Beneath a gate two sausage forms then placed;
Not puddings, such as Bonneau had in view,
When he produced them for a new ragout,
But sausages of which, the fatal powder [3]
Dilating, bursts with din, than thunder louder,
Capsizes all; confounds the air and earth,
Dire murd'rous engines of infernal birth;
Which in their iron entrails bear the brand
Kneaded by Lucifer's destructive hand;
By means of match, arranged with baleful art,
The fell explosions, quick as lightning part,
Spread, mount, and to a thousand yards convey
Bars, hinges, bolts, in splintry, torn array:
Fierce Talbot onward rushes with full speed,
Success, rage, glory, love, excite the deed;

From far emblazoned on his arms, the eye,
In gold, a Louvet's cipher could descry,
For Louvet ever was the dame that taught
His soul to love, and swayed each mighty thought—
His was the wish to clasp bright beauty's pride,
On walls demolished, and with carnage dyed.

This handsome Briton, child of raging war,
Of captain's chief, shone Albion's leading star;
"Let's fly, my generous victors," was the word.
"Dispensing everywhere fire, flame and sword;
Let's drink the wine of Orleans' coward race,
Their gold purloin, and all their wives embrace."
Not Cæsar's self so eloquent of speech,
Such honor and audacity could preach
To martial spirits, as this fiery strain,
Instilling fury through the warlike train.

Upon that spot where flaming portal broke,
Which mounting, spread around a thickening smoke,
Of stone and turf a rampart high appeared,
By order of La Hire and Poton reared,[4]
From whence projected forth a parapet,
Thickly with ranged artillery beset;
The first attack well pointed to o'erthrow,
Of daring Bedford the tremendous blow.

There straight La Hire and Poton took their stand,
Of citizens behind them strove a band;
The cannons roar — the horrid order — "Kill,"

With repetitions harsh the vacuum fill;
When from their iron jaws the thunders cease,
Leaving incontinent the winds at peace;
Against the ramparts scaling ladders rose,
Already bearing squadrons of its foes,
With foot on step, and grasped in hand the glave,
Each soldier urges on his comrade brave.

Nor Poton or La Hire in peril dire,
That foresight had forgot which all admire,
Each change of fate they watched with prudent eye,
Prepared to meet each cast of fortune's die;
There was the molten pitch; the boiling oil;
Of stakes a forest to make foes recoil,
Large cutting scythes in sharp array were seen,
Emblems of death, destructive weapons keen;
And muskets launching forth the storms of lead,
Tempestuous rattling round each Briton's head.
All that necessity combined with art,
Misfortune, intrepidity, impart,
And, fear itself, alike were marshalled there,
The deeds ensanguined of that day to share.
How many Britons then were boiled, pierced, riven,
Dying in crowds, and ranks on ranks hard driven;
Just so beneath a hundred hands we view,
Cropt yellow ears the harvest's plain bestrew.

Still the attack's pursued with courage stern,
With numbers falling, numbers still return;
Like Hydra with creative powers imbued,

To earth heads falling, are by heads renewed;
Yet these affrighted not the son of Jove,
And Britons thus, through fire and carnage drove,
More formidable still though efforts fail,
And brave, in mastering numbers that assail.

Fierce Richemont, hope of Orleans in the fight,
Thou didst rush onward to the ramparts' height;
Five hundred citizens, a chosen band,
Reeling, march forward under thy command,
Illumined by the generous wine's oblation,
Its zest excelling virtuous animation;
As daring Richemont bellowed out amain:
"Your legs, good folks, your weight cannot sustain;
But I'm your head, 'tis fit we come to blows."
He spake, then rushed 'mid thickest of the foes;
Talbot already had carved out a way
Along the ramparts, urged by fury's sway;
One direful arm hurled foes to death's drear night,
The other urged his phalanx to the fight,
Crying out: "Louvet," in stentorian vein.
By Louvet heard, he thought it honor's strain;
Thus "Louvet" sounded forth from Britain's band,
Though not a soul the cause could understand;
Oh! stupid mortals, with what ease we teach
Your tongues those things which are beyond our reach.

In sadness Charles within the fort was locked,
Fast by another English cohort blocked;

The town besieged, unable thus to gain,
His soul of *ennui* felt the dreadful bane;
"What!" he exclaimed, "and must I thus stand by,
Nor succor those who in my service die?
With joyous hymns, their sire's return they hailed,
I should have entered — fought, perhaps prevailed;
And saved them from inhuman Britain's bands,
But here sad destiny enchains my hands!"
"Ah, no," quoth Joan, "'tis fitting you be seen,
Come, signalize your blows; let vengeance keen
These Britons place 'twixt you and Orleans town;
March on, the city save, and reap renown;
Though small our band, we thousands boast in you."
"What!" quoth the monarch, "canst thou flatter too?
My worth's but small, yet soon my name shall teem,
Deserving Gaul's as well as thine esteem;
And England's too"— he spake, spurred on for fame.
Before his person, streamed the oriflamme;
Joan and Dunois both galloped at his side,
Horsemen behind, to list his orders ride,
And 'midst a thousand cries is heard to ring:
"Long live St. Denis, Montjoie, and the King." [5]
Charles, Dunois, and of Barr the haughty belle,
Rushed on the rear of Britain's sons, pell mell;
As from those hills whose entrails vast confine,
The reservoirs of Danube and the Rhine;
Or as the eagle towering with wings spread,
Fixed piercing eye, and pointed talons dread,

"MARCH ON; THE CITY SAVE AND REAP RENOWN"

Poised in 'mid air on falcon darts in turn,
That gorged on necks of the expiring hern.

'Twas then the audacious Briton showed in fight,
Like iron on the anvil's surface bright,
Which tends the temper's value to enchance;
And furious drove the valiant sons of France.
Now let your eyes the British phalanx trace,
And Gallic soldiers, sons of Clodion's race,[6]
Inflamed and fierce, insatiate each of gore,
They flew like winds that through the vacuum pour,
In contact joined, immovable they're seen,
Like rock amidst old ocean's empire green;
Foot against foot, the crest opposed to crest,
Hand to hand, eye to eye, and breast to breast,
Onward they rush, oaths breathing that appall
While rolling o'er each other, dead they fall.

Oh! wherefore cannot I in sounding lays,
Of feats heroical prolong the praise?
'Tis only Homer hath a right to tell
All these adventures, and on such to dwell,
To lengthen out, and feats anew expose,
To calculate the several wounds and blows,
To add to Hector's battles, still a store
Of mighty deeds, and join to combats more.

From such dread scenes, my friend, avert the gaze,
And dare on high your anxious eyes upraise;
Let your whole mind to scenes celestial soar,

Come mount, the mansion of the gods explore,
Of wisdom contemplate profoundest state,
Which amidst peace, controls our mundane fate;
Far worthier is such spectacle for you
Than barbarous, bloody deeds, exposed to view;
Of combats, all alike, through every page,
Whose long details, must weary out the sage.

END OF CANTO XV.

NOTES TO CANTO XV.

[1] We have remarked upon a former occasion that the Abbé Tritemus never produced any work respecting the *Pucelle* or the beautiful Agnes Sorel. It is therefore modesty alone which prompted the author of this poem to announce his labors as the productions of another.

[2] Archbishop Turpin, to whom the lives of Charlemagne and of Roland le Furieux are attributed, was archbishop of Rheims about the end of the eighth century, whereas the work in question was written by one Turpin, a monk who flourished in the eleventh century, and it is from that romance that the celebrated Ariosto has extracted some of his tales.

[3] The *saucisse* used in war is a small bag of pitched cloth two inches in diameter, filled with gunpowder, to which is attached a slow fuse, and is used in the blowing up of a mine, being constructed to go into its very chamber. It is also requisite to place two *saucisses* to each furnace in order to render the explosion certain of success. Our poet, however, has been guilty of a trifling error in giving existence to the *saucisse* in the fifteenth century, as its invention is due to the monks in 1579, when it proved of the greatest utility in taking the city of Cahors, which fact d'Aubigné particularly testifies in his history.

[4] Poton de Saintrailles and La Hire, two dauntless knights, were the firm supporters of the cause of Charles the Seventh, and greatly instrumental in maintaining the possession of Orleans for that monarch by their intrepidity and skill in warlike tactics.

[5] Mont-joie Saint Denis was the ancient war-cry of the king of France. Some historians derive its etymology from

moult joie, great joy, or *mon-joie* instead of saying *ma-joie;* in short, much research has been made into the origin of this expression. Raoul de Presle, who lived in the time of Charles the Sixth, from what is reported by Pasquier, states that Clovis, fighting in the Valley of Conflans-Sainte Honorine, the battle terminated on the summit of the mountain, where stood a tower called *Mont Joie;* but Robert Cenal, Bishop of Avranches, states that Clovis, finding himself at the battle of Tolbiac a short time prior to his embracing Christianity, invoked Saint Denis, under the name of Jupiter, saying, *Saint Denis mon Jove,* which in lapse of time was pronounced *Mont-Joie.* The cry of the dukes of Burgundy was *Mont Joie Saint Andre,* because the Cross of Saint Andrew was figured upon their banners. The dukes of Bourbon used *Mont-Joie Notre Dame,* and the kings of England, *Mont-Joie, Notre Dame, Saint George.*

[8] Clodion, surnamed *le Chevelu,* or long-haired, because he ordained that kings and princes of the blood royal should wear long hair, succeeded his father, Pharamond, in 428 as King of the Franks.

CANTO XVI.

ARGUMENT.

HOW ST. PETER APPEASED ST. GEORGE AND ST. DENIS, PROMISING A NOBLE RECOMPENSE TO HIM WHO SHOULD PRODUCE THE BEST ODE.— DEATH OF THE LOVELY ROSAMORE.

Celestial Pallas! open to my lay,
Bright spirits who six pennons wide display!
Ye feathered gods! whose tutelary hands,
People and kings, encircle in fate's bands;
Ye! who expanding wide your wings, conceal
The blaze eternal farthest heavens reveal;
Deign for a little time apart to stand,
Let me behold as war thus wields the brand,
What's done in sanctuary's depth of Heaven,
And be my curiosity forgiven.

'Twas Tritemus the Abbé breathed his prayer;
Not me, my eye accustomed all to dare,
Cannot the depth of court supremest see,
I shall not have so much temerity.

Saints George and Denis, our apostles kind,
Were both in heaven's ethereal realms confined;
All they beheld, yet neither could extend
His hand those earthly combats to befriend;

They both caballed, to this all folks resort,
And such the practice ever is at court;
Denis and George in turn their anger wreaking,
To Mister Peter in the empyreum speaking.

This porter famed, whose vicar is the Pope,
Closes in net, of all our fates, the hope;
His double keys rule life and death below,
To whom thus Peter said: "Ye doubtless know
The dire affront, my friends, I had to bear,
When Malchus from my hand received his ear;
Right well I called to mind my master's word,
He bade me in the scabbard sheathe my sword;
Deprived was I of combat's brilliant right,
A mode far different now I will indite,
To terminate at once your great alarms,
And save ye from the shock of hostile arms."

"You, Denis, from yon district forth shall draw
The greatest saints that ever Gallia saw;
You, Mister George, repair with equal speed,
And cull those saints that sprang from Albion's seed:
Let either troop incontinent compose
A Hymn in verse, but not an Ode in prose;
Houdart judged wrong, amid such heavenly heights,
'Tis meet in speaking to use godlike flights;
Let each, I say, indite Pindaric ode,
And poets make my virtues rare their code;
My rights, my attributes, my primacy,

To music set the whole immediately;
The race terrestrial always needs much time,
Dull couplets to produce in so-so rhyme.
We scribble faster in bright glory's plain,
Go, I repeat, let each essay his vein,
And he whose flights ensure the victor's pride,
The fate of combatants shall then decide."

Thus from the heights of his ethereal throne,
To rivals spoke the infallible Barjone;
The whole was uttered in two words at most,
A style laconic suits the heavenly host;
The rival saints, in twinkling of an eye,
That they might terminate their quarrels high,
Sped to assemble each the saints that bore,
While on earth's soil, of wit an ample store.

The patron saint in Paris' walls adored,
Invited to his round and ample board
Saint Fortunatus little known on earth,
Reported to have given the *Pange* birth,[1]
And Prosper's saint of epithets the bard,
Though somewhat Jansenist as well as hard;
On list the name of Gregory was read,
Grand saint, who of the see of Tours was head;
Dear to the soil where Bonneau felt life's vigor,
And Bernard famed for antithesis figure,[2]
Who had no rival in his famous time,
With other saints to form the council prime;

For well thou knowest, my friend, in times like these,
Those who advice ne'er ask, but rarely please.

George hearing of St. Denis all this din,
Disdainful eyed him, with sarcastic grin,
Amidst enclosure saintly; then espied
The noted monk, Augustine, Albion's pride,[3]
And in a style perhaps a little quaint,
Thus his advice delivered to the saint:

"Austin, my hearty blade, I'm formed for arms,
And not for verse, which has for me no charms;
I well know how my fateful glave to wield,
Sever a trunk, break heads and limbs in the field,
You versify — come; set to work and rhyme,
Support our country's fame in lays sublime,
One Briton on the plain of deadly thrall,
With ease can triumph o'er these sons of Gaul.
Oft have we seen upon the Norman plain,
In Guienne, Picardy, and Higher Maine,[4]
Those pretty gentlemen with ease laid low,
If in the fight we stronger arms can show;
Trust me, where hymn and ode, or aught's required,
Where rhyme and thinking are the points desired,
That we have brains as good as theirs for jingle,
Work, Austin, and with verse make ears all tingle.
London shall prove the empire and excel
In those two arts, acting and speaking well:
Denis, of rhymesters will collect a host,

Who in the mass but little genius boast;
Toil thou alone, old authors thou canst weigh —
Courage, proceed, sound from thy harp the lay;
The sacred strain shall Albion's name adorn,
And laugh his dull academy to scorn."

Austin, to whom the labor was consigned,
Thanked him, as author blessed by patron kind:
Himself and Denis in a snug abode,
Squatted themselves and each composed his ode;
When all was done, the blazing Seraphim,
The bloated chubby heads of Cherubim,
Near Barjone in two ranks were perched aloft,
Angels beneath, nestling in ether soft,
While all the saints, for judgment grand adepts,
With care arranged themselves upon the steps.

Austin began the wonders to impart,
Which made obdurate the Egyptian's heart;
Moses and imitators in profusion,
Who were his equals in divine illusion;
The streams of Nile, so fruitful found of yore,
Laving with horrid tide of blood, the shore;
The reptiles poisonous from black mud engendered,
Transformed to rod — the rod to serpent rendered;
Day changed to night; cities and deserts wild,
By swarms of gnats and vermin foul, defiled;
Mange in the bones; thunders in airy space,
And all the first-born of a rebel race
Butchered by Heaven's avenging angel dire;

Egypt in mourning, Jews for faith on fire,
From patrons all the silver vessels bearing,[5]
And for the theft, celestial blessings sharing;
For forty summers erring to and fro;
For calf, some twenty thousand Jews laid low;[6]
And twenty thousand more to graves consigned,
Because the females in their loves were kind.[7]
Then came the Hebrew's Ravaillac, Aod,
Murdering his master in the name of God;
And Samuel, who seized the kitchen knife[8]
With holy hand from altar, and of life
Agag bereft, whom he anatomized,
Because this Agag was uncircumcised;
Of Bethulie was praised the savior fair,[9]
Pure folly acting with her charms so rare;
Baasha the good, who Nadab massacred;
Achab to death consigned for impious deed,
Not having outright slaughtered Benhadad;
King Joash, who was bruised by Josabad;
In whom the son of Atrabad was seen;
And famous Athalia, Israel's queen,
Sent prematurely to resign her breath,
So wickedly by Joash doomed to death.

Dull was the litany and somewhat long,
While interspersed these brilliant traits among,
Were mighty deeds detailed in sounding lays,
Those acts so cherished in remotest days;
When Sol dissolved and back the ocean ran,
Transformed to powder was the moon so wan.

The globe forever changeful was on fire,
Heaven's chief a hundred times awoke in ire.
Ruins and tombs were seen, and seas of blood;
Yet still beside the silvery current's flood,
Milk flowed beneath the olive's verdant shade;
Like ram was seen to skip the hill and glade,
While as the mountains, rams kept jumping too.
Austin sang praises, to high heaven the due,
Which threatened loud the conqueror of Chaldee,
And left the Jewish race in slavery,
But always broke the teeth of lions dread,
And crushed the loathsome rampant serpent's head.
The fertile currents of the Nile addressed,
Leviathan and Basilisk suppressed.[10]

Austin was silent, his Pindaric strain
Called forth amid the bright empyreal train
A doubtful murmur — sounds made to infuse
Ill-favored thoughts on his odaic muse.
Denis arose, low bent his eyes serene,
Which straightway reared, displayed his modest mien;
Before his auditors then bending low,
As if surprised at their celestial glow;
Thus seemed he to address the sacred host —
Encourage that one who admires you most;
Thrice with humility he lowly bent,
To counsellors and leading president;
Then chanted with a tender voice and clear,
The hymn expert, which ye anon shall hear.

" Oh! Peter, thou on whom Heaven deigned to raise
Its church immortal, prithee list my praise;
Pastor on high, of flocks the faithful friend,
Master of kings, before whose feet they bend,
Doctor Divine, Priest, Saintly Father just,
Of all our christian kings, support august,
To them extend thy fostering grace benign,
Pure are their rights, and all those rights are thine,
At Rome the Pope ranks chief of sceptred men,
None doubt it, and if his lieutenant then,
Bestows on whom he lists this present small,
'Tis in thy name, for thou dispensest all.

"Alas! our men of parliament debased,
Have banished Charles, and impudently placed
A foreign stock upon the throne of France,
Taking from son the sire's inheritance.[11]
Porter divine, thy benefits oppose
To this audacity, to ten years' woes,
In thy benignity our sufferings ease,
And of the Palace Court restore the keys."

Such was the prelude of St. Denis' strain;
He paused awhile, then read with studious pain
From optics' corner, glance in Cephas' eyes,
Feigning embarrassment in bosom rise.
Cephas content, upon his front displayed
Internal proof how self-love was obeyed;
And to clear up at once the wits confounded
Of skilful singer, from his lips resounded

In phrase his own, all tremor to dispel:
"Continue, Denis; everything goes well."

With prudence Denis once more struck the lyre:
"Mine adversary may have charmed the choir,
The arm of vengeance hath he loudly praised;
Whereas my sounding plaudits shall be raised,
To honor clemency's bright power with skill,
Hating is good; but loving's better still."

Denis more confident in voice and mind,
Then sang in pleasing verse, the shepherd kind,
Who went in search of sheep that strayed at large,
And glad on back supported home the charge;
The farmer bland, whose kindness deigned dispense
Still to the sluggard workmen recompense
Who came too late, that diligent for pay,
He might his toil renew with blush of day;
The worthy patron who with loaves but five,
And fishes three, could hunger's yearnings drive
From craving multitude; which numbered o'er,
Produced to full five thousand ample store.
Prophet more gentle than austere, whose reign
Yielded her comfort, in adultery ta'en;
Whose feet to Magdalen were not denied,
But by the sinner, bathed with tears and dried:
By Magdalen is Agnes' form designed,
Denis advantage took of verse refined;
He well succeeded, and the host above,
The trait confessing, pardoned guilty love.

Hailed was of Denis the odaic treasure,
The prize it gained, and praises without measure,
Of England's saint was foiled the boldness dread;
Austin blushed deep, and skulking, forthwith fled·
Each laughed — through Paradise aloud they
bawled.
E'en so in Paris, hootings once appalled,
A pedant dull, just like Thersites old,
Informer vile, a hypocrite most bold,
Whose recompense was hatred and disdain,
As in style vulgar, he dared waft a strain;
Attempting thus our useful arts to smother,
And hurl his condemnations on each brother.

Peter of Agnus' gave Denis two,
He kissed them reverently, and straight to view,
Subscribed by twelve elect was seen decree,
That Albion's host upon that day should flee
'Fore Gallia's bands, to glory's conquest led
By sovereign Charles in person, at their head.

Incontinent the Amazon of Bar,
Beheld in air athwart dense cloud afar,
The form and likeness of her donkey gray,
As oft a cloud imbued by sunny ray
Receives impression, and reflects the hue.
" This day," she cried, " is glorious to my view,
All, all is ours — my ass in Heaven I see."
Bedford, astounded at this prodigy,
Halted, and felt invincible no more,

In Heaven he conned, all petrified the lore,
That by St. George he was abandoned quite.
The Briton thinking he beheld outright
A host, rushed sudden from the town alarmed,
Its populace by Heavenly impulse charmed,
Viewing them urged to flight by terror's spell,
Forth rushing straight, pursued them all, pell-mell;
Charles at a distance amidst slaughter strove,
And to the very camp a passage drove;
Besieged in turn besiegers now appear;
Assailed and slaughtered in the front and rear,
In heaps on borders of their trenches laying,
Arms, dead and dying wedged, fell fate obeying.

'Twas even there, upon that fateful plain,
Thou camest to give thy dauntless valor rein,
Bold Christopher, by surname Arundel,
Thy cold indifference — visage hard and fell,
Tended thy lofty valor to enhance,
From 'neath that warlike brow the silent glance
Examined shrewdly how they fought in Gaul,
From his important look it seemed to all,
He loitered there Time's heavy hours to kill,
His Rosamore attached, and faithful still
Like him was cased in steely war's attire.
'Tis thus some page we view, or faithful 'squire,
His cuirass polished steel, helm gold and burnished,
With plumage of the peacock gayly furnished,
Floating o'er crest obedient to the gale;
For since the day her hand had dared assail,

And severed head from trunk of Martinguerre,
Her chief delight had been war's deeds to dare;
It seemed that Pallas so renowned for charms,
Had left the needle for bright feats of arms;
Or Bradamant, or even Joan the belle;
Oft she addressed the friend she loved so well,
Retailing sentiments sublimely grand,
When lo! some friend, fell foe of Cupid's band,
For their mishaps towards Arundel, decreed
That young La Hire and Poton should proceed,
And Richemont of no pitying thrill the slave.

Poton beholding mien so fierce and grave
Of Albion's son, felt an indignant glow,
And toward the babbler poising lance's blow,
Entered his flank, and pierced the back clean through,
Of blood too cold, ran streams of purple hue.
He fell — he died — the shivered lance still seen,
Plunged in his corpse, and rolling on the green.

At this dread sight, this moment of distress,
No eye saw Rosamore her lover press,
Nor tear her flaxen locks, nor rend the skies
With keen affliction's agonizing cries;
Nor rail infuriate 'gainst high Heaven's decree,
Not e'en a sigh. — "*Vengeance,*" she cried, "for me!"
When, at the moment Poton from the glade,
Forward inclined to grasp his battered blade,

Her naked arm, that arm of power so dread,
Which with one stroke, had severed when in bed,
The sconce from hoary chief of robber's band,
Clean cut off Poton's all redoubted hand;
That dexter fist, for her so fraught with sin,
Those nerves all hidden 'neath the fingers' skin,
In motion for the last time met the sight;
Since which brave Poton, never more could write.

Handsome La Hire, who beamed with valor's glow,
Now dealt at Poton's conqueror a blow —
A mortal thrust, transpiercing through the heart;
Falling, the straps of the gold helmet part,
Discovering neck of rose and lily's hue,
Nor was there aught concealed her front from view;
Her ample tresses streaming o'er her breast,
Her large blue eyes closed in eternal rest,
Each trait presenting lovely female face,
A form for pleasure framed, replete with grace;
La Hire thus gazing, breathes full many a sigh,
And weeping, wafts this lamentable cry:
" Just Heaven, as vile assassin I appear,
A *black huzzar,* and not a cavalier:[12]
My heart and sword foul infamy display,
Is it permitted thus the fair to slay?"
But Richemont, always ranking wicked wit,
Ever obdurate, cried: " La Hire, this fit,
This fell remorse, has o'er thee too much weight,
She's English, and the evil is not great;

Besides, my gallant friend, she cannot boast
A maiden's name, like Joan of Gallia's host."

While thus indulging in such speech profane,
From arrow's barbed point he felt the pain,
Wounded he turned, still more provoked and dread,
His thrusts both right and left increased the dead:
Foes, rushing torrent-like, surround his form,
Himself, La Hire, and nobles brave the storm,
With soldiers, citizens, all strive their best,
They kill, they fall, pursue, retire, hard pressed;
Of bleeding trunks a mount the sod displays,
And Britons of their dying, ramparts made.

In this all-sanguinary, dreadful fray,
To Dunois the King was heard to say:
"Tell me, in grace, dear bastard, tell me where
From hence is gone the ever-blooming fair?"
"Who?" inquired Dunois — when the good King said:
"Dost thou not know then, whither she is fled?"
"But who? Alas! she vanished from my sight,
Ere we were led by lucky chance last night
To that same fort where Bedford's stores are centred,
And into which, we all, without her — entered."
"Ne'er fear," quoth Joan, "restored she soon shall be."
"Heaven grant," quoth Charles, "that she rest true to me,

For me preserve her." Thus soft phrases citing,
Onward they kept advancing still, and fighting.
At length our hemisphere in night's dun tomb,
Showed cloudy mantle of portentous gloom,
And ended the career, so wondrous new,
Of grand exploits which good Charles meant to do.

While thus escaping from the conflict dread,
The anxious monarch sudden heard it said,
That tender damsels had paced o'er the glade,
Their course directing to a forest's shade;
Amidst the rest, a form divinely fair,
With full eye beaming, and of youthful air;
The smile most tender, skin like satin soft,
To whom there preached a Benedictine oft,
Squires gaily decked, with looks around fierce glancing,
Bold cavaliers upon their palfreys prancing,
All cased in steel, and gold, and ribbons gay,
Such the fair riders tended on their way.
The errant troop had bent its course, I ween,
For palace, which till then, no eye had seen
In this sequestered spot — its ample height
Showing fantastic structure to the sight.

The King surprised, such wonders rare to see,
Cried, "Bonneau, those who love will follow me;
To-morrow with the dawn will I repair
To view the object of love's constant care,
My Agnes; or in death life's glow I'll steep."

He rested little in the arms of sleep,
And when phosphoric beam illumed the gray,
Announcing rosy harbinger of day,
While yet in Heaven, unharnessed were the steeds
That wheel bright Phœbus on to blazing deeds,
The monarch, Dunois, Joan, and eke Bonneau,
Their saddles vaulted with a joyous glow,
In search of this all-sumptuous palace led.
" My grand aim is to find my love," Charles said;
" Soon may we join again the British host,
Her to rejoin, is now what presses most."

END OF CANTO XVI.

NOTES TO CANTO XVI.

[1] Fortunatus, Bishop of Poitiers, a poet, was not, however, the author of the *"Pange Lingua,"* which is attributed to him. The *"Pange Lingua"* is a hymn chanted in the Catholic churches, and during processions, when the Holy Sacrament is exposed to the public.

[2] Saint Bernard, a Burgundian, was born in 1091. He became a Monk of the order of Citeaux, and afterwards Abbott of the Monastery of Clairvaux. Bernard occupied himself in all the public affairs of his time by acting as well as writing.

[3] Saint Augustine, or Austin, was a Roman monk, and despatched by Pope Gregory the First, with forty others of the fraternity, to convert the inhabitants of Britain, in 596. On landing in the Isle of Thanet he made known his mission to King Ethelbert, who assigned Canterbury for the residence of Augustine and his associates, with free permission for the exercise of their functions, the good monarch himself embracing Christianity without ever attempting by force to convert his subjects to his own opinions. Augustine became the first Archbishop of Canterbury, where he died in 604, after which he was canonized.

[4] Alluding to the famous battles of Cressy, Poictiers and Agincourt.

[5] In Exodus XII, 35 and 36, we find it stated that the Jews *"borrowed of the Egyptians jewels of silver and jewels of gold, and raiment. And the Lord gave the people favor in the sight of the Egyptians, so that they lent unto them such things as they required; And they spoiled the Egyptians."* Thou shalt not steal!

[6] Moses, upon his return from the Mount with the Tables of the Commandments, finding that the people had constructed and were worshipping the Golden Calf, testified his dissatisfaction to Aaron for having permitted this disorder during his absence; after which, taking his station at the entrance of the camp, he cried with a loud voice, "Let those approach me who love the Lord," upon which the Tribe of Levi assembled around Moses, who commanded them to take their swords and traverse the camp, killing all they should meet, without sparing either son, brother, kinsman or friend; which order they obeyed with a most praiseworthy zeal, thus slaughtering to the number of twenty-three thousand souls.

[7] Phineas, the son of Eleazar and grandson of Aaron, was the third High Priest of the Jews. Zambri, or Zamri, a prince of the tribe of Simeon, having taken to his tent a Midianitish woman, Phineas, indignant at the act, followed and slew them both; after which were also massacred twenty-four thousand of his fellow-creatures for this most sacrilegious act.

[8] Samuel, the prophet of the tribe of Levi, consecrated Saul King of Israel, but upon the latter sparing the life of Agag, King of the Amalekites, "Samuel hewed Agag into pieces, before the Lord in Gilgal."

[9] Concerning *Judith* of Bethulie, whose history is so well known, we have spoken upon a former occasion.

[10] Basilisk, a most renowned serpent, otherwise called cockatrice, said to inflict death by the glance of its eye, which power we may suppose it to have possessed antecedent to the creation, as no optics have hitherto been able to discern it. For a further account of this wonderful animal, I shall refer my readers to our poet's *"Zadig,"* or the Book of Fate.

[11] Alluding to the convention which took place after the marriage of Henry the Fifth with Catherine, daughter of Charles the Sixth, whereby the Dauphin her brother, after-

wards Charles the Seventh, then eighteen years of age, was excluded from the throne; to which Henry succeeded in right of his wife Catherine, to the complete annihilation of the Salic law.

[12] Alluding to the *Hussards of Death,* as they were termed, who neither gave nor received quarter.

CANTO XVII.

ARGUMENT.

HOW CHARLES THE SEVENTH, AGNES SOREL, JOAN, DUNOIS, LA TRIMOUILLE, ALL BECAME FOOLS.—AND THE MANNER IN WHICH THEY REGAINED THEIR SENSES BY THE EXORCISMS OF THE RIGHT REVEREND FATHER BONIFOUX, THE KING'S CONFESSOR.

Oh! what enchanters does this world display,
Nothing of soft enchantresses to say,
No more fond weaknesses my soul engage,
Of fools, the springtime; error's charming age.
But, in each era, we deceivers find,
Puissant sorcerers enchaining mind;
Bright glory beaming, and in purple dight,
First wafting you 'mid Heaven's all-glowing height,
To plunge you in the abyss and darksome wave,
Your draught fell bitterness, your doom the grave:
Take heed then all, however rich and great,
Nor ever fondle dangerous men of state,
And if some sweet enchantment ye would share,
To greatest kings prefer your witching fair.

Hermaphrodix, for good purpose thought right
To rear this pile enclosing Agnes bright,
To wreak his vengeance on the Gallic lasses,
On valiant cavaliers, on saints, and asses,

Whose modesty enforced by Heavenly rites,
Had braved the power of necromantic flights.

Whoso that entered this abode so fell,
Could not, incontinent, his best friend tell;
His senses, wit, and memory all fled,
Lethean waters, whereof quaff the dead,
Or bad wine swallowed by the living soul,
Condemn him to a far less dire control.

Beneath grand arch of portico right vast,
With heavy modern, and antique o'ercast,
Was seen a brilliant phantom to parade,
Light-footed, and whose eyes bright fire displayed,
In gesture quick, with face now prompt — now
checked,
The mien high raised, and form with tinsel decked;
Unsteady motion ever moved his frame,
This phantom bore *Imagination's* name:
Not that bright goddess who from heavenly dome,
O'er Greece presided, and imperial Rome,
O'er such a host of authors' glowing lays,
Dispensing wide her colors' brilliant rays,
Her glittering diamonds, and immortal flowers,
Whose flights to fame aspired from brilliant powers:
To him who blazed the godlike painter bold,
Who sang Achilles the renowned of old,
And Virgil chronicler of Dido's praise —
Who warmed alike an Ovid's amorous lays;
But that same sprite who common sense abjures,

Flighty, insipid, scared; who fame insures
From crowds of authors, ranging at his side,
By him inspired, who serves them for a guide —
A Scudéry,[1] Desmarets,[2] and Le Moine [3]
His gifts received; such favors too conjoin
To grace new opera, and romancing strain,
And long he exercised imperial reign
O'er pulpit, bar, and the theatric crew.
Close to this pile, *Bombast* the eye might view,
A babbling monster in his arms caressed,
Which the *seraphic doctor* erst expressed,
Deep, subtle, versed in energy's bold page,
Imagination's commentating sage,
Creator of confusion's dire epoch,
Of late producing *Marie à la Coque;* [4]
Around him, bad *bons mots* were seen to flit,
With double meanings, of all fools the wit;
The equivoque, that aims its shaft awry,
The lame enigma with its squinting eye;
Dreams, blunders, presages, in clouds arise,
And nonsense with a host of silly lies:
So near some moldering pile, with dusky coat,
Is seen the bat, and heard the screech-owl's note.
This edifice accursed, howe'er it be,
Constructed was with such dire industry,
That all who entered were anon bereft
Of every ray of reason they had left.

Now scarce had Agnes with her escort passed
The portal's threshold of this palace vast,

Ere she of Bonifoux, confessor grave,
In love became the veriest faithful slave,
In him the cherished monarch met her eyes:
"Oh! thou my hero, and my soul's dear prize,
Just Heaven my prayer accords in sending thee;
Hast thou o'er Britons gained the victory?
Some wound perchance thy person hath received,
Be now with armor's weight by me relieved."
With tenderest care, and with affection true,
Anon she sought to unfrock Bonifoux,
And to his arms her willing frame commending,
With eyes inflamed, and neck towards him bending,
A kiss required, that should be given and ta'en:
What could thy dread, fair Agnes, then restrain?
As seeking chin from hair but lately cleared,
Nought could'st thou feel save tanned and frowsy beard,
Long prickly hairs by comb imperfect dressed!
Away ran confessor by dread oppressed,
The fair forgetting who pursued amain,
Agnes thus finding nothing but disdain,
Her pace redoubled, breathing suppliant cries,
As liquid gems flowed copious from her eyes.

As each amid the vast enclosure sped,
One signing cross, while tears another shed,
Loud sounds were heard and shrieks of dread alarm;
A touching fair, adorned with every charm,
Appeared affrighted, holding close embraced,
The knees of knight with limbs in armor cased,

Whose vile intention was with wrathful blow,
To lay the supplicating beauty low.

Would any credence yield that such a fact,
Of La Trimouille could prove the savage act;
Who would at other times with heart elate,
For Dorothy have braved death's icy state?
Her for the fierce Tyrconnel he mistook,
Though nought resembling, or in trait or look
That Briton fell; while she her knight then sought,
Who thus assailed her with fell fury fraught:
"Object of lasting flame, love's glowing pride,"
His form not knowing, thus aloud she cried:
"Have ye not seen him, who can love impart,
The knight who sways my palpitating heart,
Who hither came, that he might rest with me,
Trimouille so cherished, whither can he be?
Where is he now? wherefore doth he fly?"
The knight of Poitou heard this touching cry,
Unconscious that his mistress breathed her pain;
He thought some ruthless Briton roared war's strain,
Who rushing on him, strove his days to end,
Thus life with sword in hand he would defend,
And toward his Dorothy infuriate hied.
"Soon wilt thou change thy tone," he loudly cried,
"Briton disdainful, arrogant, severe,
Bold Islander, drunk ever with strong beer;
Well it becomes thee now, such speech to frame,
And thus dare menace one of my great name,
I ranking grandson of Poitou's famed race,

Whose feats have hurried hence to Hell's black space
So many valiant sons of Albion's crew,
More generous, bold, and noble far than you;
What! does thine hand refuse the sword to wield,
To what vile terrors does thy bosom yield;
In words the braggart.— coward in the feat,
Albion's Thersites — England's roebuck fleet;
Formed fitly with thy Whigs at home to cry,
Quick, draw thy broadsword, we'll our prowess try;
So then, unsheathe, I say, or even now,
That front I'll scar as the most recreant brow;
Or if thou wilt not that we strive together,
Thy monstrous rump I'll lash with stirrup leather."
At this discourse in fearful wrath expressed,
Pale, fainting, and with fear of death distressed:
"I am no Briton," Dorothy cried out —
"I'm far from such.— How! what art thou about,
Wherefore am I maltreated thus by thee,
Why have I rushed into such jeopardy?
To search for Poitou's knight was my intent,
A helpless female 'tis you thus torment,
Who bathes your noble knee with tears full fraught."
Thus she bespoke him, but her words were nought,
And La Trimouille, whose folly knew no check,
Then strove to seize the fair one by the neck;
The confessor, who in his nimble speed,
Thus sought from Agnes Sorel to be freed,
In running tripped and fell between the pair;
The squire of Poitou strove to grasp his hair,

But finding none, rolled with him on the ground,
The arms of Agnes straight his form surround,
Who on him falling, uttered shrieks of fear,
And sobs that stayed the course of sorrow's tear,
While Dorothy beneath them struggling lay,
In sad disorder, and in torn array.

Just in the middle of this novel fight,
By Bonneau led, King Charles appeared in sight:
With Dunois bold, and Joan, the maid of Fate,
Who just had passed this castle's dreadful gate,
With fond intent his faithful fair to view;
Oh! mighty power, Oh! wonder strange and new;
Scarcely from palfrey had they set foot low,
Scarce had they passed beneath the portico,
When each incontinent was reft of brain.
Of doctors furred in Paris, thus the train,
With arguments replete 'neath bonnets square,
Gravely to Antique Sorbonne all repair;
Resort of strife, Theology's drear cell,
Where disputation and loud uproar dwell;
Whose sacred temple there they deigned uprear,
Which beamy reason never yet went near.
One after t'other comes true reverend wight,
Steady in mind and air to casual sight;
Each when at home a very sage is seen,
Well might he pass for gentle and serene,
A foe to quarrelling and rather mute,
Ne'er yielding to extravagant dispute,

Nay, even some, as long heads might be treated,
Fools only when upon their benches seated.[5]

Charles owning joy and tenderness supreme,
With humid eyes where sparkled ardor's beam,
As throes impetuous his warm heart inflamed,
In tones of languor and of love exclaimed:
" My mistress chaste — my Agnes ever dear,
My paradise, sole source of blessings here,
How often have I lost thy form adored,
To my desires thou art at length restored,
Speak now of love, thy form I clasp, I see
How charming beams that heavenly face on me;
But thou no longer show'st that slender waist,
Which erst by me with ease could be embraced,
Pressing my fingers round thy cestus rare:
What stomach *embonpoint!* — What *derriére!*
Such of our converse tender is the test,
Pregnant is Agnes, I shall soon be blessed
With lovely bastard, who for us will fight,
I here must graft, 'mid transports of delight,
This dawning fruit impregnated by me,
E'en now upon its tender parent tree;
Love so ordains it, for the feat I'm wild,
To rush before this sweet expected child."

To whom breathed thus the monarch's glowing
strain?
To whom addressed he this pathetic vein?
Who had he thus within embrace so glowing?

'Twas our fat Bonneau — dusty, sweating, blowing;
'Twas Bonneau; man to earthly scenes allied,
Soul ne'er possessed, so deadly stupefied;
Charles, by an ardent passion hotly pressed,
With nervous arms his courtier huge caressed
Down threw him, and our Bonneau ponderous fell
Upon the troop that scattered lay, pell-mell;
Which feeling with the shock, his cumbrous load,
What yells, good Heaven, then filled the vast abode;
The confessor with germ of sense now graced,
His paunch so corpulent precisely placed,
Agnes above, and Dorothy below,
He rose — then ran as fast as he could go.

While scarcely breathing, Bonneau panting sped.
Seized by a fit Trimouille just then was led,
To think his arms sweet Dorothy embraced,
And Bonneau's steps, thus crying out, he chased:
"Restore my heart, thou hangman — life restore,
Stop, hear my speech,"— nor words he uttered more;
But with huge sabre dealt on back rude stroke.
Bonneau then galled by breastplate's ponderous yoke,
Resembling too the massive weight he bore,
Emitted as from forge tremendous roar,
Just as when battering hammer loud resounds;
Fear hastened of his course the unsteady bounds.
Joan thus beholding Bonneau at full trot,
And the dire strokes he from assailant got;

Joan in her helm and armor bright arrayed,
Followed Trimouille and with good interest paid
All that on kingly confidant was poured.
Dunois of gallant knights puissant lord,
This dire attempt on life could never see,
Of La Trimouille, his friend in chivalry;
For him it was the destiny to fight,
He knew it; but the maid was to his sight,
A Briton fierce, for blows he 'gan to burn;
Her then he banged, while she thrashed him in turn,
As Poitou's knight spurred on, with blows
distressed
Poor Bonneau's hide, with weight of fat oppressed.

The worthy Charles amid this din and quarrel,
In Bonneau still thought he saw Agnes Sorel,
For monarch this the destiny how dire,
For lover warmed by lover's tenderest fire;
No foe his ardent bosom could affright,
Against an army now prepared to fight.
These warriors coursing Bonneau's rear amain,
As bloody ravishers by Charles were ta'en;
On Dunois, straight he fell with sword in hand,
Round wheeled the bastard to oppose his brand,
And on his visor dealt tremendous blow;
Did he Gaul's monarch in opponent know,
Himself he would regard with horror's eye,
Struck with remorse and shame he'd wish to die;
His sword alike the warrior Joan assailed,
Whose glave puissant to requite ne'er failed,

And the bold bastard who no terrors knew,
At once belabored king and mistress too,
Now right now left his direful weapon wheels,
And round their heads the rattling tempest peals.
Stop, charming Dunois — stop all-conquering Joan,
What tears, what fell regrets your breasts will own,
When ye shall learn who thus your arms assailed,
Who 'twas attacked and o'er whom ye prevailed.

The knight of Poitou in this dread alarm,
Let fall from time to time his doughty arm
Assaulting beauties of the warrior maid;
Friend Bonneau followed not this soldier's trade,
His thick head than the rest less trouble felt,
All he received but never one blow dealt,
As running, Bonifoux impelled by dread,
Maintained the van and thus the cohort led.
The whirlwind on our wildest rage entailed,
All against all, assailants and assailed,
Beating and beaten each in skirmish vile,
Crying and bawling traversed the vast pile;
In tears sweet Agnes; Dorothy, fear-chilled,
Screamed out for help, "My throat is cut, I'm killed,"
While the confessor fraught with contrite deed,
Still of the strange procession took the lead.

Sudden at lattice he on high descried,
This mansion's lord, arrayed in hellish pride;
Hermaphrodix, whose glance was gay to see

Gaul's sons tormented with barbarity.
With laughter bursting, either side he pressed;
At this good Bonifoux then stood confessed
The fatal mystery of this empire fell,
Who quick pronounced it was the work of hell;
A ray of reason beamed through magic foul,
His tonsure vast, his long and ample cowl [6]
Had served as cuirass to protect his brain,
Wherefore he recollection could retain
How Bonneau, after mode antique and good,
So wisely by forefathers understood,
In pouch would carry, ne'er to be in fault,
Cloves, nutmeg, pepper, cinnamon, and salt;
Our Bonifoux had always book of mass,
Who straight perceived a fountain clear as glass,
Whither with salt he sped, and lore full fraught,
Resolved the foul fiend should by him be caught;
Anon he 'gan mysterious rite so rare,
And muttered low, the imps of sin to scare
With look demure: "*Sanctum Catholicam,*
Papam, Romam, Benedictum Aquam."
In Bonneau's cup the holy water placed,
Thus armed by Heaven he onwards cunning paced,
And ere the fiend guessed what was to be done,
Sprinkled of Alix, the hobgoblin son.

The burning floods of Styx had less control
In pagan times o'er every damned soul.
His thick-tanned hide glowed o'er with many a
spark,

A cloud all smoky, dense, and lowering dark
The lord enveloped, and his palace too,
Our band bewildering in night's darkest hue.
Still running, each in shades the other sought;
Just then the palace faded into nought,
With combat ceased mistakes and errors too,
They saw aright, their friends each other knew,
And every brain resumed its wonted place;
Thus to each hero a short second's space,
Restored the little sense some moments lost.
Folly alas! or wisdom to our cost
We find in this our poor terrestrial state,
Are held as nothing by o'erruling fate,
Whoso could see and not own pleasure's sway,
As knights at feet of monk in black array,
Bestow their blessings, chanted litanies,
And pardon craved for all their fooleries.
O! La Trimouille, and you, O royal lover,
Your raptures, who can paint, what brain discover:
These words alone were heard to rend the air —
"My all, my king!" "My Agnes chastely fair!"
"'Tis you!" "'Tis thou!" "Sweet moments, hours
of bliss!"
Embracing then — and then the tender kiss;
Questions by hundreds, and in haste replies;
Faulty their tongues in uttering thoughts that rise;
The monk aloof and with paternal glance,
Muttered his prayers, and eyed them all askance.
The handsome bastard and fair maiden blessed,
In modest terms their tenderness expressed;

And the companion of their loves so rare,
Raising the head as well as voice in air,
Discordant octave thundering, space was torn,
His throat thus issuing strain from lecher's horn;
At this rare braying, Heaven's loud chanticleer —
All was dismay and Nature shrunk with fear
Quite horror-struck, as Joan beheld amazed,
The magic bastions of this palace razed,
A hundred brazen gates and towers of steel.
Thus anciently to serve Hebraic weal,
When word was given for trumpets loud to blow,
Down instant fell the walls of Jericho,
To powder crumbled, lo! with the earth they lie,
For such rare doings now, the time's gone by.

The palace then, with brilliant gold enchased,
Sublime in structure and by sin debased,
Became an ample monastery soon;
Changed was the chapel into grand saloon;
The boudoir, where this mighty lord of crimes
Wallowed as passion's slave, in former times
Was changed into a sanctuary straight;
The potent order was, of ruling fate
That hall of banqueting unchanged should be,
Thenceforth entitled, the Refectory,
There are the viands blessed and rosy wine.
Joan's heart aspiring towards the saints benign,
On Orleans bent, on Rheims and Coronation,
To Dunois spoke: " Blessed is each operation,
As well in love, as great designs 'gainst evil;

Now we have hope; I'm certain that the Devil
Has done his worst, nor can he now do more."
Yet speaking thus, Joan was mistaken sore.

END OF CANTO XVII.

NOTES TO CANTO XVII.

[1] Magdalen de Scudéry was born at Havre de Grace in 1607, and became an author from necessity. She possessed a liveliness of wit, a countenance extremely deformed, while the quantity of romances wherewith she inundated the press, caused her to be noticed in all the literary circles, those labors being denominated by the satirical Despreaux, *La boutique de verbiage.* Madame Scudéry's correspondence with the leading literary characters of Europe was very extensive, and she was a member of the academy *Ricovrati* of Padua, where she received the surname of Sappho. She died at Paris in 1701, aged ninety-four. In the above line, Voltaire means to attack her epic poem *"Alaric."*

[2] Jean Desmarets de St. Sorlin was born in 1595, and became one of the first members of the French Academy. Cardinal Richelieu named him Comptroller-General Extraordinary of the War Department, and Secretary-General of Marine of the East Indies. He died at Paris in his eighty-first year.

[3] Peter Le Moine was a native of Chaumont in Bassigni, born in 1602. He entered the company of the Jesuits, and is generally known by his poetical efforts.

[4] Marie à la Coque of the Incarnation was a celebrated nun of the order of Ursulines, named Marie Guyert, who was born at Tours, in 1599. After the death of her husband she entered the convent at the age of thirty-two, and composed for the novices a book entitled "The Christian School." In 1639 she went to Quebec, and there established a convent of her order which she governed with a great degree of wisdom and prudence, and her printed works

occupy several volumes. This lady, who was afterwards elevated to the dignity of a saint, is reported to have had very extraordinary visions, and been honored by signal favors from heaven; as among other things, it was stated by her adherents, that Christ visited her every night; and upon one of these occasions (so says Monsieur Languet) He took Marie's heart and placed it within His own, where, after burning the same for one hour in this brazier of celestial love, He replaced it in her body, saying: "Marie, in remembrance of the grace which I have just accorded thee, thou wilt experience pains at every new moon, with colics and swellings, wherefore to avert such accidents it will be necessary that thou shouldst lose some blood."

[5] These are some of the questions proposed by the Sorbonnic community, and the points upon which they argued. First—If Adam had or had not a navel. Second—If the apple whereof he ate in Eden was a pippin or a golden rennet. Third — If it is requisite to believe that Tobit's dog wagged his tail; and fourthly, Whether the Son of God could have metamorphosed himself into the form of a cow? Notwithstanding all this, it must be allowed, that in speaking of these theologians and casuist doctors, Voltaire only portrays them as *non compos mentis* when convened for the purposes of disputation, allowing that once divested of their robes and square caps, they were wont to conduct themselves in every respect like other social and reasonable beings.

[6] Of the priestly tonsure we have spoken upon a former occasion, and with respect to the cowl, it consists of a piece of woollen stuff, suspended from the nape of the neck, and destined to cover all the stock of science contained in a monkish sconce; yet, however trifling may appear this small appendage to the monastic garb, it nevertheless gave rise in ancient times to the most furious disputes between the Cordeliers, whose order was in consequence divided into two factions, named the Spiritual Brothers, and those of the Community, the one maintaining that the cowl

ought to be narrow, and the other wide in its dimensions, which knotty point occupied a century of disputation, and was with infinite difficulty terminated by the bulls of four popes, viz., Nicholas the Fourth, Clement the Fifth, John the Twenty-second, and Benet the Twelfth, during which period some hundreds of its wearers suffered at the stake for the maintenance of their respective opinions. To the cowl, we might add the sleeves of the Augustine Monks and the Feuillant Brothers, which created infinite trouble, as appears in the annals of ecclesiastical history.

CANTO XVIII.

ARGUMENT.

DISGRACE OF CHARLES AND HIS GOLDEN TROOP.

I KNOW not in this world's historic page,
Nor hero, man of wealth or even sage,
Prophet or Christian, ranking faith his forte,
Who has not of some rascal been the sport,
Or now 'tis jealousy that scowls on merit,
Or else the workings of an evil spirit.

Thus Providence at all times put to trials
Good monarch Charles by unforeseen denials;
Sadly from cradle was he reared in sooth,
Pursued by the Burgundian from his youth;[1]
By sire deprived of rights, he felt distress;
The Parliament Parisian, near Gonesse,
Tutor of Kings, adjourned their pupils there,
And bound on English brow Gaul's lily rare.
Of mass and weal deprived, he'd errant stray,
And scarcely ever would prolong his stay
At one fixed spot. Friend, mistress, uncle, mother,[2]
Always by one betrayed or else the other.
An English page partakes his Agnes' smiles;
Hell sends Hermaphrodix with fateful wiles,

Dire magic spells to turn his store of brains:
On every side he shuns misfortune's banes,
Yet suffers all to Heaven's decree resigned,
Thus fate forgives his sins, humanely kind.

Alert and brave of lovers was the escort,
Far journeying then from that bewitching fort,
Where Beelzebub caused senses all to veer,
Of Bonneau, Agnes, and each cavalier;
By skirts of sombre forest rode each knight,
Which by the name of Orleans since is hight.
Tithonus' spouse had scarcely risen so high,
To mingle matin gleams with night's drear dye,
When from afar are seen some sergeants there,
With short-cut aprons and in bonnets square,
On corselet half way down, the eye might see,
Quartered with powdered lilies, leopards three:
Halting, the monarch then with care surveyed
A troop, that squatting near the forest laid;
Some paces onward moved Dunois and Joan.
Agnes, whose bosom throbbed with love alone,
Charles thus bespoke: "Let's go, let's fly, my sire!"
Joan onward sped still nearer to inquire,
And saw a wretched troop in couples bound,
With fronts abashed and eyes enchained to ground.
"Alas! some knights I view," quoth heroine beauty,
"Who captives are, and therefore 'tis our duty,
From bondage straight to free this faithful train;
Come, Bastard, come; and let's anon make plain
What Dunois is, and Joan of Arc the maid."

With lance in rest, these words were quick obeyed;
Rushing on troop that guarded heroes true,
Joan's aspect fierce no sooner struck their view,
With dauntless Dunois, and still more the ass,
Than with light steps scoured nimbly o'er the grass,
These would-be brave, like hares that timid glide;
Joan instant owned transporting flush of pride,
And thus extolled outright the hand-cuffed train —
Bold knights that drooped, oppressed by Albion's chain:
"Your monarch thank who saves ye from this thrall,
His hand salute, then follow one and all,
And vengeance wreak on Briton's stubborn band."
The troop though thus addressed with offer bland,
With eyes bent low a sullen air proclaimed;
Impatient reader, would you have them named,
Would you inquire what was this noble crew,
By Joan impelled such valiant feats to do?
These knights were wretches framed to grace the cord,
Who reaped in Paris, for deserts, reward,
Marching on back of Amphitrite to row,[3]
Whose trappings formed were their old trade to show;
Good Charles the pitying sigh could not control:
"Alas!" said he, "these objects in my soul
Have deep implanted the keen shaft of pain;
What! shall the Britons in my empire reign?
'Tis their decrees my subjects now obey,
For them alone the multitude must pray;

Their fiat every cruel edict rallies,
Thus doomed, poor souls, from Paris go to
galleys."
Charles, who compassion's thrill could not restrain,
Moved courteous toward the leader of this train,
Who at the front appeared of cavalcade;
No scoundrel better could depict his trade;
His long chin shaded by a beard uncouth,
His rolling glance, more lying than his mouth,
To earth directed with ambiguous squint;
His red joined eyebrows, full of cunning's dint
Were indexes of fell deceit and fraud,
Abuse and boldness stamped his forehead broad;
Remorse and laws despised no duty bound,
Foam dewed his mouth, as teeth he constant ground.

The sycophant beholding thus his prince,
Seemed humbly his devotion to evince,
Bent low his gaze, then softened and composed
That visage, which his haggard crimes disclosed:
Just so the mastiff that with daring gaze,
Its thirst of blood with sudden growl betrays,
Which master viewing fawns about him gay,
And licks his hand discoursing in this way,
Lolling for bread, carnivorous thoughts asleep,
As sweetly docile as the harmless sheep:
Or such as to our mental eyes portrayed
The Dæmon 'scaping from Tartarian shade,
Alike concealing talons and the tail,
With false mien striving o'er us to prevail,

In whom yon Anchoret fresh cropped we greet,
Better to tempt Nun Rose, or maid discreet.

By artful felon thus, Gaul's monarch cheated,
With kind commiseration then was greeted;
Such converse affable all fears allayed:
"Tell me," quoth Charles, "poor devil, what's thy trade,
Thy name, thy birthplace, and for what foul deed,
The Châtelet has indulgently decreed [4]
That thou henceforth shouldst row on Provence' main?"
Whereto the culprit thus made known his pain:
"All-bounteous Sire, who heed'st the sufferer's cry,
My name is Fréron, and of Nantes am I,
I love the Lord with ardor nought can smother,
For certain time I ranked a convent's brother;
Their morals as of old my mind retains,
To save young children I took wondrous pains;
Passed were my days in virtue's pure intents,
'Neath charnel house yclept of Innocents: [5]
Of my rare genius, Paris saw the feats,
Dearly to Lambert I sold all my sheets;
Full well I'm known in Maubert's famous square,
And justice above all was done me there;
Some who devotion lacked gave truth dread shock,
Reproaching me with vices of the frock,
With mundane sins — swindling to theft allied —
But I have always conscience on my side."

The monarch heard with pity all he said;
"Console thyself," he cried, "and nothing dread.
Now tell me, friend, if comrades who with thee,
For Marseilles speeding on like embassy,
Were all as thou art, good and honest race?"
"Ah!" Fréron cried, "I swear by christian grace,
As for myself — for each I'll answer bold,
Since every one is cast in self-same mould.
The Abbé Guyon marching at my side,
Is worthy love, that cannot be denied;
To him no mischief-making lies pertain,
Ne'er vile, nor dealing out detraction's strain.
Brave Master Chaumeix 'neath his visage low,[6]
A proud heart bears fraught with audacious glow,
For doctrine too, he'd suffer whipping sound;
There's famous Gauchat, who might well confound
Jew rabbis all — on text and note, rare chief.
See yonder advocate without a brief,
Who left for heavenly bliss the wrangling bar,
That Sabatier, than honey sweeter far:[7]
Ah! choicest wit! saint, priest, and tender heart;
'Tis true he played his master trait'rous part
But void of malice, little gleaned from coffer:
He sold his faith to him who most would offer,[8]
He trafficked, just like me, in libel writs;
And where's the harm? We live but by our wits,
Employ us, and we all will faithful be.
Laurels and glory in these times we see
Have come to authors e'en of charnel houses;
Our great success vile envy's wrath arouses,

Of scribes, of heroes, such the fate we view,
Of brilliant wits, and devotees a crew,
Since virtue ever was lampooned, poor thing.
Who knows this better than my noble king?"

While breathing thus his soft seductive lays,
Two melancholy forms met Charles's gaze,
Whose hands concealed huge fronts: the monarch cried,
"Name those so bashful doomed to stem the tide."

"You there behold," quoth scribe of weekly sheet,[9]
"Two, the most virtuous and the most discreet
Of those condemned on wave to tug the oar;
Fantin is one, preaching too great his lore,
Humble with them — to small folks *debonnaire,*
His piety the living chose to spare,
And store of goodly deeds at once to hide,
Those he confessed and robbed, just as they died.
The other's Grizel, who young nuns directed,[10]
Who secret favors of his flock neglected,
But sagely piled up hoards for Heaven above,
His soul replete with pure and saintly love
The pelf despised, yet owned of fear the thrall,
Lest to ungodly hands the gold should fall.

"As for the noble wight you see in rear,
He's my support, La Beaumelle ever dear;[11]
Of scoundrels ten, who sold their wits to me
Though vilest, yet most faithful found, was he:

Absent in mind, yet sometimes 'tis averred,
When to support the Christian tenets spurred,
He, for his own, a neighbor's purse mistook;
Besides, you find such wisdom in his book,
For feeble wits, he also knows so well,
How dangerous 'tis the naked truth to tell,
That light, deceptive is, to foolish eyes,
Which thus are hoodwinked; wherefore scribe so wise,
So horrible, beholding her to sight,
Resolved he never would her themes indite:
For me, I here aver, most gracious sire,
In you I see a hero I admire;
This, from my pen posterity shall learn,
Save those whom calumny would make you spurn,
And with her breath pestiferous blacken o'er;
From nets of impious men the good restore:
Avenge us, save us, pay us; and outright,
Honor of Fréron: — we for you will write."

From him, pathetic speech applauding burst
For Salic law; the British race he cursed,
Proving that soon without war's slaughtering ill,
The state he'd rescue with a goose's quill.
Sage Charles admired this doctrine so profound,
Dispensing sweetest smiles on all around,
And with compassion too assurance gave,
That each might thenceforth his protection crave.
Agnes, who heard this touching interview,
Felt tenderest sympathy her soul imbue.

Her heart was good: the fair to love resigned,
To gentleness is ever more inclined
Than heroine or belle to prudery prone:
"My king," quoth she, "this day you needs must own,
Propitious proves to this most wretched race,
Since on contemplating your royal face
Bliss they enjoy, and broken are their chains;
Yours is a front where grace celestial reigns;
Of legal men, how daring is the band,
For masters acting who usurp your land.
'Tis thee, my love, they should alone obey,
They're pedants all in judges' false array;
I've seen the race of these same inkstand heroes,
Who for the good of kings are tutoring Neroes,
Proud race and tryants vile, in sable dight,
Who revenues of pupil thieve outright;
Before them citing him with daring frown,
And gravely confiscating thus his crown: [12]
These worthy people crouching at your knee,
Like you are treated by their bold decree,
Protect them all; yours is a common cause,
Avenge their wrongs, proscribed by self-same laws."

This tender speech touched deep the monarch's mind,
His soul to clemency's bright thrill inclined.
The heart of Joan by feeling ne'er unstrung,
To Charles maintained that each one should be hung,
That Fréron, and all those of such a trade,

Were but to ornament the gallows made.
Dunois on wisdom more profoundly bent,
Thus spoke, as able soldier, mind's intent:
" We oft lack troops," quoth he, " in war's alarms
We stand in need of backs, of legs, and arms;
These fellows have them: in adventures fell,
Assaults, long marches, combatings, pell-mell,
We little stand in need of such as write,
Enlist them all, and by to-morrow's light,
Instead of oar let each a musket bear;
Paper to daub in city was their care,
Let them prove useful now on battle plain."
The monarch relished well great Dunois' strain,
As at his knees appeared this worthy crew,
Sighing and bathing them with sorrow's dew;
To pent-house of the fort they went enrolled,
Where Agnes, Charles, and all his Troop of Gold,
The dinner o'er, delicious evening spent,
With Bonneau, Agnes on good deeds intent,
Took heed that each should share of food a hoard,
The ample refuse of the royal board.

Charles at the supper having gaily fed,
Anon with Agnes hied him to his bed;
When each awakening, from the couch arose,
Surprised were seen, no doublet, gown, nor clothes,
For ruffles, Agnes vainly turned the eye,
Her necklace boasting pearls of yellow dye,
Portrait of royal love she found no more.
Fat Bonneau, treasurer of all the store,

In narrow purse (sure gold was ne'er kept faster)
No longer found the treasures of his master.
Clothes, vessels, linen, vanished to a rag,
The scrawling cohort 'neath the unfurled flag
Of Nantes famed gazetteer — with zealous pain,
Had during night performed legerdemain;
Easing of equipage thus light their sire,
Sham warriors these, when true ones with real fire,
As Plato says, no luxury e'er needed.
To 'scape secure through by-ways they proceeded,
And at the pot-house then divided spoil,
Where written, they produced with sagest toil,
Of Christian moral treatises, the treasure,
Upon contempt of wealth and mundane pleasure.
'Twas proved as brothers, men were all allied,
Born equal, and all good things to divide;
And miseries too, dispensed from Heaven above,
Living in common, to share social love.
This saintly book, which since has met our eyes,
Contains a commentary, wondrous wise
To tutor and direct the heart and mind,
With preface, and to reader, counsel kind.

With dread assailed, the troop of clement sire
Became alike a prey to troubles dire,
O'er plain, through wood, the band they strove to trace,
As good Phineas erst the prince of Thrace:
Eneas, too, renowned for pious mind,
Who quite aghast with fright, betrayed short wind,

When to their very teeth, just at midday,
The glutton harpies, ravenous for their prey,
From caverns rushing, borne on outstretched wings,
Pouncing devoured the dinner of these kings.

Timid was Agnes, Dorothy in grief;
To veil their charms appeared no kind relief,
While Treasurer so loud roared out his pain,
From peals of laughter they could not refrain.
"Ah!" Bonneau cried, "a loss so great before,
We ne'er experienced amid combat's roar;
The rascals have ta'en all — I die with grief;
Why did my king accord them kind relief?
Such is the recompense indulgence gains,
'Tis thus we're paid by men of brilliant brains."
Agnes commiserating, Agnes kind;
Forever courteous, always bland of mind,
Anon replied: "My dear and fat Bonneau,
'Fore Heaven take heed, nor let this ill-starred blow,
With new disgust inspire you 'gainst these men,
Who wield of authors the prolific pen.
Good writers have I known, of that I'm sure,
Possessing hearts just like their hands as pure;
Who, without robbing, love their master dear,
Doing all good, nor suffering soul to hear;
Lauding bright virtue, or in prose or verse,
Her feats in acting, abler to rehearse;
Fruit of their labors is the public weal,
As pleasures soft, the weight from labors steal,
They touch the heart, ears own the dulcet sound,

Cherished are they, and if Frelons are found
In this our era, bees alike abound."
"Alas!" quoth Bonneau, "what care I for these,
Such trifles vain, your Frelons and your bees,[13]
'Tis meet we dine, and I my purse have lost."
Each now essayed to calm his temper crossed,
Like heroes to all hardships fell inured,
Prepared to soften all the ills endured;
Sole remedy no doubt, in such disgrace,
Was safely to regain anon the place
Well stocked with magazines of Charles benign,
And amply stored with tons of rosy wine.
Our gallant cavaliers but half equipped,
And fair ones, too, of richest vestments stripped,
Weary and scant arrayed, rode Fort to view,
One foot half clad, the other void of shoe.

END OF CANTO XVIII.

NOTES TO CANTO XVIII.

[1] Meaning the Duke of Burgundy, one of the most potent princes in Europe, who caused the Duke of Orleans to be assassinated, which crime was amply avenged by our good King Charles, at that period Dauphin of France, who at the Bridge of Montereau, under the feigned appearance of an amicable interview, caused the Duke of Burgundy to be stabbed; an event which occurred in 1419.

[2] Isabella of Bavaria, mother of Charles the Seventh, was one of his most inveterate persecutors, leaguing against him with the son and heir of the Duke of Burgundy, who so far fomented the hatred of the Queen against the Dauphin, her son, that she exerted all the power she possessed over the weak mind of her husband, Charles the Sixth; in consequence of which, the treaty of peace with England was signed, Princess Catherine affianced to Henry the Fifth, the right of the Dauphin's succession to the crown publicly proclaimed invalid, and a regular act signed by the King to that effect.

[3] Voltaire here designates the Ocean under the name of Amphitrite the spouse of Neptune, upon whose billows are condemned to toil that class of culprits doomed to the galleys.

[4] In a very ancient edifice called the *Châtelet,* used as a prison, where formerly united all the jurisdictions of Paris: it was there that culprits were tried and sentence pronounced in all civil as well as criminal cases.

[5] There was in the fifteenth century a writer of this name, who produced his periodical sheets at the Charnel Houses of the *Saints Innocents.* This individual performed some slippery tricks, for which he was several

times confined in the prisons of the *Châtelet, Bicêtre,* and *Fort L'Évêque.* He had been for a certain period a monk, but was driven away from his convent; after which he succeeded well in the mode of life he adopted, namely, that of author. He was originally a native of Nantes, and exercised at Paris the function of a satirical gazetteer. Voltaire here satirizes a contemporary writer of the same name.

[6] Abraham Chaumeix, born at Orleans in 1713. He made rapid progress in literature, and at forty he wrote against the Encyclopædia and M. de Voltaire.

[7] Sabatier, author of two dictionaries, containing the *pour* and the *contre;* was a most daring calumniator. He betrayed his employer, M. Le Comte de L———, and for this ingratitude was driven away in a manner the most disgraceful, the poignant effects of which he experienced for a considerable length of time.

[8] There be poets, who, altogether unmindful of former flights and of former opinions, coincide with Fréron and affirm that men should live by their wits *coute qui coute,* and who for the sake of a butt of sack, an annual stipend, and the enviable title of a Laureate will compose birthday and New Year's odes, as the drudging shoemaker executes the order of his employer for which he is to be paid.

[9] Fréron produced a weekly sheet wherein he sometimes hazarded little untruths, calumnies, and injuries, for which he was legally pursued, as we have already stated.

[10] This is another prophecy, as all Paris knows one Abbé Grisel, famous director of women of quality, who dissipated in secret debaucheries the sums of money swindled from his devotees, and which were deposited in his hands for the purpose of rendering assistance to the poor and the unfortunate. It might have been as well had our poet stated something respecting the Abbé la Coste, condemned to be branded upon the shoulder with a burning iron, as well as to perpetual hard labor as a galley-slave, in the year 1759

for having committed many forgeries. This same Abbé la Coste was a fellow laborer with Fréron in his work entitled *"Année Littéraire."*

[11] La Beaumelle, sometime preacher at Geneva, afterwards preceptor at the mansion of Monsieur le Boisi, then took refuge at Copenhagen, from whence, being expelled, he repaired to Gotha, at which place a lady's toilette being stripped of its lace, he fled from thence with the chambermaid who had been guilty of the theft, a fact perfectly well known to all the Court of Gotha. He was twice imprisoned in dungeons at Paris, and subsequently banished. La Beaumelle is the author of a poor work entitled *"Mes Pensées,"* wherein he lavishes abuse against the major portion of personages high in office. It is this same individual who adulterated the letters of Madame de Maintenon, and caused them to be printed with the most scandalous and defamatory notes; he also published at Frankfort the "Age of Louis XIV." in four volumes, which he falsified and burdened with annotations, not only disgusting on account of their ignorance, but rendered punishable by law for the calumnies which they disseminated against the royal family and the most illustrious houses of France. All the above cited persons produced slanderous volumes against the poet who thus deigns to usher them into publicity.

[12] On the third of January, 1420, the act of banishment in case of non-appearance within three days was proclaimed by sound of trumpet at the Marble Table against Charles the Seventh, then Dauphin, by order of Desmarets, solicitor-general of his father, Charles the Sixth, for the alleged murder of the Duke of Burgundy, which act had been committed at the instigation of the Dauphin.

[13] *Frelon* is intended as a *jeu d'esprit* upon the name of Fréron, and signifies a Hornet, famous only for the venom of its sting, and an instinctive predilection for plundering honey from the hive of the industrious bees.

CANTO XIX.

ARGUMENT.

DEATH OF THE BRAVE AND TENDER TRIMOUILLE AND OF THE CHARMING DOROTHY.—THE OBDURATE TYRCONNEL BECOMES A MONK OF THE ORDER OF CHARTREUX.

O DIREFUL War, of Death the sister dread,
The cut-throat's right—or Hero's as 'tis said;
Thou monster bloody from the loins derived
Of Atropos; — how have thy crimes deprived
This earth of souls. 'Tis thou inspirest those fears
Wide-spreading devastation, blood, and tears.
But when the pangs of gentle love combine
With those of Mars — ah! when the hand benign
Of lovers kind, by favors quite subdued,
With stream from heart adored becomes imbrued,
And that her breath to save, he'd life lay low,
As ill-directed dagger deals the blow,
Piercing that bosom, glowing lips so oft
Have sealed with love's ecstatic transports soft;
Thus seeing closed on light of radiant day,
Those eyes that erst beamed naught but love's pure ray;
A scene like this more terror far imparts,
To bosoms blessed with sympathetic hearts,

Than hosts of warriors, earning mundane doom,
By monarchs fee'd to gallop to the tomb.

Charles thus encircled by his royal train,
The fatal gift of reason had reta'en,
(That gift accursed which men so loudly boast)
But to seek combats 'mid opposing host;
To city's bulwarks now they wend their way,
This castellated pile their surest stay,
Wherein of Mars the magazines were stored
Of glittering lances, pointed spears a hoard,
And cannon cast by Hell's infernal spite,
To hurl us headlong to the realms of night;
In distance turrets greeted now their view,
Fast trotting thither Knights their course pursue,
Replete with hope and warmed by valor's glow;
But La Trimouille, in whom the chief we know
Of Poitou's knights, and lover the most kind,
Now slowly ambling with his fair behind,
And of his flame conversing on the way,
Thus from the path direct was led astray.
In valley watered by a limpid flood,
Deeply embosomed in a cypress wood,
By nature reared in pyramidic form,
Whose tops a century had braved the storm,
Was seen a cave where oft the Naiads fair
And the Sylvani tasted cooling air,
A crystal stream, which subterranean strayed,
There forming sheet where twenty cascades played,
Near which was spread a carpet ever green:

The wild thyme there, and balmy mint were seen,
The fragrant jonquil, and the jasmine white,
Seemed all the neighboring shepherds to invite;
Whispering: "Upon this couch of love recline."
Our youth of Poitou heard the call benign
From heart's recess, sweet Zephyr's sighs engage —
The time, the place, his tenderness, his age,
But more than all his charmer fanned the fire.
Their steeds they left, both glowing with desire,
And side by side on turf their transports lulled,
As now sweet flowers, now kisses rich they culled.
Venus and Mars regarding from above,
Objects ne'er saw more worthy of their love;
From forest's deep recesses, echoed round
Of gazing wood nymphs the applauding sound.
The sparrows, pigeons too, linked in warm fetter,
Example took, and learned to love the better.

In this same wood, a chapel's structure rose,
Sacred to such as in death's arms repose;
Whither foregoing eve, to grave was borne
The corpse of Chandos, from earth's region torn;
Two parish clerks in surplices all white,
Of *De profundis* long rehearsed the rite;
To this sad service, Paul Tyrconnel sped,
Not from a taste for pure devotion led,
But through attachment for departed knight;
Brother he ranked of Chandos, bold in fight,
Haughty like him, debauched and void of fear;
Stranger to love, nor ever shedding tear,

He still for Chandos cherished friendship's germ,
And in his wrath to this incitement firm,
Swore by just Heaven his vengeance should be wrought,
More spurred by passion than with pity fraught.

He through the corner of a casement spied
The palfreys 'twain then grazing side by side;
Toward them he moves: they kicking hied away,
Direct to fountain where our lovers lay
Yielding in secret to the soft control,
Themselves excepted — seeing not a soul.
Bold Paul Tyrconnel, whose inhuman mind
To neighbor's pleasures ever proved unkind,
Grinding his teeth, exclaimed: "Ye souls most vile,
'Tis thus then, ye with transports base must defile
A hero's tomb — insulting his remains,
Refuse of courts, which nothing pure retains,
Base foes, when some brave Briton yields to fate,
'Tis thus the rare event ye celebrate;
To outrage his loved manes you presume,
And act your wanton frolics on his tomb.
Speak recreant knight, in thee do I behold,
Made for a court — by softest spells enrolled,
The man whose weak arm — chance — directed gave
Death to the bravest warrior of the brave?
What, no reply, and ogling still the fair,
No shame thou feel'st, thy heart can nothing dare?"

To this address Trimouille at length replied:
" No sword of mine with his life's blood was dyed,
Heaven that conducts all heroes to renown,
Can, as it lists, accord the victor's crown;
'Gainst Chandos I with honor strove to shine,
Fate willed a hand more fortunate than mine
Should seal on plain of Mars its dread decree,
And there cut short at once his destiny,
Thus I perhaps, ere morning's ray we view,
May punish in my turn, some Briton too."

As freshening breezes which in murmurs creep,
And whistling ruffle surface of the deep,
Swell high their roar, and wrecking barks on strand,
Spread horror o'er the surface of the land;
So fierce Tyrconnel and Trimouille in rage,
Prepared in direful duel to engage.
Urged by these terms of wrath and menace dread,
Of cuirass each bereft, nor helm on head,
The Poitou knight upon the flowery glade,
Had near his charming fair of Milan laid
Lance, morion, breastplate, glave, his limbs to free
And trappings all the more at ease to be.
Who in amours requires a ponderous blade?
Tyrconnel always marched in armor 'rayed,
But he within illumined fane had placed
His polished cuirass — helm with gold enchased
In charge of squire — with costly brassets too,
The shoulder-belt alone appeared in view
Appendant, bearing his broad glittering brand;

He drew it — La Trimouille was quick at hand,
Prepared the brutal Islander to brave,
Springing with lightsome bound, he grasped his glave;
Then waved it high with choler boiling o'er,
Crying: "Thou monster cruel, list my lore,
What merit thy deserts, thou soon shalt feel,
Cut-throat, that in hypocrisy can deal;
Thus coming with impertinence in view
Of lovers to molest the *rendezvous!*"
So speaking, on the Briton bold he burst.
In Phrygia, Menelaus and Hector erst
Roared menaces and dealt death-dooming blow,
'Fore Helen guilty, and o'er-fraught with woe.

From cave, air, sky, and forest echoes rose,
Responsive to sad Dorothea's woes,
Love never with such thrills her breast had fired,
Nor had she felt her tender heart inspired
With equal pain: — what, on the very green,
Of pure voluptuousness so late the scene:
"All-potent Heaven, and must I even here,
Lose what I hold on earth supremely dear?
Adored Trimouille! barbarian, stay thy rage
And let my timid breast this wrath assuage."

Exclaiming thus, from dread of fear beguiled,
She flew with outstretched arms, eyes sparkling wild,
And rushing 'twixt the combatants distressed,

The gallant lover's alabaster breast,
Soft as the satin, idolized, adored,
Was by a grievous wound already gored;
From blow terrific, parried off with pain,
The knight thus galled, his rage could not restrain,
And headlong rushed the Briton to subdue,
But Dorothy was just between the two.
O God of love! O Heaven! O direful blow!
What faithful lover e'er the truth shall know
And not with floods of tears bedew my flight,
When the most tender, true, and lovely knight,
Blessed with unnumbered favors of his fair,
Of *belle* could strike the breast beyond compare;
That fateful steel, that dread ensanguined blade
Transpierced the heart for love's warm transports made,
Which ever burned for him her soul desired;
She staggered, sighing forth, as she expired:
"Trimouille, sole monarch of my heart." — But death,
Grim spectre, seized upon her fleeting breath,
She felt it, glancing once more on the light
Those eyes unclosed, which an eternal night
Was soon to seal: — her feeble hand — the breast
Still of her lover with warm ardor pressed,
Vowing to cherish an immortal glow,
Forth ebbed her life, in sighs and sobbings low,
"I love! — I love!" — In faltering accents broke,
Such the last words this faithful fair one spoke.
'Twas all in vain — Alas! Trimouille revered

Heard naught — for now to him death's shades
appeared
His form surrounding, as beside her charms,
Of memory 'reft, he slumbered in her arms,
Bathed in her blood, and yet not knowing aught.
At sight so tender, yet with horror fraught,
Aghast and chilled, awhile Tyrconnel stood,
His senses fled, and frozen was life's flood:
So erst, if heathen records tell us true,
Was Atlas, whom no feeling could subdue,
When for obduracy, 'twas Heaven's decree,
Changed into flinty rock his form should be.

But pity, gentle nature's soft behest,
Dispensed to quell the fury of the breast,
Awoke at length within his hardened heart,
He joined the fair, assistance to impart,
And found two miniatures on neck so fair,
Portraits preserved by Dorothy with care
Through all adventures, and for times long past,
In one Trimouille, with azure eyes was cast
And flaxen locks, possessing beauty's trace,
With softness, energy — with courage, grace,
United there; combining each soft art.
"Ah;" quoth Tyrconnel, "he deserved a heart;"
But at the other semblance loud his cry,
For lo! his portrait there enchained his eye;
He gazed, beholding trait for trait designed;
Oh what surprise! — as straight he called to mind,
That journeying once to Milan's famous town.

He Carminetta knew of high renown,
Gallant and noble, kind to Albion's race;
When quitting, after months elapsed, that place,
She pregnant proving, complaisantly he
Gave, to destroy of absence the *ennui,*
This portrait, traced by the all-skilful hand
Of great Bellini, chief of Lombard band:
'Twas Dorothy's own mother: — truth how dire,
All was revealed: — Tyrconnel proved her sire.

Though haughty he, indifferent and cold,
His heart if probed would generous germs unfold;
When by such characters the bitter draught
Of poignant agony is amply quaffed,
Its dire effects impressions strong impart,
Which ne'er assail an ordinary heart
Too open to receive warm passion's flow;
As brass or steel more powerfully glow
Than rushes burnt, when trifling flame they meet —
Our Briton viewed his daughter at his feet
Who death had glutted with her cherished blood,
Her he considered, as from eyes a flood
Of tears fast flowed, he ne'er had wept before;
With streams he bathed her, kissing o'er and o'er,
His loud cries echoing through the woods around,
As fraught with anguish, he breathed grief profound;
And cursing fortune, war, and direful death,
Fell quite o'ercome, bereft of voice and breath.

Thy lids unclosed at sounds so fraught with fate,
Trimouille, once more thou saw'st the day, and straight,
For the remaining light possessed no charm,
Shuddering thou didst withdraw thy murderous arm,
Which had with agonizing fervor pressed
The lily beauties of that cherished breast;
Thy sword hilt placing on the ensanguined plain,
Upon its point then rushing on amain,
Transpierced by mortal blow, with crimson tide
Of heart's warm blood soon was thy mistress dyed.

At screams thus uttered by the chief distressed,
The squires and priests inquiring, round him pressed,
Affrighted gazing at the cruel deed,
Their stony hearts, as well as his could bleed,
And, but for them, Tyrconnel by self-doom,
Lovers had followed to the silent tomb.

At length the horror of his anguish o'er,
And master of his faculties once more,
He caused the clay-cold lovers to be placed
On litter, formed by lances interlaced;
Thus were they borne by knights in sad array,
To royal camp, moistening with tears the way.

Tyrconnel, who made violence his guide,
And ever prompt on matters to decide,

From the dread hour this fatal deed took place,
Detested woman, maid, all nature's face;
His beard grew long, no valet with him sped,
Mournful his eye, nor word he ever said;
His heart sore pent, and in this sombre mood,
To Paris roamed, leaving Loire's limpid flood.
Ere long he gained at Calais ocean's strand,
Embarked, and safely trod his native land,
There took the frock, in sainted pile to dwell
Of Bruno's monks, his *ennui* to dispel.[1]
Himself and mundane joys for Heaven resigned,
Spurning his state, as well as all mankind;
And thus with thoughts on melancholy bent,
His days were passed in everlasting Lent;
'Twas there he lived, no sentence e'er breathed he,
And yet, he never proved a devotee.

As monarch Charles and Joan the warrior maid
Beheld thus pass the mourning cavalcade,
No sooner they the generous pair espied,
Happy so long, and erst bright beauty's pride;
All bathed in blood, their forms with dust besmeared,
Then struck with dread, each personage appeared,
While every eye the glistening drops distilled,
Each sympathetic heart with anguish thrilled.
In Troy they wept not thus, the bloody day,
When Hector of grim death became the prey;
As when Achilles, crowned by victory,
So justly famous for his modesty,

Caused him with gentleness to be dragged round,
His feet made fast, head trailing on the ground
Behind his car; that o'er the slaughtered rolled —
For fair Andromache, at least we're told
A living widow was, when spouse passed o'er
The Styx — to visit Hell's infernal shore.

Agnes, the lovely Agnes, shook by fears,
Whose arms the King entwined, subdued by fears,
Exclaimed: "Alas! my love, we thus some day,
May both to charnel house be borne away;
Ah! that my soul, as well as body too,
May ever be united, dear, to you."

At these soft words, each heart felt weight oppress
Of timid sorrow, feminine distress;
When lo! the maid assuming martial tone,
Organ of masculine courage all her own,
Cried out: "'Tis not by wailings, and by sighs,
By tears, by sobbings, and such doleful cries,
That we may vengeance for love's sufferers take,
'Tis blood! let's arm to-morrow for his sake;
Behold O King, of Orleans yonder walls,
Sad ramparts, subject now to Britain's thralls,
Its plains still smoking, by fell carnage fed
Of those who by your royal prowess bled,
As in your suite the Gallic legions went;
Let us prepare, pursue the grand intent;
This debt is due to bleeding shades we see
Of La Trimouille and his loved Dorothy;

'Tis meet a king should conquer and not weep,
Sweet Agnes, in oblivion quick ensteep
Those soft emotions of a gentle heart,
Agnes, to royal lover should impart
Thoughts worthier of his crown and station high."
" Leave me alone ! " quoth Agnes, " *let me cry!* "

END OF CANTO XIX.

NOTE TO CANTO XIX.

[1] Saint Bruno was founder of the Carthusian order, in 1080, from a very extraordinary event, if we may credit the historians of that period; the circumstance being as follows: A professor of the University of Paris, very commendable as well for his doctrine as the apparent integrity of a well-spent life, died, but as the burial service was performing, he suddenly sat upright upon the bier and cried with a lamentable voice, "I am accused by the just judgment of God." This circumstance put all the spectators into a dreadful consternation, so that the interment was deferred until the ensuing day, when the defunct again cried out, "I am judged by the just judgment of God;" in consequence of which the burial was postponed for another day, on the arrival of which, in the presence of a large concourse of spectators assembled, the dead man a third time exclaimed in a terrible voice, "By the just judgment of God, am I condemned;" which event being witnessed by one Bruno, who happened to be present, he was so impressed by the spectacle, that he delivered a long harangue to the assembly, and concluded by remarking that it was utterly impossible for them to enjoy salvation unless they renounced the world and retired into the deserts; a line of conduct he immediately adopted, departing forthwith accompanied by six of his companions to a desolate place named Chartreuse, amidst the mountains in the diocese of Grenoble. In this desert, the resort of wild beasts, they constructed small cells at some distance from each other, where they lived in a state of silence, following a most rigid course of life, from which circumstance was afterwards founded the celebrated monastery of the Chartreux.

CANTO XX.

ARGUMENT.

HOW JOAN FELL INTO A STRANGE TEMPTATION.—TENDER TEMERITY OF HER ASS.—AND THE NOBLE RESISTANCE OF OUR MAID.

FRAGILE is man and woman too, my friend,
Wherefore take heed, on virtue ne'er depend;
The vase though fair, is only formed of clay,
'Tis easy broken; mend it, true, you may;
The enterprise is difficult and rare;
This precious vessel, to preserve with care
Untarnished — is a vision: this believe,
Which none attains, witness the spouse of Eve;
Old Lot and Samson, 'reft of both his eyes;
David the saintly; Solomon the wise;
And you, fair sex, foremost of all enrolled
In the new Testament as well as old;
In page of history, and e'en in fable;
I pardon, sex devout, your minds unstable,
Your little errings and caprices quaint,
Your soft refusals and each charming feint;
But, I must own, some acts my reason views,
Some kinds of tastes I never can excuse.
An ape, a very puppy have I seen,

Fat, squat, and tanned — frowsy 'neath linen clean,
E'en as a youth caressed within your arms —
I feel distressed for your bright tender charms;
An ass perhaps with wings is ten times greater
Than coxcomb dizened, or dull *Petit Maitre;*
To you I've consecrated, sex divine,
The gift poetic of celestial nine,
For your instruction now 'tis fit ye learn,
How of our Joan, a fine gray ass could turn
The martial brain for momentary season
And lead astray her virgin thoughts from reason;
It is not I — 'tis old Tritemus sage,
That worthy Abbé who indites this page.

Monk Grisbourdon, who shared of damned the lot,
Direful, at bottom of his cauldron hot,
Blaspheming ever, sought occasion still,
To wreak on Joan of Arc some vengeful ill,
Before whose sabre, when on earth he shrunk,
Which of its tonsured sconce, deprived the trunk.
Aloud he cried: "O Beelzebub, my sire,
With some dread sin, ah! canst thou not inspire
The mind of Joan severe, and seal her fall?
Methinks thou'rt urged to this by honor's call."
While speaking thus, arrived from passing Styx,
With rage o'er-boiling, foul Hermaphrodix,
The holy water glistening on his cheek,
The beast amphibious, vengeance fell to wreak,
Came to consult of every sin, the sire:
Behold the trio met, thus to conspire

Against our Joan. Alas! in love's soft trade,
Fewer are needed to seduce a maid:
Long had it been to gracious three revealed,
That Joan of Arc, 'neath petticoat concealed
Of town besieged the famous guardian key,
And that of mourning France the destiny
Upon her saintly mission then depended,
Satan's inventive genius was commended;
Who quickly sped to note upon the earth,
How were employed his friends of British birth,
And to what feats of body as of mind,
Joan after mighty battles felt inclined.

Dunois, the King, Agnes in faith now true,
The ass, the maid, Bonneau, and Bonifoux,
Had entered in the fort with closing night,
Waiting fresh reinforcements for the fight;
The dreadful breach of the besieged now closed,
A barrier to assailants thus opposed,
From ramparts, lo! the hostile band had sped:
Bedford — the townsfolk — Charles by hunger led,
Supped safe at home — hastening to get to bed.

At strange adventure — O! ye muses quake,
Which to a future race my verse must break,
And ye, my readers, in whom Heaven hath placed
Of purest tenderness the sapient taste;
Thank Dunois, Denis, who themselves acquitted
Right well; — whereby great sin was not committed.

If ye remember right, I promised erst,
That gallant wonders all should be rehearsed
Of this same Pegasus, with ears so lank;
Joining 'neath Joan and Dunois battles rank,
To dare the enemies of King and Maid,
You've seen him with his golden wings arrayed,
Dunois transporting to the Lombard plains,
Whence he returned, but racked with jealous pains:
Full well you know, that bearing Joan of Arc,
He felt in bosom lighted up the spark
Of that sweet fire, more ardent far than soft,
Soul, spring, and principle of worlds aloft;
Which in the air, the woods, and waves creates
Each body, and alike all animates.
This sacred fire of which there still appear
Some feeble rays, in this our worn-out sphere,
Was from on high to warm Pandora ta'en,
Since which the flambeau hath been on the wane.
All's faded, nature's force now languishing
In these our wretched days: Time's rapid wing
Nought now produces, save imperfect fires;
If still a vivifying flame inspires
A happy germ of principle benign
With bright Uranian Venus the divine
Ne'er seek it, or below court flame so rare,
But to Arcadia's heroes waft the prayer.

Ye lovely Celadons, whom beauty's powers
Have bound in chains of blooming fragrant flowers,
Lovers in cassock or the cuirass dressed,

Ye lawyers, colonels, prelates, abbés blessed;
Those of high *ton,* nay e'en a Cordelier
Ranks not in love with donkey the compeer;
The golden ass in Latium erst so famed,
In metamorphosis aloud proclaimed,
Can ne'er with this on Fame's bright record dwell,
He was but man, and that's a *bagatelle!*

Tritemus sage, whose mental powers could rise,
Than pedant Larchet more discreet and wise;
The modest author of this noble tale
Could scarce believe — he felt affright prevail,
When 'twas his task to chronicle the writ,
And to posterity this theme transmit.
His fingers three could scarce find power to guide
The nibs of pen and o'er the paper glide,
Frightened at length it fell — but soon his breast
Became with agitation less oppressed,
Reflecting sagely on the fund of evil
And malice dire arising from the Devil.

This foe to man, the source of all transgression,
Is tempter-general by his profession;
Under his special care he takes all souls:
This formidable sire who sin controls,
Rival of Heaven, seduced, mankind to spite,
Our common mother, near a wood one night
In garden: — serpent of deceivers worst,
Caused her to eat the apple there accursed;
Some think he guilty was of greater vice:

Howe'er it be, she lost gay paradise.
Since which, in every house the fiend's espied,
Of wives and daughters all, the constant guide,
And sage Tritemus in his time I ween
Had with his eyes, examples touching seen:
Thus is detailed, by good men fraught with sense,
Of saintly ass, the shame and insolence.

Joan the robust, with cheeks of damask rose,
Refreshed by soothing poppies of repose,
Gently tucked up within her lily sheets,
Of her past life retraced the fateful feats.
Such deeds recalling, pride her soul 'gan taint,
The glory she denied to Denis Saint,
And fed of puffed up vanity a grain;
This you may well conceive gave Denis pain,
Who for punition left his *protégé*,
For period short her wishes to obey:
Denis desired that Joan, his leading star,
Should know at length what of ourselves we are,
And that on each occasion, 'tis decreed,
Women in acting always patron need.
Right near she was becoming thus a prey
To trap; which Satan in his malice lay —
Ourselves misleading, we go far astray.

The tempter ne'er neglecting direful spell,
Chose his own time; he always chooses well: —
He's everywhere; — he glides with ruse refined
Into the ass's frame; he forms its mind,

Its tongue instructs in value of soft sounds,
Its voice no longer with harsh tone abounds;
And tutors also, cunning of that art
By Bernard sung, which Ovid knew by heart.

The ass enlightened, straightway reared its head
From stable, quickly up the staircase sped
To foot of couch, where quietly lay dozing
Joan, who in mind on labors past was prosing;
Then gently crouching at her side took place,
He praised her as o'er-topping hero race,
As matchless and the fairest fair of all:
Thus serpent erst seducing to our thrall,
When on our mother he essayed his guiles,
Began to subjugate with winning smiles,
With flattering compliments, commenced soft teazing,
With art of praising, 'gins the art of pleasing.

"Oh Heaven! where am I?" cried out Joan of Arc,
"What is't I hear, by Luke, and by St. Mark?
Is it my ass? O prodigy! O wonder!
My donkey speaks nor utters he a blunder!"

The ass on knees, demeanor quite composed,
Then cried, "Oh! Joan, no falsehood is disclosed;
In me the ass of Canaan behold,
Nourished was I by Balaam the old;
Balaam, Pagan priest — O! sad disaster,
A Jew was I — without me my dear master

Had cursed the race elect, and then no doubt,
Some bad mischance from thence had fallen out;
My zeal was recompensed by Adonai.
Soon to old Enoch was I given away,
That Enoch who immortal life possessed,
I had the same, and 'twas high heaven's behest,
That cruel Parcæ's life-bereaving shears,
Should hold in due respect my blissful years,
Thus an eternal springtime do I feel.
The master of our meadow, quite genteel,
Save only one thing, granted all to me,
Commanding I should live in chastity:
This, for a donkey's the severest lot,
Young, without curb, and in this charming spot,
All that the master can, so I can do,
By day, by night, all; save in love to woo;
Far better I than the first man obeyed,
Who for an apple every bliss betrayed;
My constitution's warmth I could defy,
The flesh was mute, no weaknesses had I;
But wouldst thou know how all this came to pass?
Throughout the plains there was not one she ass —
With mine estate content, thus rolled on fleet
A thousand years, in celibacy sweet.

" From depths of Greece, when Bacchus came divine,
With glorious Thyrsus, drunkenness, and wine,
Into those realms where Ganges' currents roll,
I served as trumpet this heroic soul,
And Indians civilized who own his will,

Chant with their overthrow, my glory still.
Silenus and myself are better known,[1]
Than all the great, surrounding Bacchus' throne;
My simple name and virtues signalized,
Have 'rayed with honor Apuleius prized;
In short, amidst the heaven's empyreal glow,
When George the Saint, of Gaul redoubted foe;
That hero fierce, enamored of war's deed,
Desired to have for palfrey British steed;
When Martin, famous for his mantle wide,[2]
Obtained a very decent nag to ride;
Our Mister Denis, cutting too a figure,
Wanting alike a trotter to look bigger
Made choice of me, so I became his care;
Of brilliant wings he clapped on me a pair:
My flight I took to raise in Heaven a stir,
When bit, my rump was, by Saint Roche's cur;
The hog of Anthony, sworn friend, was there,
Celestial pig, with which all monks compare:[3]
Gold stirrups had I, housings all were gay,
Fed on ambrosia was I every day;
But ah! my Joan, such blissful life can't measure
With that full portion of ecstatic pleasure
Which now I feel, your martial charms to view,
The cur, the hog, St. George, with Denis too,
Are not conjoined, worth your all-radiant beauty;
Of tasks which to fulfil it was my duty,
Whereto by star benign I have been raised,
By me, none e'er was yet so justly praised,
And which perhaps, I'm formed to fill the best,

As to comply with your august behest.
When Heaven's empyreum bright was left by me,
Honored I found my fortune was by thee;
No — I have ne'er abandoned radiant skies,
I still am there, for Heaven is in your eyes."

At speech so daring, very far from sage:
Joan justly found in breast, enkindled rage:
"What, love an ass, and thus resign my fame?
Ah! let me not the fell dishonor name;
Having till now my innocence kept clear,
From Gallia's knights as well as muleteer;
And being blest with heavenly grace a store,
Made Chandos imbecile when fight was o'er.
Yet in this ass, what merits I descry,
Ah! may he not with goat well favored vie
Of a Calabrian when with wreaths entwined?
No; let's dispel such horrors from the mind."
These varied thoughts an inward tempest bred
In heart of Joan, confounding too her head;
Thus we behold deep Ocean's surges bear
The tyrants fierce, of billows and of air;
Some rushing furious from their southern caves,
As others sweep with icy blasts the waves,
Driving the bark that ploughs each liquid wall,
Bound for Sumatra, Ceylon, or Bengal;
Sometimes in clouds is seen the upraised stern,
Dashed toward the rocks, it now appears in turn,
Then yawns in liquid gulf the ship to doom,
Or now it soars as from infernal tomb.

The child so arch, whose power all might surpasses,
Charming alike mankind, the gods, and asses,
Hovered in azure heights with bow in hand,
And maiden Joan regarded, smiling bland;
In faith the heart of heroine elect,
Felt fluttered at the singular effect
Which was produced by her attractive smile
Upon the sense of beast, so gross and vile;
She to her lover hand extended then
Thoughtless; and quickly drew it back again;
Straight blushing blamed herself, fell fears alarming,
Then courage taking, cried out, "Donkey charming!
By hope chimerical you're led astray,
Respect my glory and my duty, pray;
Between our species distance is too wide,
No, all your tenderness must be denied;
Wherefore I charge you ere it be too late,
Take heed betimes, nor dare provoke your fate."

"Love equals all," the ass anon replied,
"Think of that Swan who ranked fair Leda's pride,[4]
Touching whose honor, no one e'er reflected;
Know'st thou not Helios' daughter, who neglected[5]
The heroes all, embracing bull instead,
And sighing for her lovely quadruped?
Learn too, that erst in claws the towering Eagle,
From earth could youthful Ganymede inveigle;[6]
And that Philyra favored at her ease,
Disguised as horse, the monarch of the seas."

His speech he followed up, and Satan sable,
First author of each legendary fable,
Instilled such famed examples to surprise,
As ranged our ass on level with the wise.

While thus he dared in polished lays presume,
Dunois, who occupied adjoining room,
Attentive listened; — stupefied to hear
Strains breathed so eloquently in Joan's ear!
He wished to view the hero who thus prated,
And what fell rival love had now created.
He entered; and quite stupefied surveyed
The beast bewitched with monstrous ears arrayed.
Oh! prodigy — Oh! marvel to surprise,
He saw, yet doubted, truth before his eyes!

Venus of old felt thus of shame the dread,
When o'er her wiry net of brass was spread
By wretched Vulcan; who to gods displayed
Mars with his rib, devoid of covering laid.
Joan, after all, was not subdued 'tis plain,
Denis o'er Satan held the curbing rein;
Near the abyss her steps he guarded still,
And snatched her from the dire effects of ill.
Joan now indignant, found in breast a host;
Just so a soldier sleeping at his post,
Who as the first alarms his senses greet,
Springs up and sudden stands upon his feet,
Rubs either eye, attires himself, — and lo!
Seizes his arms, prepared to meet the foe.

Of Deborah, the all-redoubted spear,
Hanging the bed's head of our maiden near,
Which rescued her from perils every day,
She seized, the power of Satan to dismay,
Who ne'er could stand against its dint divine:
Dunois and Joan attacked the fiend malign;
Foul Satan fled, and while he hideous cried,
The woods of Orleans, Blois, and Nantes replied,
And Poitou's donkeys, that in meadows strayed,
In harsh tones answering, more discordant brayed.
The Devil sped; but in his quickened pace,
He thought on England's ills, his own disgrace,
So flew like arrow into Orleans straight,
And passed of Louvet president, the gate,
Then entered snug the body of his dame,
Sure of controlling there the mental flame;
Such was his goal — the tempter knew full well
The secret sin whereof she owned the spell,
He solved her passion, Talbot ruled her will,
The wily snake to evil prompting still,
Spurred and inflamed her, hoping in the end,
Some friendly succor he might thus extend,
And through the gates of Orleans lead amain
The valiant Talbot and his fiery train;
Yet while thus toiling for each British elf,
He knew full well he fought but for himself.

END OF CANTO XX.

NOTES TO CANTO XX.

[1] Silenus, generally represented as a fat, jolly old man, crowned with flowers and intoxicated, is uniformly depicted riding upon an ass, which animal is shrewdly surmised to have served as Trumpeter to the god Bacchus and his festive train.

[2] The Devil, under the semblance of a pauper, having craved charity of Saint Martin, the latter very philanthropically bestowed upon him the half of his tunic.

[3] If the fraternity of the Frock have thundered forth their anathemas against the *"Pucelle,"* it is not to be wondered at that we find our poem frequently interlarded with couplets similar to the above.

[4] Leda, the wife of Tyndarus, King of Sparta, having accorded her favors to Jupiter, under the semblance of a swan, at the expiration of nine months was delivered of two eggs, from one of which sprang Pollux and Helena, and from the other, Castor and Clytemnestra.

[5] Pasiphae, the wife of Minos, King of Crete, is said to have disgraced herself by an unnatural passion for a bull, the fruit of which infamous commerce was the Minotaur.

[6] Ganymede, a beautiful youth, is reported by some authors to have been carried away by an eagle, in order to satisfy the desires of Jupiter; and Philyra, one of the Oceanides, having had commerce with a horse, brought forth the Centaur Chiron, who was afterwards the preceptor of Achilles.

CANTO XXI.

ARGUMENT.

THE CHASTITY OF JOAN DEMONSTRATED.—MALICE OF THE DEVIL.—RENDEZVOUS GIVEN TO TALBOT BY THE WIFE OF LOUVET THE PRESIDENT.—SERVICES RENDERED BY BROTHER LOURDIS.—CHARMING CONDUCT OF THE DISCREET AGNES.—REPENTANCE OF THE ASS.—EXPLOITS OF JOAN.—TRIUMPHS OF THE GOOD KING CHARLES THE SEVENTH.

EXPERIENCE hath no doubt taught reader's mind,
That the sweet deity as boy designed,
Whose sports, an infant's gambols ne'er unfold,
Two different quivers hath, his shafts to hold;
One only filled with tender striking darts,
Void of all pain or danger, wound imparts;
Which time increasing, penetrates the breast,
And leaves you with the deepest wound impressed:
The other darts raise fire's consuming glow,
Which, as they part, inflame and strike the blow:
They to the senses five, destruction deal,
Impressing on the front a ruby seal;
A new-born life we then appear to claim,
Fresh crimson currents seem to fire the frame;
We nothing hear; then sparkling beams the sight,
As water boiling o'er the flame so bright,
Which, mounting in the vessel overflows,

And in the ardent flame its bubble throws;
To mind such image faintly can express
Desires thus raging, followed to excess.

Ye worthless scribes, to all profaneness prone,
Ye, who dared sully glory of my Joan;
Ye writers vile, with love of falsehood smitten,
Who bold belie the works by sages written;
'Tis ye pretend my maiden could retain,
And for gray donkey cherish fire profane,
Ye publish, that she argued ill: — to vex,
Insulting thus, her virtue and her sex:
Compilers base, such infamy your trade is,
Learn, 'tis your duty to respect the ladies;
Say not this weakness e'er in Joan could dwell,
The sage into such error never fell,
None could with these untruths the hearing wound;
In this, the time and action ye confound,
And rare events most marvellous impede;
Respect the ass, and laud his every deed;
His talents never graced your senseless throng,
And yet your ears, good folks, are just as long.
On this occasion, if indeed the maid,
A smile of satisfaction e'er betrayed,
The novel flame with which she so had fired
The long eared beast, this sentiment inspired;
'Twas vanity, which none in maids reprove,
An *amour propre,* not the other love.
In fine, this point, to set forth free from varnish,
Showing of Joan nought could the lustre tarnish,

To prove that to the malice foul of Hell,
The Donkey's eloquence and transports fell
Her heart was proof, in virtue's armor clad.
Know, that the maid, another lover had:
'Twas Dunois, as my readers all well know,
The bastard bold, who had inspired the glow,
At speech of ass; surprise the mind may seize,
One may indulge a vain desire to please,
A turn so innocent and light, 'tis clear,
Could ne'er the traitor prove, to love sincere.

On page historical, the truth is told,
How Dunois the sublime, that hero bold
Felt, with a golden shaft, his heart pierced through,
Which Cupid smiling, from first quiver drew;
He ever in obedience kept the flame,
Weakness in his proud heart ne'er took the rein,
Nought save his monarch, and the state he saw,
In him their interest reigned, the ruling law.

He knew, O Joan, thy blooming virgin flower,
Of victory the pledge in battle's hour.
Respected were thy charms and Denis too;
Just like the pointer-dog, well taught and true,
Who staunch the calls of hunger can defeat,
The partridge holding, which it will not eat;
But, when celestial Jackass thus he found,
On flame descanting of love's bleeding wound,
Dunois conceived that he might speak in turn;
Sages sometimes forget themselves, we learn.

No doubt, a flagrant folly it had proved,
To sacrifice the state for her he loved;
'Twas all to lose, and Joan still feeling shame,
For having donkey heard avow his flame,
Resisted ill her hero's ardent speech,
Love strove in soul so pure to make a breach;
All had been done; when lo! her patron bright,
His ray detaching from celestial height,
That golden beam, his glory and his steed,
Bearing his saintly form in time of need,
As when he sought, impelled by pressing call,
A virgin flower to rescue Orleans' wall;
This heavenly ray that pierced Joan's better sense,
Each sentiment profane removed from thence:
"Dear Bastard, stop," she cried, "Oh! shun the crime,
Our loves are reckoned, 'tis not yet the time;
Let us nought mar of sovereign fate's decree,
My solemn faith is plighted but to thee,
Thine I protest the virgin bud shall be:
Let us await until your vengeful arm,
Your virtues, which in Britons strike alarm,
Have from our soil the vile usurpers driven,
Then, 'neath the laurel stretched, we'll taste love's heaven."

At this address the Bastard calmed his rage,
And hearing oracle, submitted sage;
Joan modestly received his homage spoken,
So pure, so soft, — and gave him straight for token

"LET US NAUGHT MAR OF SOVEREIGN FATE'S DECREE"

Chaste kisses thirty, with a glow replete,
Such as when brother's lips, a sister's meet!
Each bridled in the torrent of desire,
And modestly agreed to quench the fire:
Denis beheld; — the saint was satisfied,
And straight his projects hastened to decide.

That night, bold Talbot, chief of high renown,
By ruse resolved to enter Orleans' town,
Exploit quite new to haughty Briton's feeling,
More hardy far in feats than double dealing.

O God of Love! O weakness, mighty power!
O fatal love! thy will was in that hour
Of France to yield this rampart to the foe,
Whereof no Briton hoped the overthrow.
That which had baffled Bedford's thinking brain,
What Talbot's prowess vainly strove to gain,
Thou didst, O Love, essay; replete with guile,
Of ills the source: sweet child, ah! wherefore
smile?

If in his course of conquering career,
A gentle shaft to heart of Joan could veer;
Another arrow from his bow-string flew,
Dame President's five senses to subdue.
With hand he struck her, which triumphant rules,
Directing dart that turns us all to fools;
'Gainst tower you've seen the scaling ladder laid,
Assault so bloody, direful cannonade;

These conflicts hardy, and these efforts stout,
On battlements performed, within, without,
As Talbot and his thundering legions pour,
Forcing the walls, and breaking down each door,
While showering from the height of bastions came
With death combined, destruction, fire, and flame:
The ardent Talbot with an agile pace,
Entered o'er dying ramparts of the place,
O'erthrowing all; crying with lungs of Stentor,
"Townsmen, your arms throw down, my Britons enter!"
To war's dread god he bore resemblance strong,
When Earth re-echoes as he strides along;
While fell Bellona, Discord, dooming Fate,
Nerve his dire arm, who rules grim death in state.

Our lady President, through mansion's wall,
Close to a ruined pile had lattice small,
From whence upon her lover's form she gazed,
His golden casque, his wavy plume high raised;
His steel-cased arms, as sparks of fiery dye
Forth from each pupil shot, of vivid eye;
That glance so godlike and that lofty frame,
All in Dame President illumed the flame,
Of sense depriving her, as well as shame.
Thus from stage-box upon a time we saw
Dame Audou, to whom Love prescribed the law,
Ogling of Baron, Thespian powers divine,
As with gaze ardent she devoured each line,
His fine demeanor, action chastely true,

And costume suited to the subject too;
Mingled with his, her accents in tones low,
Love's flames received, her senses owned the glow.
In Dame the subtle fiend was throned in state,
Acquiring post, though not importunate,
And that archangel black, Hell's ravenous King,
The Devil or Love, which mean the self-same thing,
Had ta'en of Sue the *coiffe* and every feature,
Who long had served a most obsequious creature,
A girl both active and instructed too,
Dressing and frizzing, bearing *billet doux*,
In double *rendezvous* a careful elf,
The one for mistress, t'other for herself,
Satan, concealed beneath her semblance well,
Thus held harangue with our puissant belle:

"Alike, my heart and talents you must know,
I wish to aid your bosom's ardent glow;
Your interest nearly now concerns my mind,
This night, my own first cousin, as I find,
Stands sentry at a certain postern gate,
Where nought against your fame can doubt create;
In secret there, bold Talbot you may meet,
Despatch a note, my cousin is discreet,
Your message, trust me, he'll perform with care."
Dame President anon penned billet fair,
Impassioned, tender words, that strike heart's goal,
And with voluptuous furor fire the soul;
'Twas easy seen that Satan had dictated:
Talbot expert, with love infatuated,

Made oath his fair at *rendezvous* to meet,
But swore alike, that in this conflict sweet,
The path of pleasure should to glory lead;
All things were ready for the purposed deed,
Thus springing from the couch, 'twas planned that
he
Should leap into the arms of victory.

Our reverend Lourdis, you well know was sent
By saintly Denis with the wise intent
Of serving him 'mid Britain's cohorts dire,
In acting free, he sang the chant of choir,
Said mass, and even to confession hied;
Talbot upon his *parole* given relied,
Ne'er thinking, one so dull, a rustic vile,
A brainless monk — dross of conventual pile,
Who, by his order had borne public whipping,
Could thus be found sage General outstripping.
But righteous Heaven in this judged otherwise;
In its decrees, strange whims will oft arise
To mock and make the greatest merely tools,
Sages confounding by the means of fools;
From Paradise despatched, a ray of sense
Beamed to illume Lourdis's sconce so dense,
The mass of thickened brain within his skull
Lighter became anon, and far less dull,
Struck — he felt intellect his head endow,
Alas! we think, the Lord above knows how!
Let us for springs invisible inquire,
That more or less with thought the brains inspire:

Those divers atoms let our wits descry,
That from sound sense or reason turn awry;
In what sly nook of pericranium's placed
A Homer's genius and a Virgil's taste?
And by what leaven, with coldest poison fraught,
Was Zoilus, Fréron, and Thersites taught?
A friend of Flora's regions of perfume
Ne'er pink beholds the baleful hemlock bloom,
'Tis the Creator's will holds sovereign sway,
That hidden hand which all things must obey.
Unseen by eyes in doctor's pedant pate,
Their useless prattle we'll not imitate.

Lourdis right curious, now sought all to see,
And his new sight employed most usefully;
Toward night he spied to city's wall repairing
A train of cooks, such dainty viands bearing,
As sumptuous banquet for the board supplies,
Hams, truffles, wood-hens, partridges, and pies;
Decanters ample, with rich sculptures graced,
Refreshed, as round them piles of ice were placed,
That brilliant liquid, juice of ruby glow,
Ranged in the cellars blessed of famed Citeaux.
Toward postern gate in silence thus they sped:
Lourdis, who science then possessed in head —
Not Latin; but that still more happy code,
Leading us through this rugged world's sad road;
Of eloquence the flow, he then displayed,
By kindest courtesy and prudence 'rayed;
Regarding all through corner of keen eye,

With deepest craft abounding — courtier sly;
The monk, in fine, of monks was most complete,
'Tis thus in all times we our equals meet,
Speeding from kitchen, to the council hall,
Disturbing peace, in war intriguers all,
O'er mansion now of burgess rude presiding,
Then into cabinets of monarchs gliding,
Troubling the world; in fine on discord bent,
Sometimes expert, at others insolent;
Now greedy wolves, now fraught with fox's wiles,
Now antic apes, or full of serpent's guiles,
For which the miscreant Britons erst decreed,
That England should be purged of such a breed.

By unfrequented path, our Lourdis sped,
Which through a wood to royal quarters led;
Conning this mighty mystery in mind
He went, sworn brother Bonifoux to find.
Don Bonifoux, just then with thought sedate
Prosed most profoundly o'er the page of fate,
He measured links invisible to sight,
Which destiny and time in bonds unite;
Deeds trifling and events supremely great,
The world to come, and our material state;
The whole he drew to focus in his mind,
Effect and cause, enraptured he defined,
Their order saw, and found a *rendezvous*
Might save an empire, or a state subdue.
The confessor in thought still kept enrolled
How once was seen three lilies all of gold

On alabaster field — the rump of page,
An English youth, nor less did thoughts engage
Walls ruined of Hermaphrodix the sage.
But what astounded most his wondering brain,
Was to see Lourdis stock of sense attain
From which, he well foresaw that in the end,
To good Saint Denis Britain's host must bend.

Lourdis by Bonifoux, in form polite
Presented was to lovely Agnes' sight;
Her beauty and his monarch complimented,
Then straight explaining, forthwith represented
How prudence of bold Talbot lulled asleep,
Was that same night a *rendezvous* to keep
Near postern; and that war's fell chief would there
Of Louvet meet the love-sick dame so fair;
Quoth he, "A stratagem one may pursue,
There trace his steps, surprise his person too,
As by Delilah Samson was of old,
Oh! Agnes most divine, this theme unfold
To mighty Charles." "Ah! reverend man," she said,
"Think you the monarch is at all times led
On me love's soft effusions to bestow?
I think he damns himself, though nought I know!"
Lourdis replied: "My robe condemns love's sway,
My heart absolves him: fortunate are they
Who at some epoch shall be damned for thee."
Quoth Agnes: "Monk, your converse flatters me,
And proves your head with store of sense supplied."

To corner then conducting him aside
Thus whispered she: "Hast thou amidst our foes,
The youthful Briton seen, I mean Monrose?"
The subtle monk in black replied: "In sooth,"
As lending ear — "I've seen the charming youth."
Agnes deep blushing bent to earth a look,
Then muscles smoothing, hand with kindness took
Of wily Lourdis, and ere Sol's ray fled,
To dear Lord Paramount his footsteps led.

Lourdis then made a more than mortal speech;
To this, as wits of Charley could not reach,
His sovereign counsel he assembled straight,
His Almoners — wars chieftains too sedate.
Amidst these heroes like herself was Joan,
With mind for counsel as to combats prone;[1]
While Agnes, in a manner formed to wheedle,
Discreetly occupied o'er thread and needle,
From time to time, delivered good advice,
Which monarch Charles adopted in a trice.

'Twas then proposed to seize with skilful care,
Beneath the ramparts, Talbot and his fair:
So Vulcan and the Sun in Heaven we're taught;
Mars, with his lovely Aphrodisia caught:
Each to prepare this enterprise was led,
At once demanding strength of hand and head.
Dunois proceeded first by lengthened route,
Hard march performing, which proved mind acute,
Feat of war's art, that claimed of old renown:

The army passed, safe entered then the town.
Near postern gate the force was thus employed,
As Talbot with dame President enjoyed
Of dawning union the first keen delights,
Flattering himself that from the couch to fights
Quite herolike but one jump he should make;
Six regiments in defile were road to take:
Command was given — The city had been ta'en,
But the foregoing eve each soldier's brain
Was petrified with Lourdis' long discourse,
Each gaped, bereft of motion and of force;
Asleep and side by side, on plain they laid,
So great the miracle — which Denis played.

Joan with Dunois and the selected train
Of gallant knights, soon having passed the plain,
Already lined 'neath Orleans' ramparts strong
Of the besiegers' camp, the trenches long.
Mounted on horse of Barbary's famed breed,
In Charles's stable then the only steed
Joan ambled, grasping in her dexter hand,
Of Deborah renowned, the Heavenly brand,
While noble broadsword did her side adorn,
Wherewith poor Holofernes' head was shorn,
And thus equipped, with thoughts devout, our maid
Internally to Denis saint, thus prayed:

" Thou who has deigned to feeble maid like me
These glorious arms confide, at Domremi,
Prove of my frailty now support benign;

Oh pardon, if some vanity was mine
When flattered senses heard thy faithless ass,
With freedom hail me as the fairest lass.
Dear patron, deign to recollection call,
That through my means the Britons were to fall,
Thus punishing foul deeds in ardor done,
Having polluted each afflicted nun.
A greater feat presents itself to-day;
Nought can I act without thy fostering ray,
Endow this arm with force like thine to toil,
Till its last gasp to save the Gallic soil,
Avenge King Charles's lily's tarnished hue,
With threatened honor of sage Louvet too;
Ah! let us to this gracious end be led,
And Heaven in safety still preserve thy head."

From height celestial goodly Denis heard,
And in the camp the donkey felt the word;
'Twas Joan he felt, and clapping pennons too
Anon with crest erect towards her flew,
On knee craved grace, his pardon to insure
For late attempts of tenderness impure:
" By demon," he exclaimed, " I was possessed,
I now repent," he wept with grief oppressed;
Conjured her then his willing back to cross,
He could not of her weight sustain the loss,
Nor bear another 'neath our maid to trot:
Joan well perceived a Heavenly beam, I wot,
Restored the flighty donkey as her steed,
Of grace our penitent received the meed;

Her ass she strode, and gave him counsel meet
To prove from thenceforth sober and discreet,
The donkey swore, and fired with courage rare,
Proud of his charge, took flights through realms
of air.

On Britons, swift as lightning's flash he darts
Like forked fire that with the thunder parts;
Joan flying, overwhelmed the country round,
With streams of blood imbruing verdant ground,
On every side, of limbs dispersed the wrecks,
While heaped were seen by scores and slaughtered
necks.

In crescent then, the harbinger of night,
Widely dispensed a pale and dubious light;
Still stunned, the Britons owned assailing dread
To view whence came the blow, each reared his head,
In vain he strove to see death's dooming blade,
With panic struck, they ran misled, dismayed;
And rushing on, fell into Dunois' power,
Charles was of kings the happiest in that hour,
His foes rushed on, impending fate to dare:
So scattered partridges, 'mid realms of air,
In numbers falling bruised by pointer keen
And torn by shot; imbrued the heath is seen:
The donkey's brayings loudly roared alarm,
Fierce Joan extended high her vengeful arm,
Pursued, cut, pierced, torn, severed, bruised, and
rent,

All force opposed to Dunois' prowess bent,
While good King Charles at pleasure aimed aright,
Shooting all those whom fear had put to flight.

Talbot, intoxicated with the charms
Of Louvet — and joys tasted in her arms,
As on her bosom languishingly laid,
At postern gate, heard din of war's fell trade.
Glowing with triumph: "By my soul," cried he,
"There are my troops, Orleans now yields to me."
Aloud he then extolled his wily pains,
"O! love, 'tis thou," he cried, "who cities gains;"
Our knight thus fed by hope, replete with bliss,
Gave to his tender fair a parting kiss,
Sprang from the couch, attired himself, and fleet
Repaired the vanquishers of France to meet.

Nought but a single squire appeared to view,
Who ever dared bold Talbot's steps pursue;
Deep in his confidence, a valiant wight
And worthy vassal of so brave a knight,
Guarding no less his wardrobe than his lance.
"Come seize your prey, my gallant friends advance!"
Talbot exclaimed — but soon joy disappeared,
Instead of friends, our Joan with lance upreared
Bore down upon him on celestial ass,
He saw two hundred French through portal pass;
Great Talbot shuddered, palsied o'er with dread:
"Long live the King," each Gallic champion said.

"Let's drink; let's drink; advance, my friends, with me!
On, Gascons, Picards; yield to jollity,
No quarter give, of carnage take your fill,
Yonder they are, my friends! shoot, fire, and kill!"

Talbot recovered from the dire control,
Which first held potent empire o'er his soul;
Resolved at postern freedom to maintain.
So erst, all bleeding, 'midst the burnt-up plain,
Anchises straight his conqueror dared engage,
Talbot yet combated with greater rage,
Briton was he, and seconded by squire,
Both would a world attack with courage dire.
Now front to front, now back to back they strove,
And torrents of the victims 'fore them drove;
At length their vigor spent, on well-fought field,
An easy victory to Gaul's sons they yield;
Talbot surrendered though unbeaten still,
Dunois and Joan extolled his gallant skill,
And both proceeding, complaisantly tendered
The dame, who thus to President was rendered;
Without suspicion he received her well,
Your gentle husbands never ought can tell,
Nor e'er did Louvet learn the fateful chance,
That through his dame was saved the realm of France.

Denis applauded loud from heavenly height,
St. George on horseback shuddered at the sight;

The ass discordant octaves thundering near,
In British souls, augmented still the fear.
The King then ranked 'mid conquerors of renown,
With lovely Agnes supped in Orleans' town;
Joan fierce and tender, having sent away
That selfsame night to Heaven her donkey gray,
Of sacred oath accomplishing the law,
Kept promise made to well beloved Dunois,
As Lourdis midst the faithful cohort strayed,
Bawling out still: *"Ye Britons, she's a maid."*

END OF CANTO XXI.

NOTES TO CANTO XXI.

[1] Joan's prowess in the field has already been adverted to, and upon consulting historic records, we find that while Charles the Seventh continued at Chinon, Jeanne d'Arc made one of his privy council, where the wisdom of her opinions was such as to be generally adopted, while they excited universal astonishment in the minds of the grave personages and able warriors assembled.

Here follows an original letter, as dictated by La Pucelle, discovered in the Archives of Lisle, being addressed to the Duke of Burgundy, and particularly interesting, as it identifies the precise period of Charles's coronation at Rheims, hitherto unknown. The document in question is penned in gothic characters, with many abbreviations, but perfectly legible; it is folded very like our ordinary letters of the present day but completely square, and at the bottom on the folded side of the epistle is subscribed —

"Au Duc de Bourgoigne."

+Jesus Maria.*

Hault et redoubte prince Duc de Bourgoigne Jehanne La Pucelle vous requiert de par le roy du ciel mon droiturier et souverain seigneur que le Roy de France, et vous faciez bonne paix ferme qui dure longuement, pardonnez lun a lautre de bon cuer entirement ainsi que doivent faire loyaulx christians, et sil vous plaist a guerroier si alez sur les Sarrazins. Prince de Bourgoigne je vous prie supplie et requiers tant humblement que requerir vous puis que ne guerroiez plus ou (au) *saint royaume de France, et faittes*

* The word Jesus, is thus curtailed in the original document JHUS.

retraire incontinent et briefment voz gens qui sont en aucunes places et fortresses dud: saint royaume, et de la part du gentil roy de France il est prest de faire paix a vous sauvre son honneur sil ne tient en vous et vous fais a Savoir de par le roy du ciel mon droiturier et souverain seigneur pour votre bien et pour votre honneur et sur voz vie que vous ny gaignerez point bataille a lencontre des loyaulx François, et que tous ceulx qui guerroient ou (au) *saint royaume de France guerroient contre le roy Jhus* (Jesus) *roy du ciel et de tout le monde mon droiturier et souverain seigneur et vous prie et requiers a jointes mains que ne faittes nulle bataille ne guerroiez contre nous vous vos gens ou subgiez et croiez seurement que quelque nombre de gens que amenez contre nous quilz ny gaignerout mie et sera grant pitie de la grant bataille et du sang quy y sera respendu de ceulx qui y vendront* (vièndront) *contre nous, et ce trois sepmaines que je vous avoye escript et envoie bonnes lettres par ung herault que feussiez au sacre du roy qui aujourduy dimenche* XVII*me jour de ce present mois de Juillet, ce fait en la cite de Reims, dont je nay eu point de reponse ne nouy oncques puiz nouvelles dud herault. A Dieu vous commens et soit garde de vous sil luy plaist, et prie Dieu quil y mette bonne paix. Escript aud: lieu de Reims, led: VXII*me*, jour de Juillet.*

The singularity of this epistle will, I trust, apologize for the subjoined translation, as readers conversant with modern French may not be able fully to comprehend the phraseology of the fifteenth century.

Jesus Maria.

High and redoubted Prince Duke of Burgundy, Jeanne La Pucelle requires you in behalf of the King of Heaven, my rightful and sovereign Lord, that the King of France and you enter into a good and firm peace that may last long, forgive one another entirely and in good heart, as ought to do loyal Christians, and if it pleases you to go to war, then go against the Saracens. Prince of Burgundy, I pray, supplicate, and require you most humbly, not to continue longer any warfare in the saintly kingdom of

France, and cause to march back incontinent and briefly, your people who occupy any places or fortresses of the foresaid saint kingdom, and on the part of the *Gentil,* King of France, he is ready to make peace with you preserving his honor; it therefore rests with you, and he makes known to you in behalf of the King of Heaven, my rightful and sovereign Lord, for your good and for your honor, and upon your life, that you will gain no battle upon encountering the loyal French, and that all such as war in the saintly kingdom of France, make war against the King Jesus, King of Heaven and the whole world, my rightful and sovereign Lord; and I pray and require you with joined hands, not to give battle nor enter into warfare against us, you or your people or subjects, and assuredly believe, that whatsoever number of people you bring against us that they will gain nothing, and it will be a great pity to have a battle, and that the blood should be shed of those who shall come there against us, and three weeks past did I write and sent you good letters by an herald, who was at the coronation of the king, which took place three weeks past from this day, Sunday the seventeenth day of the present month of July, in the city of Rheims, to which I have had no answer, nor have since received any news of the herald aforesaid. To God's holy keeping I commend you, if it so pleases him, and pray God that he restores a good peace. Written at the said place of Rheims, the said seventeenth day of July.

END OF VOL. II.

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

[THE FOLLOWING NOTES, OF A GENERAL CHARACTER, ARE SUFFICIENTLY ENTERTAINING TO BE APPENDED HERE.]

N'attendez bien souvent pour fruits de vos bons mots,
Que l'effroi du public, et la haine des sots.

But perhaps the best definition ever given of this species of wit is to be found in the following lines:

Un bon mot perd son prix en le donnant pour vôtre;
Il tombe avec des gens d'esprit,
Qui l'auront voulu dire, et qui ne l'ont pas dit.
Rapportez-le comme d'un autre:
Par-là vous désarmez l'amour propre jaloux;
Ce n'est pas vous qu'on applaudit en vous;
On vous oublie, et l'on rit s'il faut rire;
S'il faut admirer, l'on admire.

This *ludus in verbis,* or miserable display of equivocating wit, is very justly held up to ridicule by Voltaire; such low species of composition was, notwithstanding, very much resorted to by the ancient French poets, who called their versification *Rimes Equivoques,* an instance of which may be quoted from Marot, where he says:

En m'ébbattant, je fais rondeaux en rime
Et en rimant bien souvent, je m'enrime.
Brief c'est pitié entre nous rimailleurs,
Car vous avez assez de rime ailleurs;
Et quand vous plaist, mieux que moi rimassez,
Des biens avez, et de la rime assez.

Enigma is a puzzling jargon equally deserving the attack of our poet, being very properly excluded from the circles of polished society, and only resorted to during Christmas gambols, by the youthful part of the community, together with riddles and charades, some of which,

however, possess great merit. There existed a species of literary game on the subject of enigmas, as far back as the reign of Charlemagne; several collections of these puzzles have been made, and in particular one by Cotin, which does not, however, contain the happiest specimens of enigmatical composition.

Thersites was the most illiterate and deformed of the Greeks who flourished during the Trojan War.

The Sorbonnic Doctors — against whom our author has directed the shaft of irony — used to imitate, in regard to men who argued rationally, the ancient kings of Persia; who were accustomed to put out the eyes of the Princes of the Blood Royal in order that they might enjoy their crowns in safety; in short, with the profane, logic is the art of reasoning; whereas with theologians, it consisted in confounding one's own reason, or putting to flight the reasoning faculties of others; which was found to be extremely convincing when supported by tortures, the gun and the stake.

Our Wise Heads of the Sorbonne, during their sittings, were very much upon a par with the Long Heads of the University of Paris; concerning whom, we find on referring to the trial of Joan of Arc, that on the second of April, one thousand four hundred and thirty-one, being the day after Lent, and during several subsequent days, the thirty-eight articles brought against her were reduced to twelve. These chief points of accusation, which are given at full length in the valuable history of Laverdy (pages 51 to 98), and which he takes the trouble to refute, consist of apparitions and revelations, respecting her having assumed a man's attire; the precipitating herself from a tower (which was done in order to escape from confinement), and the inserting the form of a cross at the commencement of her letters.

These most culpable articles were sent to the doctors, licentiates, bishops, and the University of Paris to collect their advice, and to ascertain from them if the propositions therein contained were in opposition to the faith.

The university assembled the latter end of April, and early in May decided that those apparitions, etc., proceeded from Beelzebub, Satan, and Belial; that Joan, inasmuch as she adopted the male costume, might be chargeable with idolatry, having delivered up her person and her dress to the Demon, by imitating the custom of pagans, etc.

During this interval the trial continued, and Joan underwent divers admonitions and remonstrances, being also menaced with the torture; at length, on receiving the decision of the Sapient University, on the nineteenth of May, Joan was condemned, and five days afterwards, in presence of a vast concourse of people, and in a burying ground where a stake was dressed, a theologian indicated to La Pucelle the crimes imputed to her, and indirectly summoned her to avow them.

After declaring aloud that she submitted to the Church and the pope, Joan answered: *"Qu'aucun de ses faits et discours ne peut être à la charge de son Roi ni d'aucun autre! que s'il y a quelques reproches à lui faire (à elle), ils viennent d'elle seule et non d'aucun autre."*—"That none of her acts or discourses could be chargeable to her king or any one else; that if blame was in any way attachable, it was due to herself, and no one besides." Which Laverdy justly affirms was an admirable example of unshaken fidelity, under the most terrible and trying of circumstances.

The powers of Venus over the heart were supported and assisted by a celebrated girdle called *Zone* by the Greeks, and *Cestus* by the Latins; a mysterious girdle supposed to have given beauty, grace, and elegance when worn even by the most deformed, and not only excited, but rekindled extinguished flames.

While speaking of the slender waist of Agnes, the writer cannot refrain from adverting to a curious portrait formerly belonging to Monsieur Bonnemaison of Paris, whose valuable gallery of paintings was sold to the king of Prussia when the Allies were in the possession of the French capital, after the second abdication of Emperor Napoleon. The picture here alluded to is an undoubted resemblance of Agnes Sorel, portrayed down to the knees,

she being delineated as excessively *mignonne* and slender about the waist, with a physiognomy archly pleasing; but the peculiar singularity attachable to this performance consists in the persons of infants who surround her, under the semblance of cherubs attending upon the Virgin Mary, the urchins in question being portrayed with wings of divers colors to represent their respective ranks in the heavenly hierarchy. It must be confessed in opposition to the chroniclers of the period of Charles the Seventh, who would willingly make us believe that the loves of that monarch and Agnes were truly platonic, that the personages so displayed bear very strong marks of being intended to represent the progeny of La Dame de Beauté. In the same collection was another curiosity of so singular a nature, that I cannot refrain from recording it, though unconnected with the present work. It is an original portrait of the natural size and down to the middle of the renowned William Tell, the design being very correct, and painted in colors mixed with the white of eggs, as the use of oil was not then discovered. The countenance is remarkably stern and expressive, the costume that of a peasant, and in his hand he holds a bow and an arrow. A small Gothic clock is represented pendant to the wall, the hand of which points to the hour agreed upon for executing the conspiracy; and upon a scroll over the head of Tell, who wears a singular covering somewhat resembling a turban, but excessively wide at the sides, appears the following inscription in gold characters: *"Hora est tandem nos de somno surgere: tandem novissima hora est."* I have ventured to intrude the above description upon the notice of the public, in order that a record may be preserved of so singular a curiosity as connected with the early period of the pictorial art, and more particularly as relating to the glorious cause of liberty and independence.

Isabella of Bavaria, mother of Charles the Seventh, was one of his most inveterate persecutors, leaguing against him with the son and heir of the duke of Burgundy, who so far fomented the hatred of the queen against the dauphin,

her son, that she exerted all the power she possessed over the weak mind of her husband, Charles the Sixth; in consequence of which, the treaty of peace with England was signed, Princess Catherine affianced to Henry the Fifth, the right of the dauphin's succession to the crown publicly proclaimed invalid, and a regular act signed by the king to that effect.

Tithonus, a son of Laomedon, king of Troy, by Strymo, the daughter of Scamander. He was so beautiful that Aurora became enamored of him and transported him away, when he solicited her to render him immortal, which request the goddess acceded to; but, as he had forgotten to ask the continuation of the vigor, youth, and beauty he then enjoyed, he soon experienced the effects of age, infirmity, and decrepitude; so that life becoming insupportable, he prayed Aurora to remove him from the world, and as he could not die, the goddess changed him into a *cicada,* or grasshopper.

Sergeants, mentioned several times, were a species of archers, carrying the *hoqueton,* or tunic of the grand provost of Paris, upon which were embroidered the fleur-de-lis, with three leopards. These persons were subaltern officers of justice, appointed to perform arrests, seizures, etc., and conduct culprits to the place of their destination, like our bailiffs; they do not, however, appear to have ranked in high estimation, since we find in an old author the following couplet:

De trois SERGENS *pendez-en deux,*
Le monde n'en sera que mieux.

It appears that Voltaire had no very great predilection for Anchorites, since he above depicts one under the form of Lucifer concealing his claws and tail; he perhaps thought that these hermits retired into deserts from the commerce of mankind, fearful that they might have the misfortune to be useful to the community at large.

A very ancient edifice called the châtelet, used in Voltaire's times as a prison, where all the jurisdictions of Paris were formerly united; it was there that culprits were tried,

and sentence pronounced in all civil as well as criminal cases.

It was to the city of Marseilles, a famous seaport of Provence, that criminals were sent, condemned to labor on board of the galleys.

Monks are sanctified men to whom, by an astonishing miracle, the Frock communicates the gift of continence the moment it is put on, if we may accredit their assertion. No less a personage, however, than Richard the First of England, was of a different opinion; for, waging war in France against King Philip, a French priest, called Fulco, came to him saying, that he had three bad daughters which he wished to bestow from him in marriage. Upon this the monarch marvelling greatly who they should be, knowing he had none, the churchman made answer: "Yes, thou cherishest three daughters, Pride, Covetousness, and Lechery;" which the king seeming to take merrily, said to his lords: "This hypocritical priest hath found that I have these three daughters, whom he would forthwith I should bestow, so if any such I possess, I have found out fitting husbands for them. My daughter Pride, I bequeath to the haughty Templars and Hospitallers, who are as proud as Lucifer himself; my daughter Covetousness, I give to the White Monks of the Cistercian Order, for they covet the very devil and all; and as for my daughter Lechery, I can bestow her nowhere better than upon the monks, priests, and prelates of our time." But that was long ago.

Guyon or Goyon, a writer of the period of Charles the Seventh, composed a Roman History, detestable in itself, but which was rendered passable considering the period when he lived. He was also author of "*l'Oracle des Philosophes*," being a tissue of the most ridiculous calumnies, whereof he repented at the end of his life, as we are given to understand by Monstrelet.

The high and puissant genealogy of *l'Ane Littéraire*, the Literary Ass, is very ancient: John Blaise Catherine Fréron is not originally of Quimper Corentin, as announced. The sublime historiographer of France seems to think that

this family sprang from the Orleanais, and that it was at the habitation of a Canon of Cleri, who protected pregnant females, that his great ancestor first saw the light, being twin born, having an elder brother called Giles Chaumeix, while he was called Martin Fréron. The first born remained in his own country, and in the year 1713, one of his descendants inundated the world with the ponderous burden of Abraham Chaumeix, who has for some time past made a terrible noise. His younger brother, Martin Fréron, established himself at Paris in the Rue Sabot, at the end of the narrow Rue Taranne, where he performed the distinguished part of a water carrier, in which employment he acquired some money and so much addicted himself to wine, that all his descendants were marked with that liquor. Distress forced him to quit the capital, when he repaired to Quimper, and cried mustard for sale, and the descendants of this man have handed down, even to us, that Cartouche who composes the *Âne Littéraire.*

Fréron disait: j'ai dans plus d'une veille,
Avec succès fait d'un stile ennuyant,
A mon compère un sonnet innocent;
Dans mes chiffons j'ai décrié Voltaire . . .
Le fier Chaumeix en rampant terre à terre,
Disait: ma foi, j'ai vaincu Diderot."
— Le Balai *"Poème Héroique,"* 1774, page 86.

It appears that the allusion to the Abbé Tritemus is a complete prophecy, since it is well known that one Fantin, a doctor and a curate of Versailles, was surprised in the very act of purloining a rouleau of fifty louis d'or from a sick person whom he had confessed, and for which larceny he was ignominiously expelled, but not hanged.

There are individuals that experience a secret satisfaction on beholding celebrated characters insulted and calumniated by arrant scoundrels, whose constant cry is: "Pay no attention; let the miserable reptiles spit their venom, that we may enjoy the satisfaction of seeing rascals bespatter you with mud." We are not, however, of the same opinion; conceiving it but just to punish vagabonds, if they prove insolent rogues, and above all when they

become wearisome. These anecdotes, too well grounded in fact, are to be found in twenty places, and should therefore be rendered equally as public as the actions of culprits, which are placarded at the corner of every street.

Oportet cognosci malos.

It is melancholy to remark how venality will corrupt the minds of the most clever and enlightened geniuses, whose motto consists in the following words: "Pay us, and then no matter for whom, or in support of what opinions they write," for the mind so enslaved mechanically toils, and thus the goose's quill records the accumulated shame of the author, as publicity increases in a ratio with the worth of his talent; so that his time-serving meanness only renders him at length the object of universal contempt and obloquy.

The author of the Salic Law is not known; some attribute it to Pharamond, and others to Clovis, having its origin at the period when the Franks entered the territory of the Gauls. It consists of seventy-two articles, the sixth of the sixty-second head excluding females from inheriting the Salic lands; for it is an erroneous opinion to suppose that this law applied solely to the inheritance of the crown, as it extended to the lineal possession of lands by the females of every rank in society, though it was afterwards restricted to the possession of the royal dignity. Some historians allege that the term Salic is derived from a river called Sala in ancient Germany, the borders of which were peopled by the Franks, who bore that name; others attribute it to an ancient Teutonic word signifying salutary, while a third opinion entertained is that this title proceeds from the words *si aliquis* or *si aliqua,* with which most of the articles contained in this code are headed.

The supposed doctrines of Fréron precisely coincide with the speculative philosophical opinions wherewith we were amused some twenty years back, by Messrs. Godwin, Holcroft & Co., not forgetting Rousseau of an antecedent date, whose perturbed and jaundiced imagination gave rise to visionary scenes of terrestrial beatitude that are only

realized when our minds, dwelling upon his fascinating pages, own the powers of his matchless eloquence and yield for a period to the entrancing infatuation.

Harpyiæ were winged monsters having the faces of women, the bodies of vultures, and the feet and fingers armed with sharp claws. They were three in number, namely, Aello, Ocypete, and Celeus, who were the daughters of Neptune and Terra. They were despatched by Juno to plunder the tables of Phineas, king of Thrace, from whence they were driven to the islands called Strophades by Zethes and Calais. They emitted a most infectious smell, and spoiled whatsoever they touched by their filth and excrements, and afterwards treated Æneas during his voyage to Italy as they had previously done the king of Thrace, yet are they raised by Virgil to the dignity of prophetesses. Agreeable objects these to be inspired by the divinities!

Virginei volucrum vultus, fœdissima ventris
Proluvies, uncæque manus, et pallida semper
Ora fame.

—Virgil's "Æneid," Book III.

They complained to Æneas that he sought to make war against them on account of some pieces of beef, and in consequence predicted for his pains that he should one day be compelled to eat his plates in Italy. Your sticklers for antique lore allege that this fiction is sublimely beautiful.

However these attacks against writers may appear harsh, it is nevertheless too certain that no class of individuals is so well enabled to repay favors with ingratitude as men of genius, if so inclined; as a stroke of the pen has too frequently held up a generous benefactor to ridicule, while the source from whence the sarcasm has originated was never even suspected by the injured party, who has received the condolements of his insidious assassin while partaking of the luxuries of his hospitable board.

Blow, blow, thou winter's wind,
Thou art not so unkind,
As man's ingratitude.

Here is additional matter concerning Agnes Sorel and

her royal lover not known to the translator until after the notes of the First Canto, relating to the Dame de Beauté, were committed to press. It has very frequently afforded matter of astonishment to observe the peculiar apathy displayed by the French nation in regard to everything that is connected with the romantic and splendid remnants of antiquity which are so profusely scattered over the Gallic soil. Since the valuable labors of Montfaucon, nothing of moment has appeared upon this subject, and we have therefore to hail with an increase of pleasure the splendid and interesting work of Messrs. Nodier, Taylor and de Cailleux, from which the following extract is taken, the work being entitled *"Voyages Pittoresques et Romantiques dans l'Ancienne France,"* in folio, printed by Didot and ornamented by plates of the most celebrated French engravers:

"The monastery of Jumièges, established under the rule of Saint Bennet, was founded in 640. After the expiration of a few years, Dagobert paid a visit to this republic of saints and ceded to it all the territory which it occupies, as if a divine foresight had announced to him that it would one day become the asylum of some unfortunate princes of his family. It was in this sanctified spot that the two eldest sons of Clovis the Second and Saint Bathilda were destined by heaven to pass their days in penitence. This touching episode in the history of France has not been neglected by the poet Ronsard, who has given it a place in the Fourth Canto of La Franciade, and Jumièges having been rendered illustrious by the miracles of saints and enriched by the munificence of kings, became by degrees one of the most important monuments of ancient France. It was several times devastated during the wars, and as frequently arose anew from its ruins. This abbey was burned by the Danes in the year 840, in remembrance of which invasion and the horrible excesses committed nothing now remains but a painting in fresco upon its walls, whereof no vestige will soon be perceptible." At a much later period, Charles the Seventh here sought an asylum and Agnes Sorel a sepulchre; and we shall soon contemplate, in the adjacent picturesque hamlet of Du Mesnil, the modest mansion house of La Belle des Belles.

"On arriving at the grand arch of the choir of the monastery, at this portico of the sanctuary, whereof all the supporting buttresses are fallen, a sensation of dread operates upon the mind, lest the very echo from a foot-fall should loosen a grain of sand that might draw down the whole remaining fabric in its overthrow. It is near this spot, behind the northern branch of the cross, that the mausoleum of Agnes was placed; or rather, if we are to credit a tradition which seems better founded, a small monument enclosing her heart. When the furies of revolutionary fanaticism, devoted like vampires to the violation of sepulchres, raised up the stone which covered this depository, in the hope of finding some hidden treasure with the remains of La Dame de Beauté, it is said that nothing was discovered but a few ashes, which were immediately dispersed among them by the wind. Such were the remains of the heart of Agnes; that heart once animated by so much love and a passion so noble that France was not perhaps less indebted to her for its salvation than to the intrepidity of Joan of Arc. A well-informed and feeling gentleman was lucky enough to rescue this tomb from the saw and the hammer; yes, the cenotaph of the mistress of a monarch, whose noble counsels greatly contributed to save her country from the English yoke, is now become the ornament of a private garden. O! may the simplicity of its materials and the obscurity of its asylum henceforth preserve it from the attacks of barbarism! Above the spot where the mausoleum stood is a high-arched, narrow window, through which the rays of the setting sun were wont to dart upon this naïve and charming epitaph of the ancient poet:"

Hic jacet in tumba mitis simplexque columba.

Ici repose dans la tombe,
Une douce et simple colombe.

"I have before stated that the residence of Agnes still exists, for to what good purpose could its ruins have been applied? Between east and south of the abbey, near the margin of the river, rises the small mansion of Mesnil. Its aspect, at the same time mysterious and enchanting, imme-

diately fascinates the attention of the stranger, before he is made acquainted with the original proprietors of the dwelling. In the front court is an ancient chestnut tree, coeval with the period when the structure was raised, and a witness of all the secrets of the Manor House. The interior of the building is only remarkable for a long gallery with which several apartments communicate, whose projecting beams, at certain intervals, still display the traces of Agnes Sorel's cypher, and at the extremity is a chapel, above which appears a tribune for the lord of the manor. The Gothic windows are still preserved, with the stone benches fixed in their wide embrasures; those very seats whereon rested beneath the purple colored glass, enriched with gold and fretwork, the dames and knights of those days, and upon which Agnes herself has so often reclined, while without appear the traces of a mysterious pathway conducting from the retreat of Charles the Seventh to the Manor House, having never since been frequented."—Translated from the original of Monsieur Ch. Nodier, inserted in the "*Archives de Littérature et des Arts,*" No. 4, as a specimen of the literary style of the "*Voyages Pittoresques, etc.,*" mentioned in the introductory lines of the present note.

The naïve and affecting reply of Agnes Sorel, in Canto XIX, affords a matchless contrast with the bold style of the belligerent Joan of Arc, and it must certainly be allowed that never were two characters more exquisitely portrayed to grace an epic; they act as light and shade beautifully blended in a fine picture, whose tints, imperceptibly softening, form a *tout ensemble* chastely correct and harmoniously pleasing.

In order, however, to demonstrate that Joan of Arc was not only masculine in speaking, but equally so upon the eve of acting, we are told in history that upon preparing for a *coup de guerre,* and when the soldiers were ranged in order of battle, she, by her harangues, knew how to inspire them and invigorate their spirits for the action, and that whensoever the cry was To Arms, "*Elle étoit la première et la plus diligente, fût à pied ou à cheval.*"—"She was the first and the most active, whether on foot or on horseback." In

addition to which, a contemporary historian, speaking of her equestrian prowess, states:

"A principio ætatis suæ . . . pascendo pecora . . . sæpius cursum exercebat; et modo huc atque illuc illi frequens cursus erat; et aliquando currendo hastam ut fortis eques manu capiebat et arborum truncos . . . percutiebat, etc."— See Phillipe de Bergame, in Hordal, page 40, who, according to Moreri, under the head Foresti, was born in 1434.

It must be allowed that in the researches and interrogatories relative to our Pucelle, no mention is made of this particularity; neither does anything therein contained tend to invalidate the supposition. Phillipe adduces an ocular witness, from whom he heard it, and the Duke of Alençon indirectly confirms it: "For no sooner had he learned the arrival of Jeanne at Chinon than he forthwith repaired to Saint Florent, and on the following day beheld her pass;" *"Une lance à la main, qu'elle portait et faisait mouvoir avec beaucoup de grâce, et alors il lui fit don d'un beau cheval."*— "Bearing a lance in the hand, which she carried and wielded with much grace, and then he made her a present of a fine horse." Saint Florent is about seventy-five miles from Chinon, consequently there could not have been a greater interval of time than four or five days between her arrival and *rencontre* with the duke. Another fact is that Joan was not admitted to the king until after the expiration of two days (see Dunois in Laverdy, page 352, Note 26), consequently there could only have been a lapse of two or three days, and is it probable that during so short a space of time she could have learned to exercise a lance with grace?

Atropos is very justly pictured as the mother of Bellona, being the third of the Parcæ, and represented by the ancients as holding the scissors destined to cut the thread of life.

La main des parques blêmes,
De vos jours et des miens se joue également.

— La Fontaine.

When we contemplate the dreadful trade of war, it is impossible to refrain from shuddering, and particularly if we call to recollection that the caprice, passion, or jealousy of a single crowned head may cause the marshalling of thousands from a state of rude wealth to premature mortality. Rousseau, in his "Ode upon the Birth of the Duke of Burgundy," has well depicted warfare in the following lines:

Quel monstre, de carnage avide,
S'est emparè de l'Univers?
Qu'elle impitoyable Euménide,
De ses feux infecte les airs?
Quel Dieu souffle en tous lieux la guerre,
Et semble, à dépeupler la terre,
Exciter vos sanglantes mains?
Mégère, des Enfers bannie,
Est elle aujourd'hui le Genie,
Qui préside au sort des humains?

Voltaire is perfectly correct in designating Reason a fatal gift; since he who makes the most use of it becomes the direct enemy of priestcraft, whose dogmas will then no longer pass for holy writ. Andrea Solaris, in an allegorical picture of Reason, represented as her attribute a lighted lamp, whose feeble rays were nearly obscured by the bright radiance of a torch borne in the hand of Faith, who preceded her.

The Naiads were young and beautiful divinities, who presided over fountains and rivers, whose flaxen locks luxuriantly flowing over their shoulders, are represented as crowned with coronets of reeds.

Sylvanus, the rustic god of the ancients, presided over forests and herds, who, together with Pan, was pictured under the form of a satyr.

Zephyr. *Sur un lit de roses,*
Fraîchement écloses,
Flore du grand jour,
Attend le retour;
Le jeune Zéphire,
À ses pieds soupire:

Et le Dieu badin,
Volant autour d'elle,
Du bout de son aille
Découvre son sein.

De Profundis, the commencement of a Latin psalm, recited over the dead, which is now employed by the French as if it constituted part of their language, as they thus express themselves in conversation: *"Dire un de profundis. Chanter le de profundis; on ne chante ici que des de profundis;"* meaning to say, that there is a great mortality in such a place, or, that nothing but funerals are seen.

Suspendons le cours de nos larmes,
Faisons trêve aux de profundis.

As an unfeigned glowing zeal for religion appears to have formed no feature in the character of Tyrconnel he might just as well have exclaimed, addressing the shade of his departed friend Chandos, and applying the words of Molière, in his *"Tartuffe:"*

J'aurai toujours pour vous, ô suave merveille,
Une dévotion à mille autres pareille.

"The bravest warrior of the brave." This beautiful line will elicit a sigh for the memory of Marshal Ney, who, be his political faults what they might, most undoubtedly merited by his acts of dauntless bravery the epithet bestowed upon him by Napoleon, when he styled him *"Le plus brave des braves."*

This earth that bears thee dead
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven;
Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remembered in thy epitaph.

The almost incredible intrepidity and coolness of Marshal Ney, in the most trying periods of danger, was not only proverbial throughout the French army, but even excited the most unqualified applause in his enemies, a feeling that was never more exemplified than upon the first entry of the allies into Paris, upon which occasion,

the marshal having given a splendid ball, where the sovereigns and their generals were present, and among the rest, the famous Hetman Platoff, the latter was so forcibly struck at being in the presence of this magnanimous chief that he remained nearly the whole of the evening, attentively scrutinizing his person, a circumstance generally noticed, and detailed to the writer by Monsieur Gamot, his brother-in-law, an eye-witness of the fact. It is almost superfluous to add that the heroic conduct subsequently displayed by this extraordinary man after the affair of Moscow, in rescuing thirty thousand men, with a train of ten thousand sick and wounded, amidst an enemy's country and incessantly harassed by an army of a hundred and forty thousand victorious Russians and Cossacks, did not a little tend to increase the former feeling of admiration which he had raised in the bosom of every brave and honorable soldier.

Brasset is that part of ancient armor which served as a covering for the arm of the warrior.

You are doubtless acquainted with the combat which took place between Hector and Menelaus, and that the fair Helen looked upon the conflict with a most tranquil eye. Our Dorothy, you must allow, possessed much more virtue; indeed our nation surpasses by far that of the Greeks in point of morality. Our women are gallant, but at the bottom they possess infinitely more of tenderness.

"Atlas, whom no feeling could subdue."

It is presumable that our author in the above line alludes to the hardness of heart displayed by Atlas in refusing his hospitality to Perseus, who after his conquest of the Gorgons, in vain demanded admittance to that monarch's palace, for which obduracy he was punished by order of Jupiter, being transformed into a mountain, as every one knows, on beholding Medusa's head, which was presented to him by the injured Perseus.

Gentile Bellini was the eldest son of Giacopo Bellini, born at Venice in 1421, and instructed by his father in the

art of painting in distemper as well as in oil. He was accounted the greatest proficient of his time, and was employed by the doge to paint the hall of the grand council. The reputation of this artist was at that time so extensive that it reached the Ottoman court, and the emperor Mahomet the Second, having seen some of his performances, invited him to Constantinople, received him with great respect, sat to him for his portrait and engaged him there for some time, loading him with rich presents and many marks of his peculiar regard. This emperor, however, having ordered the head of a slave to be cut off before Gentile, in order to convince him of an incorrectness of a picture of the decollation of Saint John, he was so affected and terrified at the sight that he never enjoyed peace of mind till he obtained permission to return to his own country. Mahomet honored him by placing a gold chain around his neck, and wrote to the senate in his favor, which at his return procured him a pension for life and the honorable distinction of the order of Saint Mark. He died in 1501, at the age of eighty.— *Pilkington.*

De gustibus non est disputandum, and if we take into consideration the versatility of the female character, it is somewhat astonishing that our poet, who is usually lenient, should prove thus inexorable to the ladies; he perhaps only looked upon the bad side of the picture, without calling to mind this axiom of La Bruyère: *"Les femmes sont extrêmes; elles sont meilleurs ou pires que les hommes."*

Of the venerable Tritemus, we have spoken upon former occasions.

There is little consolation to be derived from lines from which we infer that we are only blessed with the dregs of love, as all its real ecstasies were showered upon Pandora, to whom we are indebted for every evil, Hope excepted; since from her fatal box—*"Omnia in orbem evolarunt mala; sola spe in fundo relictâ."*

Urania is used in Canto XX as the surname of Venus, or Celestial; in which character she was supposed to pre-

side over beauty and generation, and was called daughter of Uranus or Cœlus, by the light.

Celadon is a name very frequently applied to amorous and languishing shepherd swains, in the Pastoral Eclogues and Idyls of the Poets.

Voltaire, for some reason unknown to the annotator, seems to regard the Monks of Saint Francis as very devils in the sports of Venus, which must be the effect of constitutional vigor, as the Cordeliers are of the mendicant order, and consequently find no auxiliaries in the delights of a well stocked table, or the overflowing goblets of rich and rosy wine.

"The Golden Ass" is an excellent allegorical production, replete with morality, comprised in eleven books, and was composed by Apuleius, a very learned man of Mudaura, in Africa.

Larchet, surnamed by our author the Pedant, rendered himself ridiculous as an enthusiastical supporter of Cardinal Mazarin; he was a complete collegian, who, in a critical work after Herodotus, asserts that in Babylon the females prostituted themselves in the Temple by way of devotion, and that all the young Gauls were of the race of Sodom and Gomorrah.

It is in the humorous way that the Devil should be spoken of at all times, as well as all the devils that succeeded to the furies, and equally the modern fooleries which are derived from the fooleries of the ancients. It is pretty well known that Satan, Beelzebub, and Astaroth have no more real existence than Tisiphone, Alecto, and Megæra. The sombre and fanatic Milton, of the party of the Round Heads or Independents, and infamous Latin Secretary of the Parliament surnamed the Rump, and still more detestable, as having been the apologist of the assassination of Charles the First, may continue to eulogize Hell as long as he chooses, or depict the Devil disguised as a cormorant or a toad, and arrange all the infernal

cohort as pygmies in a vast hall; these disgusting, terrible, and absurd chimeras may have been agreeable to some fanatics like himself, but we must declare that such abominable pleasantries are regarded by us with horror; as we only desire, on the contrary, that such personages should prove conducive to our amusement.

Joan seems sometimes to have forgotten the adage that *"un once de Vanité gâte un quintal de mérite."* "I once knew," said the Marquis de L———, "a witty gentleman whose father had been a coachman (which was certainly no very great misfortune), and who was sometimes desirous of passing for the natural son of a prince, and at others, for that of Voltaire; thus prostituting the fame of his mother at the shrine of his egregious vanity."

Denis must have been deeply offended at the rebellious notions frequently excited in the brain of his *protégée,* which had nothing to do with priestly intervention; since our heroine had the presumption to rely solely upon her own judgment, without any reference whatsoever to his opinion. To punish this obduracy and awaken contrition, our Saint had recourse to the very best expedient possible, that of abandoning her to her own free will, by the aid of which our refractory Joan, being arbiter of her own destiny, was certain of damnation, as the soundest efforts of reason and common sense, without the interposition of the Church, would have been fruitless; and in consequence, Mister Saint Denis, with true paternal feeling, rescued his maiden from the fate which infallibly awaited her, and thus placed Joan upon the stool of repentance.

Bernard, alluded to herein, was the author of an opera, entitled "Castor and Pollux," together with some fugitive pieces, and also produced "An Art of Love," after the manner of Ovid.

The false prophet Balaam had a she ass which possessed the faculty of speech, a circumstance regarded by wise heads as a tale to make a man sleep while standing. This miracle is, however, perpetuated even to the present day,

since nothing is more common than to hear asses of both sexes dispute upon abtruse subjects of theology and metaphysics.

Adonai means Lord or Master.

There were two scriptural personages of the names of Enoch, one being the eldest son of Cain, the other a saintly patriarch, and the father of Methuselah; but to which of these reverend individuals our famous ass devolved, we leave to the sage determination of theologians, to whom it must be a matter of unspeakable consequence.

A more decided proof of continence than the candid donkey gave was never adduced; wherefore the situation of our donkey forcibly calls to mind Sheridan's remark in the *Critic,* when he states that "The fleet thou canst not see, because it is not yet in sight."

The Thyrsus is a lance or javelin, environed with branches of ivy and the vine, being one of the attributes given by the poets to the god Bacchus, displaying, according to some, the fury which wine inspires, while others imagine that it bears reference to the necessity which drunkards have of a stick, in order to support themselves.

Apuleius's donkey did not speak; he could never pronounce more than Oh and No, or, more accurately, Yea and Nay; but he enjoyed an excellent fortune with a lady, as may be seen in the two volumes quarto *"Cum Notis ad Usum Delphini."* In short, at all periods the same sentiments have been attributed to beasts as to men; in the "Iliad" and "Odyssey," we are told that horses wept; while in the Fables of Æsop, Pilpay, and Lokman, animals of every description converse as familiarly as your humble servant.

It may be as well to add to Note 2, p. 221, that in the city of Tours are displayed to devotees the body of this charitable saint, and the sword with which he so severed his garment, as well as the remains of the Seven Sleepers. Being now upon the subject of relics, let us record some

of those stated to have belonged to Jean, Duc de Berri, brother of Charles the Fifth of France, according to the account handed down to us by Laboureur, in the Introduction to his History, page eighty-five, which consisted of — First, a Rib of Saint Zacharius. — Second, a Rib of Saint Barbara. — Third, half of one of the feet of Saint Cyprian. — Fourth, half of the Sponge used by the Virgin Mary, when she wept for Saint Stephen. — Fifth, half of Saint Laurence's Gridiron. — Sixth, half of a Rib of Saint Anthony. In addition to these, the above named prince is stated to have made presents of numerous relics to different churches, and among the rest, part of the head and arm of Saint Bennet to the Abbey of Saint Denis, for which he procured, by way of exchange, the chin of Saint Hilary, and subsequently the hand of Saint Thomas the Apostle, etc.— See, *id.* His. 249, 327, 436: *"Juvenal des Ursins,"* 127.

As the *"Legenda Sanctorum"* is not generally studied, it is essential to explain that Saint Roch was a famous curer of the plague, and that in all pictures and images he is represented accompanied by a dog, just as Saint Anthony, so renowned for resisting the temptation of the Fiend, has always at his side a friendly pig; all good Christians know the eagle of Saint John, the ox of St. Luke, and in short the several other beasts that are received as inhabitants of Paradise. I cannot think of terminating this note without remarking that the *"Legenda Aurea,"* an immense thick folio, is replete with such exaggerated tales as are to be found in the pages of "Mother Goose," etc.; to such, therefore, as are enamored of the good olden times and venerable fooleries, we strenuously recommend a perusal of the volume in question, which cannot fail to afford them an abundant harvest, at the expense of the folly of human nature, and the establishing an eternal monument of the infatuated ignorance of our reverend forefathers.

Ambrosia is exquisite food serving as nourishment to the gods, according to the ancients. *Ambrosia quasi cibus deorum;* be this, however, as it may, an average alder-

man set before a well covered table of terrestrial dainties, would doubtless exclaim:

Soûle toi de Nectar, crève-toi d'Ambrosie,
Nous n'avous pour ces mets, aucune jalousie.

Never was a compliment more adroitly turned than this of our good donkey; poor Joan was indeed in a perilous situation, and Satan doubtless calculated that the victory was all his own; but the tempter found to his cost that a saintly Ægis is invulnerable, and that Denis, though without his sconce, was more than a match for the foul fiend armed with his caput and horns to boot.

Ganymede was a young Trojan prince, passionately enamored of the chase, was, according to the fable of the ancients, borne away by the eagle of Jupiter while hunting on Mount Ida, and installed in the post of cup-bearer to the King of the Gods, which Hebe had forfeited by falling in an indecent posture, while pouring out nectar to the gods at a grand festival.

Philyra, one of the Oceanides, was met by Saturn in Thrace, who in order to escape the vigilance of Rhea, changed himself into a horse, that he might enjoy the company of Philyra, by whom he had a son, half a man and half a horse, called Chiron.

"Rubs either eye, attires himself, siezes his arms." This concise idea brings to mind the following curious and authentic anecdote respecting Napoleon: The army of Italy, under General Bonaparte, having been engaged against the Austrians during the whole day, at length terminated the desperate conflict by gaining a complete victory, at the very moment when the setting sun threw a faint gleam upon the western horizon. As the troops for two successive days had not tasted repose, the complete flight of the enemy at this particular juncture was the more fortunate, as the French were thereby enabled to enjoy repose during the night, of which they very gladly took advantage. Notwithstanding this harassed state of the army, it was necessary to establish outposts; when a

grenadier, stationed upon this service, which precluded the enjoyment of rest, being quite exhausted with fatigue, fell fast asleep at his post. Napoleon, who offered up repose as a sacrifice to the more imperious calls of vigilance and glory, proceeded alone to visit the outskirts of the camp, and during his survey, arrived at the spot where lay extended the sleeping sentinel, who could not be said to have been guilty of a breach of duty, but the unwilling victim of the extreme fatigue that wholly overpowered him. Napoleon, unmindful of his dignity, and actuated only from a noble principle, took up the soldier's musket which lay beside him, and placing it upon his own shoulder, continued thus to mount guard for nearly an hour, in order to watch over the safety of the camp. The grenadier at length awoke, and sought for his piece in vain, but by the light of the moon perceived his general, who had thus magnanimously paid respect to his hour of repose. "Oh! I am undone!" vociferated the affrighted soldier, on recognizing Napoleon, whose lineaments were graven upon the heart of every warrior. "No, my friend," replied the General, with extreme affability, at the same time surrendering him up his arms, "the battle was obstinate and sufficiently long to excuse your having thus yielded to the impulse of fatigue; one moment of inattention might endanger the fate of the camp; I was however awake, and have only to advise, that you would be more upon your guard for the future."

"Deborah's spear;" this terrible weapon of the Jewish heroine was presented to Joan by Saint Denis in the church bearing his name, as appears in Canto the Second of our poem; no wonder, therefore, that the fiend fled before its murderous point, since Joan was a prophetess as well as Deborah, and we know that two ordinary women will outmatch the Devil at any time. Having just spoken of the patron of Gaul, it may not be irrelevant to mention the town which derived from him its name, and whither his corpse was conveyed by means of a miracle. [See Note to Canto the First.]

Res mira est caput ipse suum Dionisius illac,
Truncatum portans requievit in illo.

It is also stated, that the Church of our Saint was consecrated by the hand of Christ Himself, according to the testimony of a leper, who chanced to sleep in that edifice, and whom the Lord transported to the walls of the church, in order that he might not discredit the reality of his vision, which fully accounts for the remains of this leper having been there preserved and duly reverenced with those of the headless Mister Saint Denis.

Satan is a dreadful double-dealer, who never accords a favor, without the certainty of reaping a *quid pro quo,* with some little douceur to boot.

Trust not th' equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth.

From the tenor of the introductory lines to Canto XXI, our poet infers that Cupid possesses two quivers, stored with darts, the one inflicting wounds, which are productive of a tender and durable love, the other, armed with shafts, whose envenomed points only give rise to the grosser feelings of sensual desire and unbridled lust.

The "Worthless Scribe," author of the "Testament of Cardinal Alberoni" and some other works of a similar nature, took upon himself to publish an edition of *"La Pucelle,"* interpolated and versified according to his own ideas; concerning which we have spoken in the preface. This miserable wretch was an unfrocked monk of the Capuchin order, who sought refuge at Lausanne, as well as in Holland, where he filled the employ of superintendent of a printing-press.

"L'amour propre est le plus grand de tous les flatteurs" is a maxim of La Rochefoucauld; yet there is a species of noble vanity, whereof few persons are capable, which is that of distinguishing oneself by a show of excessive simplicity, a mode of action formerly adopted by the famous Bossi d'Amboise, who, on a grand court day, when each was desirous of outvying the other in magnificence,

appeared habited in the most simple manner possible, while his valets were covered with the richest liveries that could be procured. By this means, the eyes of the whole assembly were directed towards him, so that everyone appeared to form a part of his retinue, while he had alone the air of a man of distinction. A similar conduct was pursued by the great Frederick of Prussia, nor less adopted by Napoleon, the Gallic emperor, who, though environed by his marshals and ministers in the most sumptuous attire, has frequently appeared to the writer like a sun in the hemisphere of brilliancy, though covered only with an old gray surtout, and a little cocked hat the worse for wear.

A fervent and honorable love, like that possessed by the brave Dunois, cannot be more beautifully described than in the following couplets:

Projets flatteurs de séduire une belle,
Soins concertés de lui faire la cour,
Tendres écrits, sermens d'être fidèle,
Airs empressés, vous n'êtes point l'amour:
Mais se donner sans espoir de retour,
Par son désordre annoncer que l'on aime,
Respect timide avec ardeur extrême,
Persévérance au comble du malheur,
Voilà l'amour, mais il n'est qu'en mon cœur.

—Verrieres.

"Chaste kisses thirty;" Voltaire seems to have intended these thirty *embrassades* as a just sarcasm upon the kissing salutations so incessantly practised among his countrymen, where in the open street one gentleman embraces another; while on paying the matin visit, females rush into each other's arms with a stage effect that might prompt a foreigner to believe that they had not met for the last ten years, whereas they perhaps only parted at a soirée the preceding evening, after dancing quadrilles, and rehearsing the same scene of affected friendship, as truly heartless as it is nauseating and ridiculous.

If I have had occasion in one or two instances to dwell upon an illiberal remark of our poet in regard to my countrymen, it is but just I should notice the line else-

where, "More hardy far in feats than double-dealing," so truly characteristic of the spirit pervading the breast of every true-born Englishman, whose inherent feeling would rather prompt him to face even Lucifer than ignominiously stab him in the dark.

This "directing dart that turns us all to fools," was the flaming dart whose effects were so diametrically the reverse of those produced by the arrow which pierced the heart of the brave Dunois; the latter, however, appears to be the weapon usually resorted to in these degenerate days by the hoodwinked divinity, of whom it is said —

Certain enfant qu'avec crainte on caresse,
Et qu'on connoît à son malin souris,
Court en tous lieux précédé par les ris,
Mais trop souvent suivi de la tristesse.
Dans le cœur des humains il entre avec souplesse,
Habite avec fierté, s'envole avec mépris.

All the feats of bravery detailed by Voltaire, as having occurred during the siege of Orleans, are fully verified by the historians, who state that — *"Les femmes ne cessaient pas de porter très-diligemment à ceux qui défendaient le boulevard plusieurs choses nécessaires, comme eaux, huiles et graisses bouillans, chaux, cendres, chausse-trapes. Ainsi que des vivres et refraîchissemens . . quelques unes même combattirent sur le parapet, à coups de lances."* — "The women never ceased diligently to supply those who defended the boulevard with such necessary ingredients as boiling water, oil, grease, lime, cinders, etc., as well as provisions and refreshments . . . some even fought with lances upon the parapet."

See Tripaut's His.: *de la Pucelle* — Daniel, and *"Chronique de France."*

Madame Audou [p. 234], was in all probability a lady of high fashion, who was enamored of the famous tragedian named Baron, equally remarkable for his fine symmetry of shape as the abilities which he displayed in the histrionic art, concerning whom the following anecdote is related: A chevalier of the order of Saint Louis, of

ancient extraction, possessing nothing but his half-pay, and feeling highly indignant at the extravagant manner in which Baron lived, told him in conversation "That it was shameful a mere vagabond like him should adopt such a style, while men of his family and rank who had bled for their country had barely the means of subsistence." To which our tragedian coolly made the following inimitable answer: *"Et comptez-vous pour rien, Monsieur le Chevalier, le droit que vous avez de me le dire?"*—"And do you, Monsieur le Chevalier, count as nothing the right you have of telling me so?"

The following characteristic description of the interior of the Temple of Love might well rank its divinity upon a par with Satan himself:

Les plaintes, les dégoûts, l'imprudence, la peur,
Font de ce beau séjour un séjour plein d'horreur,
La sombre jalousie, au teint pâle et livide,
Suit d'un pied chancelant le soupçon qui la guide.
La haine et le courroux répandant leur venin,
Marchent devant ses pas un poignard à la main.
La malice les voit, et d'un souris perfide
Applaudit en passant à leur troupe homicide.
Le repentir les suit, détestant leurs fureurs,
Et baisse en soupirant ses yeux mouillés de pleurs.

The *billet-doux,* a term applied to amatory and tender notes, was formerly denominated *un Poulet* by the French, a name derived from the manner of folding up these love-scrolls, which presented two points, resembling the wings of a fowl.

The word rendezvous has been found of such utility, that most of the European nations have adopted it; their own languages being inadequate to frame a term so truly explanatory of the meaning. Scarron says: "A woman's virtue is already shaken when she appoints a rendezvous:" and we find in Regnier, that the house of God was made a meeting place for lovers. *"Les temples aujourd'hui servent aux rendezvous."* This is doubtless an allusion to the custom of young lovers purposely entering a church at the same time, when both going up to the elevated vase con-

taining the holy water, a *billet-doux* is thus conveyed from either party by their hands meeting in the vessel, for the ostensible act of taking water and crossing themselves, but in reality for the more efficient purpose of conveying the *billet-doux*, whose etymology we have illustrated in the preceding note.

However we may be led to blame the acrimonious epithets of our authors, yet candidly speaking, monks always retain some marks of worldly failing, for with them, as with mankind in general, we meet with apes, madmen, and crowds of individuals bereft of merit and virtue, and having nothing but their consummate pride to render them conspicuous.

In the line, "that from sound sense or reason turn awry," Voltaire seems to have hit upon a knotty point, for the elucidation of which we beg to refer our reader to the Sorbonnic doctors, being perfectly satisfied ourselves with the certainty that *deliramenta doctrinæ* only conduct us to the loss of reason, or as Scudéri says —

Tous ces ambiteux desirs,
Tous ses vastes pensers, dont nous sommes la proie
Que font-ils, que rendre nos jours
Et moins fortunés, et plus courts.

Zoilus, a sophist and grammarian of Amphipolis, flourished two hundred and fifty-nine years before the Christian era, and became famous on account of his severe criticisms on the works of Isocrates and Plato, and the poems of Homer, for which he received the name of Homeromastic, or the chastiser of Homer. Zoilus presented his criticisms to Ptolemy Philadelphus, who rejected them with indignation, though the author declared that he was starving for want. It was stated by some that Zoilus was cruelly stoned to death, or affixed to a cross by order of Ptolemy, while others affirm that he was burnt alive at Smyrna; his name is generally applied to rigid critics, but all the works of this grammarian are unfortunately lost.

We know full well that an alderman and turtle soup are synonymous terms, and it may alike be said of a French

bon vivant, that gastronome and truffles mean the same thing; for a *dinde farçi de truffes* (a turkey stuffed with truffles) is a dish not to be resisted by a Parisian epicure, though death in the form of apoplexy stood at his elbow. It is ludicrous though painful to observe the old worn-out *débauchés* prying into the shops of the *marchands de comestibles* of the Palais Royal and Panorama Passage, in order to select the best and largest birds stuffed with truffles of Périgord, Limousin, Gascony, and other hot countries, as they are said to warm and strengthen the stomach, as well as conduce to renew youthful vigor.

There were in the convents of Cîteaux and Clairvaux two immense tuns, constructed for the receiving of wine, similar to that of Heidelberg, whereof so much has been said by travellers. The two vessels in question were by far the most estimable relics of these respective monasteries.

"Leading us through this rugged world's sad road." How well this sententious line applies to the mode of education formerly adopted in England, which ushered a young man from the seminary well stored with Latin and Greek, but without possessing another requisite to save him from starvation, which, melancholy to relate, has too frequently been the fate of deep study and the most profound erudition.

Trust not the courtier in his bag wig and sword, but if he wears the skullcap and the cowl, then fly him as you would plague, pestilence, and famine.

> He's fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
> The motions of his spirits are dull as night,
> And his affections dark as Erebus:
> Let no such man be trusted.

Never was a more faithful delineation of the priestly courtier than the above, who draws from you in his ecclesiastical character the inmost secrets of the mind at the confessional, for the sole purpose of profiting by them in his worldly capacity; for, whether in the kitchen or the palace, he is the *Tartuffe* still; as there exists no difference

between the village priest and a Mazarin or a Richelieu; education being the same, and nothing but opportunity wanting to complete the masterpiece of villainy.

Voltaire felicitates England upon the period of the Reformation, when a change of religion, by abolishing confession and priestly sway, discarded from our cabinets such a dangerous race of men. [Happily the bigotry which inspired the foregoing note has largely disappeared in our day.]

This question of Agnes would seem to imply that even with a royal lover, "hottest love will soonest cloy:" while the condemnation and absolution of our monk, pronounced in the same breath, afford a striking exemplification of priestly apostasy, when descanting upon the sins of the great.

This very tender demand of Agnes concerning Monrose, does not in the smallest degree militate against the purity of her faith, in respect to her monarch Charles; it was merely the result of a recollection of past circumstances, still perhaps in my reader's recollection, and I am sure there is not one of my lovely female friends so circumstanced, who would not have ventured upon a similar interrogatory.

Joan's acquirements in regard to elocution should not be dismissed without referring to her infamous judgment, during which, it will be found that upon her trial, when asked by the judges if she thought herself blessed by the grace of God, she made answer: *"Si je n'y suis, Dieu veuille m'y mettre, et si j'y suis, Dieu veuille m'y tenir!"* a reply which even the critic Luchet allowed to be sublime; and upon the question being asked, why she assisted at the coronation of Charles the VII.?—*"Il est juste que qui a eu part au travail en ait à l'honneur,"* was the answer worthy an everlasting record, according to the opinion of Voltaire, in his *"Essai sur les Mœurs,"* ch. clxxx; and upon the question being proposed whether she had given the soldiers to understand that her banner was the signal

of prosperity, her reply was: *"Non, je leur disois pour toute assurance, entrez hardiment au milieu des Anglois,* ET J'Y ENTROIS MOIMÊME: (*Villaret,* XV, 51.) Who can deny the sublimity of such an answer?

"Discreetly occupied o'er thread and needle" is in allusion to the famous Madame de Maintenon, whose secret influence over the mind of Louis the Fourteenth was so absolute that he constantly admitted her to be a participator in the most secret councils of his ministers, where she was in the habit of artfully insinuating her opinions, which became law with the *grand monarque.*

Aphrodisia is the Greek appellation of Venus; which only signifies froth. Yet how enchantingly sonorous are the Grecian terms! How charming is the allegory of froth! Pray, good reader, refer to Hesiod. You would scarcely believe that the ancient fables are frequently no other than truths.

In gracing the thigh of La Pucelle with the well-tempered steel of Holofernes, our author did not call to mind the venerable historian, who states that Charles the Seventh, satisfied with the reality of Joan's celestial mission, caused her to appear at court caparisoned from head to foot; the weight of whose armor did not prevent her from mounting on horseback unassisted, which the most robust knights could with difficulty accomplish. The king being desirous of presenting her with a fine sword, she requested his majesty to expedite a messenger to the Church of Saint Catherine de Fiere Bois, in Touraine, stating that he would find there an old weapon on whose blade were engraved five crosses and five fleurs-de-lis, with which it was decreed that she should conquer the English. Charles, inquiring if she had ever visited that said church, was answered in the negative; and upon this a person being despatched brought back the sword indicated, and whereof she made use during all her rencontres with the British. This licence of our author, in contradiction to chronicle records, is very pardonable, as it was impossible

to think of Deborah and her lance, without calling to mind Judith's trenchant scimitar, who, united with our Joan, form a trio of Amazonian belles unmatched in the history of the universe. I cannot conclude the present note without adding a historical fact in regard to this extraordinary woman, divested of all the marvellous circumstances subjoined by the chroniclers of her history, who conceived that she would acquire more reputation if held forth as a prophetess than an intrepid warrior. According to the narration of the valiant Dunois, we find: *Et Joanna posuit se super bordum fossati, et instante, ibi ipsa existente, Anglici tremuerunt et effecti sunt pavidi; armati vero Regis resumpserunt animum et ceperunt ascendere. . . . Bollevardum fuit captum, etc.*— See Laverdy, 361, 362.

"And Heaven in safety still preserve thy head," that is, in the ardor of her praying, it is presumed Joan totally forgot that this must have been a very sore place for Mister Denis, who, no doubt called to recollection his headless perambulation from Paris, after his alleged martyrdom.

Superstition, which might be justly termed an epidemic disorder among the people at that period, was fully called into action upon the subject of Joan's exploits; and a few instances will be sufficient to demonstrate how far this weakness predominated, even with writers and studious personages, whose pursuits were calculated to dispel such chimeras from the brain. In the history of the Abbey of Saint Denis, which was translated by Le Laboureur, in a chapter where he treats of an eclipse of the sun, he seriously remarks that "The astrologers, judging from a natural science of effects from causes, prognosticated that extraordinary accidents would ensue, and which happened accordingly."— Laboureur, page 548.

In "*Juvenal des Ursins*," Archbishop of Rheims, we learn according to his statement "that sometimes the image of a certain saint has suddenly turned its back upon a soldier who wished to take it, who, in consequence, lost his wits, while the rest of his comrades turned devotees."—

[Page 50.] . . . Sometimes priests, by means of invocations, raise the devil; and such was the confidence placed in them that the Council of Charles the Sixth enacted that they should offer up their prayers in order to effect the king's recovery.— [Page 192.] . . . In another place the thunder enters the hotel of the dauphin, kills a child, and wounds others; in which strain he continues: "Until a sprinkling of holy water in the chamber and about the dwelling expelled the thunder no one knew whither."— [Page 206.]

While we are occupied upon the subject of visions and revelations, this same *"Juvenal des Ursins"* testifies that the most illustrious persons were not less superstitious than the poor. A Mathurin, a Carmelite, and others of the University, assembled in 1413 to imagine what would be the termination of the Burgundian Government, and they in consequence entreated Juvenal de Treignel, father of the archbishop, and one of the most eminent characters in the state, to join them. They in consequence deliberated and came to a determination that it was requisite to consult studious and religious persons; the latter then communicated their visions. . . . The one having seen three suns; another three different periods; a third the king of England at the top of the towers of Notre Dame. . . . Upon which these grave and sapient doctors decided that there might be a change in the government of the kingdom.—(*"Juvenal,"* page 316.) Seven years afterwards, the Archbishop of Rheims, who was then occupied in writing his history, having occasion to speak of the treaty of Troyes, does not forget to call to mind *Ces visions vues par bonnes créatures . . . de trois soleils:* (These visions seen by good creatures . . . of three suns); for, continues he gravely, "There were three kings in France, namely, the English monarch and Monseigneur le Dauphin."—(*"Juvenal,"* page 477.) In short, his mother had equally visions of the same wonderful force.—(*id.* 324.) See also Voltaire's *"Essai sur les Mœurs,"* ch. lxxix, note 16.

But to revert to Joan and the influence of her pres-

ence — Dunois stated, according to Laverdy, 354, note 31: *"Asserit quod Anglici qui 200, prius fugabant 800, aut 1,000 de exercitu regis, a post et tunc, 400, aut 500, armatorum pugnabant in conflictu contra totam potestatem Anglicorum, etc."* And other contemporary writers affirm that "Before her arrival, two hundred English put to flight in skirmishes five hundred Frenchmen, but that after her coming, two hundred French drove four hundred Englishmen before them."— See *"Histoire de la Pucelle,"* 510.

"Shooting all those whom fear had put to flight," thereby alluding to Charles the Ninth having fired upon his Protestant subjects during the infamous massacre of Saint Bartholomew, which cannot be better prefaced than by the subjoined letter sent to Catherine de Médici, by Pope Pius the Fifth, a few days after that most sanguinary tragedy: "Your majesty has recently acted as the heart of God directs, in causing the throats to be cut of those good people, who have no faith in my purgatory, and who love French verses. May your royal hand achieve the work of Heaven, in causing those infected men to be poniarded, who only trust in the Evangelists, without believing that the Romish faith forms a part of Christianity." A glorious epistle this for Pope Pius the Fifth, whom a friend and succeeding pope has beatified on account of his style.

Brantôme, in his memoirs, speaking of this execrable deed, thus expresses himself: "Upon the dawn of day, the king, looking from the window of his apartment and seeing many persons in the Fauxbourg Saint Germain who stirred and fled, took a great arquebuse, used at the chase, and fired upon them several times, but in vain; for the piece would not reach to such a distance, unceasingly crying out, 'KILL, KILL.'"

Many persons heard Monsieur le Maréchal de Tessé state that when young, he saw a gentleman aged one hundred, who had served in the guard of Charles the Ninth, and who, upon inquiries being made respecting the Saint Barthelemi, and whether the king had really fired upon the Huguenots, made answer: *"C'était moi Monsieur, qui*

chargeais son arquebuse."—"It was myself, sir, who charged his arquebuse."

Henry the Fourth was heard to state in public, at different times, that after the massacre, a cloud of crows perched upon the Louvre, and that during seven nights the king himself and the whole court heard groanings and lamentable shrieks at the same hours. He also related a prodigy still more astonishing, saying, that some days prior to the Saint Barthelemi, while playing at dice with the dukes of Alençon and Guise, he observed drops of blood upon the table; when he caused them to be wiped away two different times, but that they reappeared, upon which he quitted the game, struck with horror.

Voltaire, in the *"Henriade,"* thus expresses himself in regard to the subject in question:

> *Que dis-je! ô crime, ô honte! ô comble de nos maux!*
> *Le Roi, le Roi lui-même, au milieu des bourreaux,*
> *Poursuivant des proscrits les troupes égarées,*
> *Du sang des sujets souillait ses mains sacrées.*

"Shoot, fire, and kill!" [p. 245]. Still alluding to the conduct of Charles the Ninth, when urging on the assassins of Saint Barthelemi. The notorious fact of the king's having fired upon his subjects, was the cause of a board being placed during the late revolution under the balcony of the window from whence this act was perpetrated, and which continued affixed to the Louvre for some years, bearing the following inscription: *"De cette fenêtre Charles neuf d'exécrable mémoire tira sur son peuple."*

The poor cornuted Louvet herein only acted in conformity with the conduct of his brethren in misfortune, who are uniformly blinded to the infidelity of their mates, while the eyes of all the world besides can perceive her dereliction as plain as the sun at noonday; if, however, this sage personage was in the dark upon the matter in question, he was far otherwise in respect to worldly interest, as the following facts from history will fully manifest:

The famous President Louvet, upon retiring from office,

was desirous of preserving his influence, or rather sought to foment those disorders in which he could no longer participate. To effect this purpose, he left Giac, one of his creatures at court, whom he advised Charles to receive as a favorite; in fine, he had attained to such a height of power that the Count Dunois did not disdain to become his style.— See Daniel, vii, Villaret, xiv, 316.

The Bastard Dunois was born in 1402, the same year that gave birth to Charles the Seventh, his father being Louis Duc d'Orleans, brother of Charles the Sixth, and his mother the Lady de Cany. The celebrity of the Bastard was such that Valentine de Milan, Duchess of Orleans, lamented she was not his mother, being in the habit of stating in the phraseology of that day: "*Qu'il lui avait été* EMBLÉ." (*Dérobé*)—"That he had been surreptitiously obtained."

The half-brother of Dunois was Charles, duke of Orleans, born the twenty-sixth of May, 1391, of whom I may be permitted to speak, on account of his poetical talents, altogether unknown, which possess an indescribable charm, breathing the innate effusions of the soul. It is indeed singular, that this most interesting versifier did not receive under the auspices of Louis the Fourteenth that justice which was so deservedly his due, and it is even more astonishing that he continued unknown to the great Boileau. He married the widow of Richard the Second of England, and was taken prisoner at the battle of Agincourt, when he continued incarcerated for several years; he was the father of Louis the Twelfth, and uncle of Francis the First. Obit the eighth of January, 1466.

As a specimen of his poetical talent, exerted while in confinement, may be gratifying to the reader, I hereto subjoin a few lines, quoted from an original manuscript, preserved in the Public Library of Grenoble, and written by one Astezan, First Secretary of the Duke, the passage being extracted from folio 78 of the manuscript in question:

Tempus quod regnat clamidem dimisit acerbam,
Ventorum nec non frigoris ac pluvie.
Et comptas claris radiis solaribus atque
Formosis. Vestes induit inde novas
Non est nunc ales; non est nunc bellua, quæ non
Cantet vel clamet more sonoque suo:
Tempus quod regnat clamidem dimisit acerbam
Ventorum nec non frigoris ac pluvie.

Thus Anglicized:

Old Time has cast his cloak away,
Of wind and rain and nipping cold,
And now is clad in burnished gold,
Of smiling Sol's unclouded ray,
Nor beast or feathered warbler gay,
But in its song or strain hath told,
That Time hath cast his cloak away.
Stream, rivulet, and fountain's play,
In beauty's guise are now enrolled;
Gay glittering jewels all enfold,
Since each is decked in new array,
For Time hath cast his cloak away.

"Of sacred oath accomplishing the law." For facts Voltaire had no doubt consulted the history du Haillan, mentioned below, ere he committed the above line to paper.

Many attempts have been made to prove that the mission of Joan was effected by celestial agency, which assertion is combated by Robertson, in his introduction to the history of Charles the Fifth, wherein he examines the mission of the Pucelle in a political point of view, and while rendering justice to her wisdom and courage, deploring her misfortunes, and most eloquently inveighing against the superstition to which she was sacrificed, he yet considers her but as an instrument and a victim to party. Our countryman, however, is not the only one who has raised objections against this heavenly mission, since we find that one Dr. Beaupère, who acted as an assessor during the trial of Joan, was of opinion that her alleged visions and apparitions were rather the effects of human invention than originating in divine inspiration; and in the "*Histoire Générale des Rois de France depuis Pharamond jusqu'à Charles sept,*" written by Bernard de Girard, sieur du Haillan, first historian of France, and established genealo-

gist of the Order of the Holy Ghost by Henry the Third, appears the following statement, given as nearly as possible verbatim:

"Some say that Joan was the mistress of John, bastard of Orleans; others, of the Lord of Baudricourt, who being wary and cunning, and seeing that the king knew no longer what to do or to say, and the people on account of continual wars so much oppressed as not to be able to raise their courage, betook themselves to have recourse to a miracle fabricated in false religion, being that which of all things most elevates the hearts and makes men believe, even the most simple, that which is not, and the people was very proper to imbibe such superstitions. Those who believed she was a maid sent by God, are not damned, neither are those who did not believe. Many esteem this last assertion a heresy, but we will not dwell too much upon it, neither too much on the contrary belief. Wherefore these lords, for the space of some days, instructed her in all she was to answer to the demands which should be made of her by the king and themselves when in his presence; for they were to interrogate her, and in order that she might recognize the monarch when conducted into his presence, they caused her every day to see at various times his picture. The day appointed on which she was to be led to him in his chamber, which they had already arranged, they did not fail to be present. Being entered, the first who asked her what she wanted were the Bastard of Orleans and Baudricourt, who demanded of her her business. She replied she wanted to speak to the king. They presented to her another of the lords who was there, saying to her that he was the king; but she, instructed in all which should be done and said, as well as what she was to do and say, said that it was not the king, and that he was hid in the alcove, containing the bed. This feigned invention and appearance of religion was of such profit to the kingdom that it raised the courage, lost and beaten down by despair. . . . Wherefore the king caused to be given to her horses and arms,

and an army with a good number of great captains, in company of whom she carried succor to those of Orleans."

Du Haillan, our informant, being first historiographer of France, and living but one hundred and forty years after the death of Joan, must, from the post he occupied, have possessed ample means of ascertaining the above facts, which if true, set the matter at rest concerning any supernatural interposition in her favor, a circumstance that tends to exalt still more the noble disinterestedness of the heroic but unfortunate Maid of Orleans.

The final line brings to mind the conduct adopted by our Joan upon the doctors presenting themselves before her, deputed by the king to ascertain her virginity, and to whom she expressed herself as follows: *"Je le crois, je ne sais ni A, ni B, je viens de la part du Roi du Ciel, pour faire lever le siège D'Orleans, et mener le Roi â Rheims."*— See Laverdy, cccxii and cccli, note 24.

And upon the coronation of Charles as thus predicted, we find from a contemporary historian, that *"Au dit sacre fut toujours près et présente la dicte Jehanne la Pucelle, tout armée à blanc, et tenant son estandard en la main, et bien y devoit estre, comme celle qui estoit principallement cause de l'ordonnance et volunté de Dieu d'icellay sacre."*

So much for history; notwithstanding which it must be allowed by all, that this assertion of Father Lourdis is rather a bold one, when the two foregoing lines are taken into consideration, and even was it credited, would cast a shameful reflection upon the virile powers of the Bastard Dunois: we will, however, leave the reader to form his own conjectures on this knotty point, and content ourselves with the hope that the renowned Joan of Arc, after her belligerent toils, did not resemble Margaret of Austria, who was affianced to the dauphin of France, and by him sent away to espouse the heir of Brittany, which Margaret being afterwards on her passage to marry the Infant Don Juan of Spain, and very nearly shipwrecked, wrote her own epitaph in the following lines:

Cy-git Margot la gentil' demoiselle,
Qu'a deux maris, et encore est Pucelle.

Here Margot lies by Hymen twice betrayed,
Who with two husbands, still remains a maid.

There is every reason to conjecture from the abrupt termination of this poetic flight, that it was originally the intention of Voltaire to have prolonged *"La Pucelle;"* the reasons that operated upon him to alter his plan are not handed down to us. On consulting the edition of 1756, very striking variations will be found in every canto, most of which were no doubt the productions of La Beaumelle and Maubert, as the publication in question was edited by them from their first edition of 1755. In the poem as again printed at Paris in 1762, and authorized by Monsieur de Voltaire, considerable changes are observable, particularly in the number of cantos forming the poem, which the author ultimately fixed at twenty-one.

Whatsoever emendations our poet may have thought fit to insert, it is evident, from the nature of the additions found in the first impressions of the work, that they were added by the publishers, as we have already remarked in the preface, for the purpose of realizing money, or injuring the reputation of Monsieur de Voltaire, and accumulating against him a host of enemies, since they not only disgraced his literary labor by their vulgar and very frequently obscene verses, but also outraged many of his friends and personages of elevated rank, to whom he was particularly attached; and to effect a similar purpose, La Beaumelle was also prompted to falsify the "Age of Louis the Fourteenth."

The conclusive canto of the edition of 1756 contains the ensuing lines, subjoined by way of epilogue:

C'est par ces vers, enfans de mon loisir,
Que j'égayais les soucis du vieil âge:
O, don du ciel! tendre amour! doux désir!
On est encore heureux par votre image;
L'illusion est le premier plaisir,
J'allais enfin, libre en mon ermitage,
Chantant les feux de Jeanne et de Dunois,
Me consoler de la jalouse rage,
Des faux mépris, des cruautés des Rois,

Des traits du sot, des sottises du sage;
Mais quel démon me vole cet ouvrage?
Brisons ma lyre; elle échappe à mes doigts.
Ne t'attends pas à de nouveaux exploits,
Lecteur: ma Jeanne aura son pucelage,
Jusqu'à ce que les vierges du seigneur,
Malgré leurs vœux, sachent garder le leur.

These verses appear to have been copied from some manuscript of the poem not then completed, wherein Joan yielded no more to the solicitations of Dunois than to the endeavors of her lank-eared lover. The editors, capuchins, or deacons of the holy evangelists have inserted them at the end of their final canto; a new and convincing proof of the modesty of these learned editors and their praiseworthy and virtuous intentions.

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